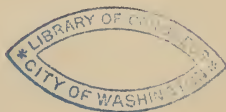


NARRATIVE
OF
A RELIGIOUS JOURNEY IN THE EAST
IN 1850 AND 1851.

Gen. Hippolyte Michon

BY THE ABBÉ DE ST. MICHON.



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A RELIGIOUS JOURNEY IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

Troubles of an Author.—Farewell to Home.—My Colleague.—French Protestantism.—The Reformed Church.—The Eastern Church.—Memorial to the Pope.—Bossuet's Plan.—Dangers of Delay.—Errors of Reason.—The Anglican Converts.—Weakness of the Eastern Church.—Difficulties of Reconciliation.—Preparations for the Journey.—My Fellow-travellers.

September 21, 1850. — I quitted Montausier with an undefinable feeling of calm sadness, mingled with regrets and hopes. A new phase of my life was commencing. I was about to visit the East, not for the ordinary gratification of travelling, but to realise a plan conceived long years ago—to give myself up to the serious study of one of the most important questions that can be entertained in these times.

On my return, should Providence restore me to my country, with the rich reward of my conscientious researches, I shall write the account

of my travels, and consequently bring myself before the notice of the religious world, although I may thereby expose myself to injustice or hatred ; and I shall renounce for ever this obscure existence, full of charm though it be to me, and of which I enjoy the peace all the more now, because I have the better presentiment of the troubles and vexations which attend every author, when he leaves the beaten track of received ideas and prejudices of his times.

I thought how delightful it would be never to leave my solitude ; to let my life pass away without asking of the world aught that is called fame. If I had only listened to the dictates of my heart, or rather to idleness, I should have bid a final adieu to every hope of literary renown.

To live to God, to nature, and to myself ; to temper my solitude with the sweet affections of my family, and with the strong sympathies of friendship, would constitute all my happiness in this short-lived existence. Aspirations after God—the great Christian idea on which our salvation is based, would be far more easy in my hermitage than in the midst of the turmoil of the world. I only accept this last condition of life because it is imposed upon me by Providence ; we must learn to bend ourselves to its duties, and walk straight in the path which it

points out to us, though we may fear its dangers and fatigues.

Before leaving my little domain, I traversed it with fond affection. Would it be granted to me to revisit it? to fill it with oriental plants, as I had already done with those from the Pyrenees. Should I have the joy of constructing a second Sepulchre and another Calvary, in remembrance of that Calvary and that Sepulchre where I should have bowed my head and celebrated its wonderful mysteries?

I deserved not such happiness as this at the hand of God.

This adieu might be a final one. I gave a parting look at my trellices laden with vines, which seemed to reproach me for leaving them, when they were ripening for me beneath the sun's rays. I bid adieu to each of my pretty greenhouse plants, memorials either of gratitude or friendship; I watered for the last time my plants from the Pyrenees; I went to take a last look at the basin, the kitchen-garden, the orchard, and the fountain; I closed the gate behind me; and after the parting embrace of my family, by whom I am tenderly loved, I set out.

I arrived at Paris on the 23rd of September, 1850. My kind friend M. de Saulcy, was expecting me. I owe to his high-minded gene-

rosity my bright pilgrimage to the ancient world. I have known few men with a warmer heart or a nobler soul. I had every advantage to gain from him as a scholar; he had nothing to hope from me in return, but unbounded gratitude and devotedness.

M. de Saulcy had obtained from Government a scientific mission. He was willing to associate me in his labours; and it was agreed that during his researches in geography and archæology, I should make the herbarium of the expedition. Thus, each of us would be able on our return to make some offering to our country. I acquitted myself of the task assigned me with an interest which had not subsided when we returned to the long-wished-for shores of France, off Marseilles; and which made me brave the quarantine in the island of Pomègue, as it had given me courage to brave the musket of the Greek on the slopes of Taygetus, and of the Arab on the heights of Carmel.

My journey had only for its object the researches of science and the charms of a holy pilgrimage. I wished above all things to make it useful to the church, by a conscientious investigation of the religious state of the East. For some years, the great question of the reunion of the churches dissenting from Catho-

licity, which had been abandoned since the days of Bossuet, Molanus, and Leibnitz, had been to me a subject of careful study. I viewed the religious movement in England as a presage of the restoration of one of the nations which has the most influence upon the world's destinies. I knew that Germany would soon join in the same movement. Long reflection had shown me that the general reconciliation of the Christian communions was the legitimate act of reparation, which in our times should wipe out the stain of three centuries of religious hatred and unsuccessful struggles.

Whenever Providence has afforded me the opportunity of an interview with the ministers of the Reformed church of France, or with distinguished men of that communion, I have taken advantage of it as a means of informing myself as to the state of feeling existing in that church. Although she forms, from the small number of souls of which she is composed, only a feeble minority, nevertheless, disseminated in the heart of France, and dominant in several cantons of Switzerland, her return to unity would be a magnificent example, which would soon be followed by other communions separated from Rome by less marked differences.

These interviews, rare though they have been, have not failed to convince me that the

moment has arrived even for the Reformed churches of France. I discovered that they had long repudiated the fatalist theory of Calvin, on the indefectibility of grace, and a number of other points of peculiar theology which he has developed in his famous book of the "Christian Institutes."

Intelligent men of the Reformed church, with whom I treated upon the possibility of a reunion, never saw insurmountable obstacles to it. They saw with me that time had done its work; that more than one long century of indifference, in which the spirits of men were lulled by the illusions of philosophy, had extinguished all the ardour of those theological contests regarding grace and free-will, in which our fathers had expended so much bitterness. Divested now of all political character, not mixing itself up with the claim of preponderance of the European states, and being no longer able to change their equilibrium, the question, reduced to its true character, that is to say, a religious discussion upon religious interests, would infallibly ensure a pacific solution, or would be carried forward on each side with all the concessions compatible with the integrity of the doctrines and the imprescriptible rights and authority of the church in matters of faith.

It was easy to discover (and it is not one of

the least interesting lessons derived from similar studies) that the clergy of the Reformed church, who are the most difficult to bring to a system of conciliation, are men of weak and narrow minds, who regard as an established dogma the exclusion from salvation of all without the pale of the Reformed church, and practise themselves the intolerance with which they reproach the Roman Catholics; whilst others, brought up with the more enlarged ideas of the times, feel towards the Romish church none of that rancorous antipathy which has for such a length of time prolonged their sad separation. By the same analysis of the human passions, I have found, in the bosom of the Catholic church, a large body of men who would willingly anathematise every attempt at reconciliation with dissenting communions, unless humbled and vanquished, and extended on the bed of Procrustes, to be shorn and fashioned after the model of the middle ages, by which they would deprive Catholicism of the powers of motion.

Full of hope upon the subject of Protestantism, which withholds from unity so large a portion of Europe, I was not less sanguine as to the favourable moment for reconciling the orthodox church of the East with the Romish church.

This reunion had already been once solemnly proclaimed at the decline of the middle ages, at

a time when religious antipathies were still in all their vigour. In studying the history of the church, it was easy to discover the secret of the disastrous rupture which so speedily followed this reconciliation. I thought that if it was possible to take up, in the nineteenth century, the work of Bossuet for the Reformed church of Europe, it was not more difficult to resume that of the Council of Florence for the Oriental church.

My journey with M. de Saulcy, during which we should have occasion to visit Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Lebanon, would be a favourable opportunity for forming a decided opinion upon this important question; and it would be the more interesting from the fact that, not having any official mission to the patriarchs and bishops of the East, my researches and the development of my ideas and of my plan would not awaken the habitual suspicion of rival churches.

Before setting out, I wished to ask the benediction upon my labours of the common Father of the Faithful. Since his accession to the papacy, Pius IX had entered into a correspondence with the patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian churches. This attempt had failed. I shall explain the reason why the result was so unfortunate. I was convinced that such an important enterprise ought not to be abandoned in consequence of a first

failure, the motives of which it would be easy to discover upon the spot.

I addressed from Paris a memorial to his Holiness, short and comprehensive, in which I stated my thoughts, and the objects of my religious researches. Monseigneur the Nuncio Fornari, who was about to be raised to the dignity of a cardinal, granted me an audience, in which he listened to the details of my plan with the kindest cordiality. He entreated me to devote the journey I had in contemplation to the service of religion, and he promised to present to the Sovereign Pontiff the memorial which I had drawn up. He dwelt much upon the interest felt by the Church of Rome as to the reunion of dissenting communions. He told me that there was no work more deserving of the protection and paternal support of the Pope than that to which I was about to devote my efforts.

The memorial expressed that one of the greatest calamities that could befall the church was the separation of a large number of her children; that in all times her voice of lamentation had been heard when a link in her chain of unity had been broken, and the seamless robe of the spouse of Christ had been rent.

“The church,” I said, “does not rest contented with regrets and complaints; her maternal heart has made her seize, with tender eagerness,

every opportunity of bringing back within her bosom the estranged Christian nations. There are no pages of the church's history more interesting than those which recal, with minute detail, her efforts and also her advances towards the separate communions, inviting them to amicable discussions, and to conferences by the aid of councils, in the hope that light would shine forth in the understandings of the sincere, and so prepare them for reunion with the mother-church."

Without too much detail as to the history of the past, the memorial recalled the joy of the Church when Bohemia renounced the errors which had crept into her bosom; when the Council of Florence had sealed the union of the Greek church to that of Rome. It said, that in the seventeenth century, after the long struggles of Protestantism, one of the glories of Bossuet had been to prepare, with the learned men of Germany, a plan for the reunion of the Lutheran and Catholic churches,—a plan which did not then succeed, because too much bitterness still existed, and that Protestantism had not stood the test of time. Lastly, in our days, Catholicism, depressed by the infidelity of the age, had experienced a happy reaction, when it was stated by the public journals that in England, men distinguished by sound sense had had the

courage to abjure their church, and had come back to the faith of their fathers. It became, therefore, of immense importance to the church no longer to have excluded from the centre of unity a part of the East, all the north of Europe, North America,—more than half the civilized world,—whole nations rendered powerful and distinguished by genius and science, and by their progress in arts and industry. It was apparent, also, that in Europe men's minds had been struck by the numerical weakness of Catholicism, from which they prognosticated its fall; and people were not afraid to say aloud, and to publish, that, mutilated for several centuries, losing each day from within her own pale a large number of her children, who abandon the faith, and take refuge in a vague deism, that Catholicism would soon disappear, like those ancient creeds which have not survived their temples, from the day when reason had unmasked their extravagance and imposture.

“ His Holiness Pius IX,” said the memorial, “ who more than any one in the Catholic world has mourned over this isolation, and deplored the sad tendency of an age which every day departs more and more from the faith, comprehends what happiness it would be for the universal church, what a triumph for the doctrines of which she is the sacred depository, what glory

for a pontificate of which the commencement has given birth to so many hopes, if the reunion of Christian communion were prepared, if not completed, by its high initiative."

In the opinion of some serious minds which give themselves up to this religious question, the hour has come to labour hard at this work of reconciliation. To defer, for only a few years, the attempt, might be seriously to peril its success. The sixteenth century stands forth to attest how fatal to the interest of the church was the delay in assembling the Council of Trent. When it did meet, it found nothing but ruins. The separation, which it would have been easy to have arrested in time, was completed; and notwithstanding its zeal and the wisdom of its decrees, it left imperfect the task for which the wisest, gravest, and holiest men, had with such earnestness demanded its convocation.

His Holiness, who knows the whole extent of the evils with which the church is afflicted, is perfectly aware that, for more than a century, infidelity, which distinctly denies the restoration of the world by Christianity, has penetrated into all ranks of society. More to be dreaded than heresy, it retains nothing of the Gospel but that sweet and holy morality, which, however, has found favour in its eyes.

Unbelief has gone so far, that it has called

forth against it the zeal of the bishops and ministers of the separated communions, which have preserved the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. They have loudly declared that the tendency of unaided human reason is to shake off the yoke of faith, and have trembled like ourselves for that Gospel whose divine words they venerate.

Providence has called them to unite their efforts to those of the true church, to defend from unbelief what the church defends, and to repudiate what she rejects. This necessity for the union of all the communions separated from Rome to unite with Rome for the safeguard of the great principles of the faith, seems a providential preparation for bringing about the definitive reconciliation of the Christian family, which has for so many centuries lived in religious hatred. They comprehend in this day the disastrous consequences of the loss of unity; and they do not conceal that the reformers of the sixteenth century, in rejecting the authority of the church to replace it by private judgment, have carried into religious communities the principle of certain dissolution. Less impassioned in these times, free from the hatreds which become fanaticism in religious struggles, they pronounce maledictions against those ardent men who urged on society too far in the sixteenth

century ; they have only painful recollections of them, and unhesitatingly cast upon them the misfortunes which have oppressed the Christian world.

The numerous conversions of enlightened men of the Anglican church are facts which need no comment, to prove the tendency of that distinguished and intelligent nation, to return to the bosom of Catholicism.

It is also certain, that in France, when our Catholic priests enter into amicable discussions with the ministers of the Reformed church, those last do not conceal their wish for the reunion of the two churches. They acknowledge that Protestantism, torn by the principle of the authority of private judgment, deprived of the strength that all doctrines derive from the principle of unity, has no security but in seeking this principle where it is found,—in that church which has preserved it. They are also aware that their reunion with Rome would be preferred with that consideration,—with all those delicate precautions which would deprive it of all appearance of humiliation ; and that the church, in her language, would in no way wound the feelings of men over whose estrangement she sighs, and whose souls seem most dear to her ; and that further, according to what Bossuet has pronounced, the church, in everything concerning

discipline, would not constrain the habits and religious customs of Christian nations disposed to reunion, provided that upon points of doctrine, and the recognition of the authority of the church, their adhesion was sincere.

After these observations upon Protestantism, the memorial continued as follows :—

“These are the facts upon which are founded our hopes of the reunion of Christian communions separated from Rome since the sixteenth century. It therefore follows that an œcumenical council would easily remove the obstacles which have hitherto impeded so important a work ; and would tend to accomplish a reconciliation destined to give so much splendour to the church of Christ.

“On the other hand, the East, separated for a still longer period, is languishing from day to day, without strength and without life, deprived of the energy which is at once given by authority and unity. The doctrinal points at issue between the two churches are so easy to clear up, that in them lie the least obstacles to a reunion. But the old prejudices of religious animosities which amount to fanaticism, and an ignorance of which it is difficult to form an idea, require great judgment in approaching the subject. It will require slow and well-considered preliminaries, not to wound their sus-

ceptibilities so long kept up by old antipathies. By wise precautions in carrying forward negotiations, the work of the council of Florence may be resumed. It is impossible that the great Eastern churches should be fallen so low that they have not still some Bessarions sufficiently intelligent and upright to recognise the truth, and to co-operate with ardour in the reunion of these two churches.

“As this reconciliation cannot be made without great caution, and the careful preparation of men’s minds, it is desirable that those animated by the sincere wish of saving this noble cause should communicate with eminent men of the estranged communions, to sound them, and to suggest to them the immense advantages of this reunion, so that it is possible to combat revived prejudices, and to weaken antipathies which have their origin only in national pride.”

- The memorial expressed that, having to visit the principal towns where Christianity chiefly flourishes in the East, I should be happy, while I devoted myself to my scientific labours, to study the question of religion, to collect all the information that could throw light upon this delicate subject, and to render an account to his Holiness on the return of the expedition of which I had the honour of being a member.

I asked, in closing the memorial, the apostolic

benediction upon my labours of the common Father of the Faithful, who has grace to guide the flock which Jesus Christ has confided to him, to the end that the kingdom of God may soon arrive upon earth, and that there may be only one great human family, one flock, and one shepherd.

I am ignorant whether my humble address and my prayer of a child of the church ever reached Pius IX. Perhaps in the midst of the incessant agitations of these times, the memorial of an obscure pilgrim has remained in the portfolio of a secretary occupied with other matters, who judged it better not to fatigue, with my supplication, the supreme Pontiff of the church.

Perhaps these humble pages have passed under the observation of the vicar of Jesus Christ. His holy benediction, perhaps, followed me beyond the seas, and drew down upon me the almost miraculous protection of Providence, which never for one hour forsook me during the fatigues and dangers of my pilgrimage.

All the preparations for our journey were completed. Besides M. Félicien de Sauley, a young naturalist, who promises to be a Cuvier to science, and with whom I formed an intimate friendship during our travels, on account of his great modesty, so rare a virtue in young men of

our times, we were accompanied by Mr. E. Delessert, who had no idea how much this delightful tour would develope in him the elevated tastes of literature and science.

We dispatched by the packet-boat a case of arms of all kinds, to await our arrival at Athens. Although we never had occasion to make use of them, we have congratulated ourselves upon this wise precaution, indispensable to Europeans whenever they make long excursions upon the roads traversed by caravans. Nothing is so imposing to men in the East as our pistols and double-barrelled guns. Fire-arms are, in their eyes, the infallible sign of power; and the superiority of those which they see us use gives them the measure of our strength. Amongst these arms a handsome musket was allotted to me; but at our departure from Beyrout to Jerusalem my companions had pity upon a man who had never killed a sparrow in his life. The musket changed its owner, and was transferred to the dragoman whom we had brought with us from Athens. I was left to my papers and to my plants. I found the advantage of this on every account; the maxim, "*Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*," suits my peaceful tastes wonderfully.

It may seem singular that, having for our object to reach Greece and the East, we took the

direction of the north of Europe rather than that of Italy; nevertheless, besides the pleasure of traversing that immense Germanic world, which extends from the Rhine to the frontiers of Poland, we had, thanks to steam, a great advantage in economy of time; and besides, we escaped the odious quarantines in the ports of the Mediterranean, and the annoyances of all sorts upon the roads through the small states of Italy. In a few days we found ourselves at Trieste, in the gulf of the Adriatic. We had travelled through Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Hanover, Prussia, the south of ancient Poland, and Austria in its whole extent. We had seen Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Breslau, Vienna, and Laybach. We travelled with the greatest rapidity over those vast plains which for twenty years had been the scene of the great battles of the Republic and the Empire; we felt the same ground tremble beneath our carriages which had been accustomed to the noise of the French cannon, and at each station we trod the soil on which the French had slept after proclaiming victory.

Such are the advantages of railroads. They cause ugly countries to disappear rapidly from the sight; they economise for the traveller the precious moments devoted to visiting cities and monuments worthy of interest. He in this way escapes two deadly enemies, fatigue and mono-

tony. However little we may have the habit of observation, the numberless objects that pass before his eyes have no confusion in his mind. Those which make no impression vanish as soon as seen; whilst others, viewed with a ready and eager intelligence, impress the mind with recollections never to be effaced. The rapidity of movement accustoms the mind to form those vast combinations which embrace in one *coup d'œil* results produced at considerable distances of time. The faculty of comparison, which has most easily brought objects together, most readily seizes upon their bearings. It is, without doubt, for every work of intelligence, a powerful means of research and of study. Men and countries are better teachers than books. When one has verified the errors without number of the writings which have inspired the greatest confidence, we do not hesitate to pronounce that travelling can alone give exact notions upon every subject.

I will only say one word of our journey across the north of Europe. Paris, and the departments which must be traversed as far as the frontiers of Belgium, are the limits of two worlds; nature, climate, race, manners, language, all change rapidly before you. The sky and the Germanic world present contrasts to France almost as decided as the sky and the world of the East.

These interminable plains which extend before your eyes; these rich pastures, these cultivated fields, which exhale their freshness, and the exuberance of their vegetation; this sky, less tinted with azure, and as monotonous as the earth itself, which seems levelled out before you; this is what strikes you first. To this nature, which appears dumb, to this sky without transparency and without variety of horizon, add the calm and cold races, souls immoveable in their phlegm, all seeming to have sprung from one invariable type, which neither strike you by ugliness nor impress you by any prominent characteristic; add, again, a language which no longer owns parentage with the Greco-Roman languages of the south of Europe, and you will have some idea of the moral world of the north universality. In the north the invariable characteristic is that it is commonplace; one feels that there is no initiative. In considering human societies as one single body, the Germanic races would appear like those thick muscles which are organic only that they may perform the least noble functions of life.

But this world of ordinary intelligence and features, has a distinguished destiny in the future of civilization. It is conservative *par excellence*. Christianity has penetrated deeply into it. The Reformation has not attacked those admirable

convictions of evangelical faith which are the safeguard of the people of modern times. Protestantism, as a doctrine of negation, addressed itself to minds that did not comprehend the *positivism* of life. By a happy inconsequence, in separating themselves from Rome, they have preserved a great deal of what is practical in religion ; and while Calvinism in France reached the last limits of religious Radicalism, the masses in the North stopped upon the sliding declivity of Reform, and reconstructed upon the fragments of the church of the middle ages, a church of which reconciliation with Rome is now only an affair of prudence and of time.

The Germanic races, incapable of playing the principal part in the world's progress, are called upon to second it powerfully. They are the *corps de réserve* upon which an army depends in a perilous enterprise. If they do not themselves gain the victory, they impede defeat. In this point of view, France, the initiative nation of the world, has her firmest support in Germany. In her bosom are sheltered, studied, and developed the ideas that France in her fertility of invention has originated, and of which she will hasten to demand the speedy application in the world.

These thoughts strongly impressed me as we advanced into the Prussian States. The evening

before we had visited Brussels, where is revealed, at a first glance, that calm, measured mind, which is characteristic of Germany. Deprive this pretty little town of its cathedral and Hôtel de Ville, beautiful works of another era, standing there as witnesses of the past, and you will have left only an assemblage of squares, streets, and houses of the most uninteresting sameness, from which one feels impelled to escape elsewhere to seek some originality.

I took some detailed notes upon Sainte Gudule, the cathedral of Brussels, and upon the Hôtel de Ville. I afterwards lost them. I do not regret them, as these buildings are so well known to all the world. I observed, however, a special type in the profile of the outline of the clock-tower of Sainte Gudule, which does not appear to me to have been studied, and which would constitute a remarkable difference between the Gothic buildings of Germany and those of our own country. It also appeared to me that the carved, pannelled pulpit of Sainte Gudule had been far too much praised. These carved pulpits of Belgium, where the capricious knife has, as it were, played amongst the leaves, in cuttings-out of every kind, may please the eyes at the first glance. It is for this reason they are so much esteemed in France, where they are spoken of as specimens of that which is most beautiful

in this style. They forgot one thing, and that is, that these pulpits are not at all favourable to the preacher; he is lost in the midst of these carvings, and can scarcely be seen amongst the garlands; attention is likely to wander upon the details of the sculptured frame-work that envelopes him on all sides. On the other hand, the carving itself is far from being perfect. I was much struck by the richness of the tombs which decorate the aisles of the church of Sainte Gudule. I brought away an extract from the beautiful epitaph of the Comte de Mérode, who was struck by a bullet in fighting for the independence of Belgium.

CHAPTER II.

Berlin.—The Egyptian Museum.—The Anglican Movement.
—Breslau.—Silesia.—Fortifications of Vienna.—Laybach.
—Glognitz.—Legitimacy and Religion.—The Count de
Chambord.—Outskirts of Europe.—Illyria and Carniola.
—First View of the Mediterranean.—The Gulf of Muia.
—The old Roman Blood.—The Archduchess Sophia.—
Arrival at Corfu.

I PASS over with regret the description of the pretty hills traversed by the railway between Brussels and Berlin, with its numerous little tunnels.

Berlin strongly excited my curiosity. The city of the great Frederick must necessarily bear the impress of the eighteenth century, which laid out its streets in monotonous lines, and has constructed the palace of plaster. At the first glance, Berlin presents an appearance of grandeur. Architecture has multiplied its colonnades and its pediments. When Frederick constructed for himself a Versailles at Potsdam, he must have dreamt that Berlin was the rival of Paris.

Unfortunately, it is only a copy, which has all the defects of the model, without having its originality. The Grecian orders, transported to the north, are no longer in their place. Immense entablatures, corbels, capitals, bas-reliefs in the tympana,—all these beautiful conceptions of ancient art, display here nothing but feebleness. The frosts of the north cause the stone to exfoliate more rapidly than at Paris: during the long winters the marble assumes a blackish tint; un pitying lichens and large mosses take root in the delicate carvings, covering ovolo and acanthus, and throwing over the statues and bas-reliefs a funereal garb, which is removed from time to time by scraping with a knife, or by ignoble colouring. The grand edifices of Berlin are only a work of imitation. There is not more genius in the constructions of the king-philosopher than in his petty verses. For the great comedy acted in the eighteenth century, nothing was required but plagiarists and decorators.

What far surpass here the architecture of Frederick the Great, are the fine scientific collections of the museums. A decided taste for profound study places Germany at this day in a very elevated position. Science is the distinctive genius of this people. M. de Saulcy was known to the most eminent men of Berlin, who were anxious to show him the most remark-

able antiquities. The collection of coins attracted all the attention of the learned numismatist. We had no less delight in visiting the new museum, of which the Egyptian section contains great treasures. Among the numerous columns which adorn the interior of this edifice, I recognised those which the mechanical marble works of the Pyrenees had recently forwarded from France. The great halls were covered with paintings in fresco. A very small number were open to the public. The Egyptian museum occupies a portion of the inferior halls. Great praise is due to the King of Prussia for the zeal with which he has enriched Berlin with the precious spoils of ancient Egypt. It is certainly that which a stranger will most admire. But bad taste has spoilt this rich museum.

An ill-advised antiquary has conceived the eccentric idea of having some Egyptian statues sculptured, of which there is nothing ancient but some very small fragments. These statues in stucco, which are beautifully executed, deceive the eye in the midst of real antiquities, by being mixed up with them. What is still worse, you find in the midst of frescoes representing hieroglyphics, the royal eagle of Prussia. If you ask what this noble bird has to do with the ibis and the other symbols of the sacred language of Egypt, you learn that this legend in hierogly-

phics is the invention of the same antiquary, and that it records for the benefit of those who can read it, that the reigning prince has obtained, at great expense, the precious antiquities contained in this museum. It is a miserable abuse of genius that would make inscriptions in hieroglyphics in the nineteenth century.

I was to have had a conference at Berlin with one of the most learned men of the Lutheran church. He is a man of superior mind, with whom I might expect friendly relations upon the religious question. Unfortunately, he was unable to see me, having that very day to act in the office of president. I regretted it the more that a correspondence is so much less interesting and satisfactory between two men who have never met, and have not given themselves up to an unrestrained *tête-à-tête*, which reveals so powerfully one man to another. It is evident that Germany—the country of meditation and philosophy, which in the sixteenth century was the first to feel the necessity of reform—will not be the last to enter the broad road of unity, which is now the urgent need of Christian Europe. So long as the strength of the great evangelical family shall remain isolated ; so long as the unhappy separation which has afflicted all serious thinking men of divers Christian communions since the times of Bossuet and Molanus

to our own, it is impossible that the faith of Christ should regain its empire over the civilized world. An impotent and lying deism will always fascinate rising generations, and will, by degrees, undermine ancient creeds. National pride will be flattered by an independence which is, in fact, nothing more than dissatisfied vanity. Narrow minds in the Catholic church will feel little anxiety for these obstinate heretics, without considering that the two great European nations, England and Germany, which together with France would uphold the sceptre of thought, paralyse, by their separation from Rome, the powerful influence of Christian civilization. The religious world will follow its old paths: here, puerile rancours against Rome; there, fruitless attacks against Protestantism. We shall still be forced to veil our face and lament.

We love to think better of those exalted minds which are the ornament of the several Christian communions, that they may at length free themselves from the prejudices of their national education. England offers, at this time, examples without number, of sincere returns to the Catholic faith. These instances, isolated as they are, in which at present the masses take no part, and which proceed generally from minds of the greatest intelligence, prove to the most prejudiced, with what facility the whole nation

would be moved, if it was first prepared for a solemn reconciliation by the agreement of the men who rule her spiritual destinies.

There is no nobler work to which minds conscious of great aspiration, can devote themselves, than that of this holy reconciliation.

I wished, in this conference with the learned pastors, to make myself acquainted with the dispositions of the German populations ; with their state of religious belief, of the feeling of sympathy or of estrangement from the Romish church in their body of ministers ; of the influence which they exercise upon the higher classes ; and of the part which they might be disposed to take in the project of reunion. I wished seriously to study the obstacles, to see that which political feeling, the eternal enemy of religious unity in Europe, would infallibly produce ; those which private interests menaced by the reunion with Rome would also raise. I wished to ask whether the assembling of an œcumenical council, this general congress of the great Christian family, in which all communions would be represented, would come to pass without suspicion, would speak openly, would stipulate for certain guarantees, and might expect from religious Germany a favourable reception. I should have proposed preliminary negotiations by the study of these great questions carried

on on both sides with a spirit of conciliation and of peace. There should be an understanding in Germany and in France to draw attention to these first studies, in which all should be avoided which might awaken the religious animosities of a time when they rose to the height of fanaticism. The press, that great electric current which traverses the whole civilised world, would speak of this peaceful treaty between dissenting communions, and thus encourage a solemn reconciliation.

Such was the plan which I had formed. I am happy to think that it may fall under the eye of enlightened men of noble minds, who have like them dreamed of this holy reconciliation between religions apparently irreconcilable. I shall hereafter relate that in one of the islands of the Archipelago, I met with a priest of the Greek Catholic church, who, upon his arid rock, had long with sadness asked himself the question in his hours of silent meditation, when Catholic Europe would seriously apply itself to the work of the reunion of the oriental churches.

We quitted Berlin on the 1st of October. The railway extends as far as Breslau, across plains without a limit, where forests of firs of perpetual fertility are the only objects that meet the eye upon the horizon. You no longer meet

with the populous cities of Germany, her strong places, her numerous villages, her active agriculture. You find yourself upon the frontiers of another world, amongst a people formerly great, but now isolated. It is impossible not to feel an involuntary pang at the thought of the rending asunder of nations, which had for their hearth-home one common country, noble institutions, wise kings, and illustrious men, a great history in the world.

We made no stay at Breslau, the capital of Prussian Silesia, the fragment of Poland fallen to the lot of Prussia. The railway, in leaving Breslau, joins the limits of Russian Poland. We had the pleasure of hearing the French language spoken at this great distance from our country. We often found ourselves in the same carriage with men of the country of refined manners, and who spoke our language with facility. We were in the France of the North, which still loves us, notwithstanding our barren sympathy, and our fruitless promises.

I was struck with the form of the religious edifices of the North. The kind of cupola used for belfries, is wanting in lightness and elegance. These cupolas, composed of divers curves more or less rounded, have none of the simplicity of the oriental cupola, which is always so regular and pure; it appeared to me as if the churches

were surmounted by large Chinese hats. They had neither the grandeur of our Romanesque towers, nor the grandeur of our Gothic spires. We frequently saw these belfries in the Prussian and Austrian provinces bordering upon Russia. In approaching Vienna, they disappear gradually. The vicinity of Italy begins to make itself felt. Other manners, another life, another architecture.

Vienna resembles Berlin in nothing. There are in reality two political centres of Germany, without speaking yet of Frankfort and of the cities of the Rhine. One single idea is dominant in the Prussian city. The recent creation of the empire of which it is the capital, is reflected in everything. One sees a people which has become great, and which will become still greater. Its instinct of preponderance betrays itself at each moment. This city, where upon nine passengers out of ten you see a helmet and a sword, these fortified places maintained as in time of war, these civil and military constructions in which the architect has pleased himself with restoring throughout gates in ogee, machicolations, the battlements of feudal times,—indicate without mistake, the sentiments of material strength which aspires to conquest and aggrandizement.

At Vienna there is nothing of all this. There

is here none of the unity in a people conscious of a future. It is a government which would not willingly fall ; nothing more. Vienna alone is the strange symbol of Austrian monarchy, formed of so many parts. The old city is in the centre, surrounded on all sides with immense and heavy fortifications. The modern town extends in breadth beyond the glacis of the imperial city. In both one and the other you are sensible of the grandeur, and of the capital of an empire. But these high walls, with their continuous battlements paced by sentinels ; these multiplied posts occupied by guards, their sombre posterns beneath which you pass with bent head, all inspire you with a feeling of awe. One is inclined to ask oneself whether Vienna is in a state of siege ; or rather, whether the city of the Emperor is in fear of the immense town which surrounds it on all sides.

Vienna is the only city of the civilized world which presents this aspect. A foreigner cannot understand it, but he suffers from it. He feels an involuntary preoccupation and oppression in the midst of the crowd passing and repassing in silence around him. In the twinkling of an eye, the cry, to arms ! might resound, the heavy gates of this warlike city close, the chains of iron extend, the wooden bridges break up upon the rivers, and the cannon make itself heard in

loud and terrible reverberations. The Austrian monarchy is on the watch. The terrible revolution through which it has lately passed, and over which it has only triumphed by unheard-of good fortune, is the fatal indication of a disorganization which it is impossible not to foresee, and of which the end, more or less distant, alarms it:—one, it may be said, that is the least stable empire of Europe,—a power, therefore, upon the ocean of revolution, which resembles a boat painfully endeavouring to avoid a rock.

I have said nothing of the minute precautions of the police against foreigners. One is accustomed to these civilities out of France, but one cannot enter Vienna without leaving one's passport at the barrier, which is only returned to you at the Bureau Général. We stayed at Vienna at a magnificent hotel, which yields in nothing to the most sumptuous in Paris, or in London. The people of the hotel spoke tolerable French. We left Vienna at night for Laybach. The first-class carriages formed long saloons furnished with transverse benches, capable of accommodating a large number of travellers. One might walk up and down them if so inclined. After Glognitz, they assumed another form. A little closet opened in the hinder part which could contain four persons. It was in one of

these carriages, at a little distance from Frohsdorf, that I met a Frenchman, Colonel Horric, who had been to pay his court to the Comte de Chambord. He was accompanied by the secretary of the Prince, and was, like him, bound for Trieste. While passing along that part of the carriage occupied by us, on his way to the smaller carriage, we recognised each other; an exclamation of joy escaped from our hearts; we were in an instant in each other's arms, astonished to meet again at so great a distance from our country, and we mutually related the objects of our journey. I had not seen the gallant colonel since the revolution of February.

The conversation naturally fell upon the rapid stride of events, in which we had taken part, in France.

* * * *

And here we again met,—he a pilgrim of legitimacy, going to rekindle his loyalty in the presence of the heir of that dynasty which reigned over old France; I a pilgrim of the faith, about to carry my priest's heart to the tomb of Jesus Christ, and to celebrate the ineffable mystery upon the rock itself, where was accomplished that sacrifice, at the price of which the world has been redeemed.

* * * *

The secretary of the Comte de Chambord, a

man of easy manners, with the refined air of a courtier, and the polished and guarded language of a diplomatist, was not a little surprised at our communications. He wished to know what was thought of the future of royalty by a man whose honest frankness recalled to him no doubt the peasant of the Danube. He drily proposed questions, and discussed them with admirable tact; and gave me, during an interview which lasted more than four hours, a rare example of that exquisite temper, of that polish of good society with which men not enlisted under the same banner ought to support their convictions, always honourable when they proceed from conscience, and that have not been inspired by the odious calculations of interest. I made notes of this conversation, which had great charms for me: it is a little page of contemporaneous history, which would naturally have found a place in a traveller's journal, if reasons of importance did not oblige me to withhold them from publicity.

It was a singular destiny that placed me upon a railway in the centre of Austria, traversing the high mountains of the Tyrol, the tortuous banks of the Murre, and discussing with a faithful follower of the ancient monarchy, the chances of a restoration, at two paces from Grätz and Frohsdorf! Had I been alone, like

the gallant Colonel, I should have paid my respects in his exile to the Prince to whom I had done homage when, as a child, he was leaving the Tuileries with his sister to go to Bagatelle. Political hatreds cannot reach my heart: it is a sufficient evil for France to be divided into two irreconcilable camps. It is sad that petty rancours and passions unworthy of exalted minds should be added, which ought before all things to think of their country's welfare.

During our long interview, the Colonel had from time to time let fall some noble sentiments. Notwithstanding, for about an hour, I had observed that his countenance had changed, and expressed suffering. In fact, he owned that he was suffering intense pain. The pain soon increased to such intensity, that he could only say, "Let me out! let me out!" It was however necessary to wait for the next railway station.

We sent for the master of an inn, and recommended our unfortunate fellow-countryman to his care. It was agreed that if he could be a little relieved, he should resume the route to Trieste, and rejoin us the next day. I could not have parted from a brother with a deeper feeling of regret than that which I felt in parting from my excellent friend, without

however thinking that my last embrace was a final adieu.

During the four days passed by us at Trieste, I tried in vain to obtain tidings of our sick friend left behind : it was impossible to obtain any. We set out for Greece ; and later, at Beyrout, a letter from France informed me of the death of one of those men, so rarely met with, who can sacrifice their interests and future prospects in life to their convictions.

Colonel Horric belonged to one of the old families of Angoumois. At the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons he had quitted the army, notwithstanding the positive assurance of rapid advancement. He lived peaceably for some years in retirement and in the bosom of religion and of friendship. I shall be pardoned for dwelling upon these sorrowful recollections, for the sake of a man who was on his melancholy way to end his days in a foreign land, whilst I, a happy pilgrim, though exposed to more dangers and fatigues, might hope to rejoin again those who were dear to me in the bosom of my country.

The railway terminates at Laybach. We may say that we were bidding adieu to European civilization. A new world was about to reveal itself to my sight, from the summit of

the large and elevated plateau that nature has thrown, like the edge of a vase, around the beautiful lake called the Mediterranean.

The transition had been sudden, from aristocratic carriages in which we could stretch ourselves luxuriously, to wretched Italian cars, which took possession of us and our luggage, to convey us to Trieste. After we had climbed, at the slowest pace of the horses which drew our dilapidated vehicles, the northern declivity of the Illyrian mountains, nature presented herself to us in an entirely different aspect ; it was no longer the smiling mountains of Styria and Carniola ; adieu for ever to the shady vallies, the enamelled meadows, the dense forests, the groves overhanging the cultivated hills. You now see for the first time such a soil as your eye will find all over Greece, in Asia, and almost as far as the Indian islands. A barren soil, nearly red in colour from the scorching sun ; a vegetation burnt up by summer heat ; another zone, another climate.

We were many long hours crossing this plateau, a species of desert between two worlds, between two civilizations ; but suddenly the horizon sank down before us :—a gorge, the immensity of which the eye had difficulty in measuring, formed an illimitable arch, of which we occupied the centre. Trieste, luxuriously

bathed in the waters, lay before us. On the right we might fancy we saw sumptuous but impoverished Venice ; on the left, the little gulf of Muïa, behind which extended interminably the mountains of ancient Epirus, at this day an obscure province of the Turkish empire.

The view was magnificent. Besides which, I then saw the Mediterranean for the first time. And did not that mysterious sea hide from my sight the world towards which my aspirations had so often transported me ? And would not one of those vessels so peacefully at anchor in the port, convey me in a few days to Greece—to the East ? At such moments, that which we actually see is embellished by what is still unseen. Trieste was literally to me the vestibule of an enchanted palace.

It is certain that, although my impressions may be deprived of all poetry, now that views of another kind of grandeur have made me forget a thousand times this first aspect of a nature quite new to me, the view of this gulf has, notwithstanding, a peculiar charm in my memory.

Here, for the first time, I felt a taste for that marvellous nature of the East, which has so inflamed my heart ; a first revelation to my sight of those intense colourings which I only knew

from books, and which I had often set down for the vain exaggerations of a traveller's pen.

Before arriving at Trieste, the road makes a considerable detour, for the sake of reaching an easier descent. We soon entered the town; and after passing along broad, straight streets, paved after the ancient fashion, we took up our quarters in a splendid hotel immediately opposite to the port, within a few feet of the Austrian vessel which was to convey us to Athens.

We found, awaiting our arrival at Trieste, two travelling-companions, MM. Loysel and Belly. These two agreeable tourists were men of the most delightful manners. They never ceased, during the whole journey, to show me most considerate attention. This friendship, formed during a life in which we had mingled our thoughts and our impressions of all kinds, remains uninterrupted, now that we have each re-entered the ordinary course of our affairs and our labours. Our hands, when we meet, exchange a warmer pressure; we recollect the valley of Nablous and the plain of Jordan.

We were not to leave Trieste for four days. The morning after our arrival, October 6th, was devoted to a delightful sail on the Mediterranean.

The weather was splendid—it was the middle of autumn in this delicious climate. We took a

boat, and directed our course to the Gulf of Muia : it was the first time that I had been upon the sea. The least movement of our frail bark, the least variation of the wind in our latteen sail, which the boatmen managed with wonderful address, excited in me those first fears which I sought in vain to conceal, and which were the cause of laughter to my joyous companions. I had always dreaded the sea ; and nevertheless, few days had passed during our voyage, before I was captivated with the boisterous element, as one loves all that is sublime ; rivers, glaciers, forests, and the heights of mountains. When the tempest roared, when the storm, disdaining the impotence of the waves, cut them by an irresistible bound, I leant over the prow of the vessel, rocking myself with it as it seemed to sink down and be engulfed, to reascend with it upon the trembling wave ; I braved the furious element, and mingled my daring with that of the majestic vessel which seemed to laugh to scorn the waters and their fury.

Muia is little spoken of, only because all that is beautiful is not spoken of. Ordinarily we admire only that which others have admired before us ; happily my companions and I had not this respect for the traveller's weakness. M. de Saulcy and I had agreed never to give way to this foible ; uncompromising in our frank-

ness, we would not swear by the authority of any one. We were going to verify what had been written before us ; they were not decisions that we intended to submit to the opinion of any one. This mutual determination to travel with perfect freedom in our appreciations, may perhaps give some charm to my details upon countries the descriptions of which have been so tediously repeated.

Our embarkation left us upon the opposite coast to that of Trieste, at the foot of a species of promontory which closes, towards the south, the entrance of the Gulf of Muña. The boatmen received orders to await our arrival at Muña itself, which place we intended to leave after a long entomological and botanical excursion along the coast.

Our search after plants and insects was as successful as we had hoped. I there saw for the first time the plants of the Mediterranean basin, which I should find again upon all the shores of Greece, and even at the foot of the Acropolis. I then recommenced those studies of the vegetable kingdom to which I had devoted such delightful days in the society of M. Philippe and my friends of the Pyrenees. And what a flora, and in what regions ! From the smiling Corfu, the naked rocks of Syra, the foot of Pentelicus, the heights of Taygetus, the

plains of Sparta, Ithome, the marshes of Lerna, the vines of Eleusis, in fact all Greece as far as the necropolis of the Phenician cities ; to the sands of Beyrout, to the mighty ridges of the two Lebanons, to the plains of Tyre and of Acre, to Carmel, to the borders of the Lake of Tiberias, of the Dead Sea, of Jordan, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and on those silent heights from the centre of which rises Jerusalem in her majesty : what a nature and what names !

The flowers of the Gulf of Muïa still live in my memory, and I should have little difficulty, were it possible, to traverse the intervening space with the rapidity of thought, to point out the exact spot from which I gathered each. Nothing more vividly reminds the traveller, when he wishes to recall in detail the places he has visited, than the sight of the plants discovered there ; the ground which has furnished them remains imprinted on his memory in ineffaceable characters. Oh ! of what a charm the traveller is deprived, who neglects this study ; which is at the same time the least fatiguing, the most easy, and the most fruitful in pleasure.

We at last reached Muïa. This is a very small Venetian town, which does not exceed the extent of the Tuileries and the Louvre, delightfully situated at the extremity of the gulf, and crowned with vineyard-plots planted in terraces,

one rising above another upon the declivity of immense hills, of which they occupy the foot. Some remarkable fragments of the old enclosure of the middle ages, still show the battlements, and here and there enormous breaches which modern times will never repair. This city, now so obscure, a little habitation for boatmen, whose ancestors were powerful and rich at the time of the prosperity of Venice its metropolis, is one of the remains of the past which attract the traveller as one is attracted to all ruins.

I sketched its palace, a wonderful little edifice in the Venetian style, where the magistrates of the city held their government. The Lion of Venice is sculptured upon it, surrounded by the escutcheons of the principal families of Muia. Latin inscriptions recall these bright memories; but the mariners of Muia no longer understand these Latin legends, and the lion will awake no more.

The Roman blood, however, is preserved in all its purity. The men are remarkable for their beauty, and the women especially have a nobleness of feature and a regularity of outline, which recall the sculptures of antiquity.

I visited with the greatest care the church of Muia; it forms, as well as the palace, one of the sides of the public square; the other sides are occupied by houses and balconies of elegant

and original architecture. One saw Venice in miniature.

We returned to Trieste. They were preparing for grand rejoicings on the morrow ; as a solemn reception of the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the young Emperor of Austria, was to take place. She was to alight at our hotel. We had come to seek other objects than such fêtes—an eternal repetition of the same curiosity, and of the same lies ; besides, we were going to San Bartolommeo, on the western side of Trieste, to continue, as on the previous day, our researches and investigations as naturalists.

This was a less successful search than that at Muia ; a small but penetrating rain compelled us to seek shelter in a country-house, which we reached by a long tunnel, covered with the most beautiful grapes. We had now to bid adieu to insects and to plants, and to regain our boat ; the wind was contrary, and I was as frightened as a child ; we tacked about for a long time, in order that we might gain the open sea, and meet with a good wind to carry us into port.

We had, in the evening, beneath our windows, the band of a regiment which serenaded the Archduchess. This German music was most beautiful.

It was Monday, October 7th. The next day

we returned to Muia ; the day was delicious. I took more sketches of buildings, particularly that of the façade of the church ; I finished my notes upon these buildings, and copied the inscriptions upon the palace. My travelling album, which contained these little works, precious to me, were stolen from me at the Piræus, at the very moment we were embarking for Constantinople.

We were to leave Trieste on Thursday, the 10th of October. We had only one day left ; I devoted it again to Muia. I am tenacious in my admirations, and faithful in my friendships. This time I returned there alone, but, fearful of the sea, I made an immense *détour* on foot, following the line of coast, and skirting the gulf. I was indemnified by a most enjoyable botanizing of marine plants. On my return to Muia, after having traversed the lowland, where there are salt-pans, I regained the road which brought me to Trieste. Before reaching the town, I saw several cemeteries. Every religious body at Trieste has its own cemetery. I had a horrible presentiment and feeling of despondency in passing by these fields of death. Some days after our departure, the good colonel, whom I had left at Stembrück, arrived at Trieste ; his illness grew worse, and the cemetery of the Catholics opened to receive the remains of a

man whose greatness of soul and nobleness of character I had so much loved.

On the 10th, at three o'clock, we had bid farewell to Trieste; we were on board the Austrian steamer, the "Vorwärts," Captain Verona.

We were not more than a few leagues from the gulf, when the sea became rough. It continued so the whole of the next day. The night of the 12th was awful; we were struck by some very high seas. At length, on the 13th, towards one o'clock in the morning, we were at Corfu.

CHAPTER III.

Corfu: its Ramparts.—The Governor's Palace.—A Night on Deck.—Occupations on Board.—Botanical Pleasures.—Island of Sapienza.—Syracuse.—Our Dragoman.—The Archipelago.—Historical Associations.—First View of Athens.—A Greek Khan.—Temple of Theseus.—Hotel d'Orient.—The Propylæa.—The Parthénon.

ON setting out for Greece and Jerusalem, Châteaubriand had embarked, like ourselves, at Trieste, on board a little Austrian vessel: he experienced a similar tempest. Sailing on the 1st of August, it was not until the 6th that he found himself at Corfu, where he never landed. The author of the "Itinerary" compensates his reader, by giving him the benefit of the history and fabulous legends of Corfu. Nothing is more easy than the display of this petty erudition. It was the mania of this illustrious author. He was a painter; he had an admirable palette; but this was not sufficient glory for him. He wished also to gain the reputation of a scholar. We owe him very little thanks for the labour which he has imposed

upon himself in grouping around the name of each ancient town the principal events which have given it celebrity. Every pen could write these things; but where he is a great master, is in his descriptions of nature, in those touches of sentiment which spring from a great soul, in those strokes of the pencil which elevate the thoughts, and give them tone. These are real beauties.

We passed a delightful day at Corfu. The citadel where the English hold their garrison is an immense rock, admirably fortified both by nature and art. The ancient works were executed by the Venetians. The lion of St. Mark is sculptured upon the gates, and seems to bow its head like one vanquished, to recall the humiliation of its country.

It was Sunday, the 13th of October; the population crowded the streets; there was something in the movement, the discordant cries so violent and so rude, which involuntarily made a painful impression upon me. I felt ill at ease in that crowd, and the people seemed by their looks to regard us as enemies.

Notwithstanding my sympathy for the Hellenic nation, my first impression was not favourable to the Greeks at Corfu.

I thought their countenances bad and false. It is true, that I had before me that unpolished

plebeian race always employed in the hardest labours of the ports, which in every country represents the least noble aspect of a people.

From all the upper parts of the town, you have an enchanting *coup-d'œil*. We were shown in a great square the Governor's palace, a rather pretty building, in an enchanting situation. The English show their taste in offering their protection to people who give up to their service spacious harbours, grand citadels, and countries so delightful to inhabit. I would that some fine morning France might find herself in the exercise of a protection of this nature, in Syria, Lebanon, and Palestine. And why not? The flag of France, after the emancipation of the populations of Lebanon and Palestine, would float over Beyrout, Sidon, Tyre, St. Jean d'Acre, Jaffa, Tiberias, and Jerusalem. These rich countries, protected by a strong and intelligent nation, would become great under our tutelage. The Arab race would come to the sun of our civilization, to demand a knowledge of letters, and of those arts for which they have more aptitude and taste than is generally thought.

Cæsarea and Ascalon would rise from their ruins. Under the protection of our banner, agricultural colonies would establish themselves on this side of Syria, where ancient cities stood at many hours' distance from the road.

But let us leave this subject, to return to it later.

We went to visit the island. A high road enabled us to go in a carriage as far as an eminence called the Canona, one of the most enchanting spots in Corfu. At our feet was a delicious bay, where the sea, calm as a little lake, washed the shores covered with a smiling vegetation. The olive tree is here in its native country. It is almost as fine as in Palestine. On Canona we had a successful hunt after plants and insects. I found the *Ophrys spiralis*; and the *Ornithogalum Squilla*, in flower, bending its long thyrsi towards a burning sun; and a great number of other delicate flowers of Greece, which I here saw for the first time.

The fertility of Corfu is wonderful. It is a privileged land, which I found at the entrance of Greece to give me a first idea of this beautiful nature. At Corfu I had an idea of the East.

The same day, at a quarter to three, we set sail. The sea was calm, the night beautiful. The temperature was so mild that I yielded to the temptation of passing the night upon the deck. I had the hair quilt brought up from my cabin, and then, enveloped in my cloak, before resigning myself to sleep, I enjoyed some long hours in the contemplation of the azure sky, and

of the twinkling stars reflected on the surface of the waters. There is an animation in a voyage by steam, which sailing only has in times of storm. You feel the vessel as a living body beneath you ; its trembling motion at every blow that it receives from the steam, the noise of its rapid wheels, which seem to seize the liquid element as the wings of a bird strike the air, the two foaming cascades spouting from its sides, often besprinkled with phosphorescent sparks—all this gives an especial individuality to a steam-vessel. It is a creation which seems to have its own energy and vitality. It is not quite an animal with its organization and spontaneous motion ; it is not the monstrous whale presenting its broad ridge upon the surface of the water ; but it is something more than the sailing-vessel, which excites no observation. Steam obeys you ; it carries organs within its sides which retard or hasten its course at the least word, without waiting for a breath of air to move it.

You should see it in a storm. It scolds, screams, and murmurs amid the waters which murmur and scold around it. You would say that it is irritated by the violence of the blows it receives, and that it redoubles its efforts to conquer the furious element. Sometimes, when the billows sink, to rise again furious, and

threaten to engulf it, it suddenly makes a bound, and by a prodigious effort of strength, clears the wave and cuts through it. You tremble with it when it descends with horrible moanings upon the unequal surface, where it finds resistance, as a wrestler from whose swelling breast escapes a deep groan when he falls upon the foe he has prostrated.

In calm weather the steamer advances without effort, and in its steady march leaves behind two immense tracks traced by its wheels, in which the waters seem with difficulty to recover their former immobility. How often, when all was hushed around me, when my eye could only descry on the monotonous shore the doubtful line which separates the blue sea from a sky paled by vapour, I have placed myself at the extremity of the vessel, letting my thoughts wander with my eyes upon the immensity which was unrolled without and before us. Life, on a beautiful sea, in a delicious climate like that of the Archipelago, is intoxicating. You feel exalted and made great by all the power and genius of man, which has vanquished the most terrible of the elements. As for me, I had at this moment all that could embellish a voyage. Sometimes my plants from Corfu required change of paper; when the sun was brilliant I could spread my papers upon deck;

in dull weather I had recourse to the top of the boiler, where I dried them as in a stove. Happy hours those which are devoted to botanical pursuits! The passengers often gathered around me to examine my precious plants, and to inquire their names. I had a peculiar pleasure in saying that these plants were as unknown to me as to themselves. This ignorance of foreign plants, during my botanical expeditions, was the charm of every hour. If I had had the misfortune to be learned, all would have been disenchanted; to dry a plant that one has seen a hundred times in a herbarium, that one has already studied and possessed, how commonplace this is! But to stop at each new flower, and to say, "I do not know you," and to ask yourself of what family it is, to what genus this unknown beauty belongs; to try to resolve this problem whilst you have the enjoyment of contemplating it, to remark its peculiarities, to mark its characteristics, to note its position when alive before flattening it mercilessly between leaves of paper; to fix in one's memory the exact spot which gave it birth, the manner of its growth, its peculiar stations, and the orientalisms it affords; to compose a history of this little creation of God, in which his almighty power seems exhausted in the richness of its form and colour; and to carry away with one,

as priceless friends, these treasures of nature, for the sake of enjoying till the last days of existence the pleasure of travelling over again, and seeing again the spots and the regions where they were gathered—these are the pure pleasures belonging to the life of a botanist.

At other times, on board ship, the hours flew in long conversations with M. de Saulcy and other friends. The society of learned men is an inappreciable advantage in travelling. These men are living libraries, whence you may draw without effort a thousand facts, and a thousand recollections. During eight long months, I have often put to the proof, by my perpetual questions, the kind friend to whom I was indebted for my delightful tour to the East. I never tired his patience.

I forgot to say that we had made great friends with our gallant Captain Verona. I now see the little man with his calm open countenance, concealing, nevertheless, under his good nature a great deal of firmness. We had great cause for congratulation in all our dealings with him. He was to leave us at Syra, where another vessel would take us up, and convey us to Athens.

On the 14th, at 8 A.M. we were opposite to the coast of Arcadia. We then saw Messenia, Laconia, Navarino, Modon, the gulf of Coron,

and the island of Sapienza. We saw Taygetus entirely free from snow.

Amongst the passengers of distinction on board the "Vorwärts," bound for the East, I must not forget Mr. Wood, the English Consul at Damascus, with whom we became very intimate, and whom we again saw at Damascus, where he received us with the greatest kindness. Mr. Wood had recently married in England, and he was taking his young bride to the East: my companions derived great pleasure from their society.

I often conversed with Mr. Wood, who gave me a number of useful hints for my researches. He is thoroughly acquainted with the East, which he has inhabited for a great number of years, and in the late affairs there he played an important part to support the political interests of his country. The details which he gave us upon various episodes of the war in which he took part, were most interesting.

In passing before Sapienza, we took aside the English Consul, and asked him what could be the use of this miserable rock, that its possession had been an object of such ardent desire on the part of England?

"This rock," he told us, "is in itself worth little, it is true; but look at that cove; it might become a magnificent harbour, and prove a

shelter for a fleet. Sapienza would be a key of Greece, the bond as it were of a great maritime power. This, gentlemen, is the use of Sapienza."

England has, in fact, marked out her route in the Mediterranean, by Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu. Sapienza, or any other rock in the Archipelago, with a good harbour, is still wanting. It is not a large tract of country which she wants solely for her anchorage, but a station that would bring her nearer to Athens, to Constantinople, and to Smyrna, to all those points where her commercial relations require a vigilant protection.

A good harbour and a citadel at Sapienza would be worth the whole of the Peloponnesus to England. A few guns and a few soldiers would suffice to guard this rock, from whence England could overlook the Dardanelles, and if needful, command the whole of the Archipelago.

I made sketches of Modon, Coron, Navarino, the island of Venetico, and the island of Sapienza. The next day I took one of Seripho. These hasty pencil strokes, thrown as it were upon the leaves of an album, recall pleasantly in after-times, the fugitive forms which the memory has failed to retain. One day, I shall

perhaps look upon them with pride, and as a last amusement of old age.

We reached Syra on the 17th, at ten o'clock A.M. The island of Syra, formed, like all the islands of the Archipelago, of a group of mountains, offers a denuded aspect, that is distressing to one's sight. These islands, without vegetation, appear as if a great fire had passed over them, and form a painful contrast to the beautiful sky above. When one reflects that this enchanting nature has been deprived of her most beautiful dress by long centuries of slavery, one feels compassion for the soil, which lacked nothing in the time of her glory, not even misfortune. One treads this soil with reverence, as one would with emotion press the hand of an old friend, after he had been tried by long afflictions.

We were obliged to return to dine on board. We had only a few hours left, so I put off my visit to the Bishop of Syra until my return. I regretted, afterwards, not having devoted the time left to my disposal to an interview with this amiable prelate, to whom I was indebted for the intimate acquaintance of the learned Abbé Marinelli. What valuable hints, what objects for study might have been furnished me for my religious excursion in Greece! and the

more easily, as M. Bari, a merchant of Smyrna, who had accompanied us from Trieste, most kindly offered to present me to the bishop, to whom he is related.

As I am bound to inform the reader of all my impressions, I must also confess all my weaknesses. I hesitated between this visit, of which I did not then know the importance, and the pleasure which I had promised myself in a botanical expedition. We were in the middle of autumn, and I thought the island must still abound in flowers, and I had gathered such beautiful ones at Corfu ! MM. de Saulcy, Félicien, and Edward, had gone in search of insects; should I follow their example? one does not botanize every day in the islands of the Archipelago. The flowers carried the day, and I followed my friends upon the mountain which commands Syra on the east.

Whilst my companions, halting at every stone, slowly climbed the foot of the mountain, conducted by a dragoman who joined us on board, addressing me as "Monseigneur," and M. de Saulcy as "Monsieur le Vicomte," I had gained ground, and reached the heights, where I hoped to find a rich spoil. I was really fortunate. All this vegetation was entirely new to me; and with the exception of some vines and fig-trees, nothing recalled the flora of

France, and above all, that of our mountains. I found the carnation in flower, which I did not expect to gather until the month of February, at Jerusalem. The foliage of this tree is beautiful, both as to form and colour. With the sycamore, which in the East attains a considerable height, it is one of the trees of which the foliage is most pleasing to the eye. I do not speak of the palm, as no tree can be compared to it in grace and majesty.

Before leaving the heights where I stood, I anticipated the view which lay at my feet. I was actually in one of those islands of the Archipelago, of which the poetic names had so often delighted me : Paros, Milo, Ceos, Teos, Hydra, Andros. I trod the sacred soil of Greece ; and this harbour which I saw full of vessels, this town which had doubled in extent, and whose inhabitants no longer, in fear, seek for shelter as formerly in their acropolis, but repose at liberty in the country, after twelve years of heroic struggle :—all this was before me.

Since the war of independence, Syra has made considerable advance ; her port is safe and sheltered. Félicien and I followed the line of the immense area which forms the bay ; we saw numerous docks, in which merchant ships were building : the new town, which extends all round the harbour, is already important. Great

animation reigns in it. The Greeks have not changed; they are still the talking, arrogant, active people, which antiquity brings before us.

We shall see them at Athens, where we shall be to-morrow.

We took leave of the "Vorwärts" and good Captain Verona, whom we met afterwards. We embarked on board the "Mahmoudië". At seven P.M., we weighed anchor. Syra, which shines from its harbour to its acropolis like a large illuminated pyramid, quickly disappeared on the horizon. We had nothing but night and the stars; we went down to our cabins; and the next morning, at daybreak, we entered the Piræus.

There are, in my opinion, three unique sites in the world, Athens, Sparta, and Jerusalem. They alone have deeply impressed my soul. Neither Corinth with its gulf, nor Constantinople on its Bosphorus, nor Beyrout close to Lebanon, nor Smyrna, nor Damascus, nor Baalbec with its colossal ruins, nor Alexandria, have made my heart throb. I do not speak here of Nazareth, of the lake of Tiberias, of Jordan, and of all those places where I have followed the traces of the divine Master. I speak of the great cities of antiquity. All, in my estimation, sink before these great names. I do not know what Rome, in the middle of her

vast campagna, might produce upon me ; I have not yet seen her. But the recollections of Athens, of Sparta, and of Jerusalem, have a magical influence upon my thoughts. There all is assembled, it would seem, by a Providence which has watched over the magnificence of her subjects. How beautifully encircled is Athens by Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnassus, Cithæron, and the sea ! How the hill which serves as her Acropolis rises in a regular oval in the midst of the plain, to rest there as the most marvellous creation of art which, without exception, has issued from the hand of man ! What a magnificent pedestal to the Propylæa and to the Parthenon is this hill of marble, around which are grouped the other buildings of Athens ! Then that other hill, almost rivalling the first, where stands the Pnyx, the theatre where the destinies of the people were discussed, the tribune for orators, of which the steps chiselled out of the rock are still seen, such as they were when trodden by Pericles and Demosthenes ; the hill of temples for religious life ; the hill of the forum for political life, and then an immense expanse, with mountains of graceful outline bounding the horizon ! Such is Athens ! I did not weep in quitting Athens, as I did when leaving Jerusalem.

If I had one special home to choose in this

world where everything seems good to me, and where every land is my country, the domain of the great human family, which is my family ; as a Christian, I should choose Jerusalem, a little corner at the foot of Mount Olivet, at a few paces from those aged olives which witnessed the agony of Jesus ; as a man, I should choose the hill of the museum, at a little distance from the tribune where Demosthenes spoke, from the prison where Socrates drank hemlock, and opposite to the rock of the Areopagus, where St. Paul announced to the disciples of Plato the incarnation of the Word of God.

I should not go to Sparta. As a man, I should feel myself too little ; I should find nothing there to touch my heart. I admire the virtues of Sparta, but I do not like them. Its patriotism is only great in my eyes, in its place, and in the narrow limits which will always be accorded to it by antiquity. My patriotism has no frontiers ; it sees alone in all men the children of one Father who is in heaven ; and who was unknown at Sparta.

Châteaubriand, the 25th August, 1816, on visiting the Piræus, with M. Fauvel, did not find a single vessel there. He only saw a dilapidated convent, and a wooden barrack, where a Turkish custom-house officer passed entire months without witnessing the arrival of a boat. Greece was then

under the dominion of Turkey. When we, on the 16th October, 1850, mounted the deck of the "Mahmoudié," and the dawning day enabled us to distinguish the objects around us, we found ourselves in a vast harbour, forming the arc of a circle, which one might imagine drawn by a line; a pretty town, with a handsome building for a custom-house; a stone quay of good workmanship appeared before us, and this port, formerly so empty, was full of fine vessels. We counted, besides the French frigate, nearly thirty large merchantmen of different nations, and a considerable number of small Greek vessels.

Such is the Piræus at this day. Our first glances from the deck of the "Mahmoudié" were directed to the Acropolis, which stood out from the horizon.

Athens was before us! In a few hours we should be there.

When our luggage had been landed, and passed through the custom-house, which is quickly done in Greece, as all over the East, by the payment of a small sum, we entered light and rather elegant carriages, which conveyed us from the Piræus to Athens. A high road, like those of France, follows very nearly the ancient route. Fragments of the large wall, which united the Piræus to the town, are still to be

seen. The impression upon my mind during the whole drive was a painful one. This vast plain is naked, and badly cultivated. I saw fields without labour, indicating a lazy people having a horror of agriculture; fences badly made; scarcely any plantations; only a few vine plants; and, further to our left, the forest of olive trees, planted by Minerva herself, and probably contemporaneous with the first ages of the occupation of Athens.

About halfway we stopped at two khans, or Greek public-houses, where our horses rested, and where we drank raki. We also partook of a Greek preserve, of which I have forgotten the name, and which M. de Sauley had praised much. It is a white, soft cake, that is cut into little squares, like the *pâte de jujubes*. It has a most disagreeable, resinous taste. I do not say the same of raki, a distilled liquor of which I shall speak hereafter, and which we found very pleasant in our travels in the Peloponnesus.

My friend who, amongst his recollections, has preeminently those which belong to the heart, recognised the Greek master of the khan, whom he had seen in his first tour: he called to him by name, and held out his hand to him.

Travelling teaches us to love our fellow-men. We resumed our route, and soon Athens presented herself to our sight. The approaches to

the town were neither better cultivated nor better planted than the plain we had just traversed. Naked fields, without hedges, without fences, without trees, covered with withered herbs, over which a burning sun had passed, amongst which, here and there, grew the creeping caper, — all continued to sadden my sight, until we reached the first houses of the town. I now quickly forgot this arid, neglected soil, to turn my eyes upon the town and its buildings. We passed at a hundred yards from the Temple of Theseus, the most entire and best preserved monument of all Greece. I studied it afterwards. It is now the museum of the antiquities of Athens, and, consequently, one of the most beautiful museums in the world.

This building, which is small, isolated, and resplendent with the golden tint peculiar to Eastern buildings, strikes one with that majesty and grace, so characteristic of all which has issued from the hands of the Greeks.

Above the temple of Theseus, we perceived the Acropolis, with its imposing mass. The Propylæa and the high tower of the middle ages hid the Parthenon from our sight.

The view of Athens is least beautiful from the side from which we first saw it. It is in returning from the Isthmus of Corinth, having passed the monastery of Daphni, and at the foot

of Cithæron, that Athens presents herself in such extreme beauty. It was from this point that Châteaubriand, after having traversed the whole of the Peloponnesus, first beheld her in all her glory.

The modern town is larger than I had imagined ; it is not ill built, and there are two or three rather fine streets. A palm-tree rears itself in the middle of the longest of these streets. We were going to stay in the New Quarter, at the Hôtel d'Orient, which had been occupied by King Otho before his palace was built. We there found a party of English, who were to go in two days, and were about, like ourselves, to visit the Peloponnesus. These indefatigable tourists take this kind of relaxation with admirable coolness. The two young Englishwomen whom we saw there, seemed to trouble themselves no more with the dangers of such an expedition than at Paris they would have taken a drive to the Bois de Boulogne.

M. de Saulcy found again the guide who had so nearly caused him to be assassinated at Egina ; but with a noble heart, he no longer retained the recollection ; and it was the same Antonio Nicolai, a little Greek with a dried-up face pitted with the small-pox, who was engaged to provide for our food and lodging, and to furnish us with horses during our tour

in the Peloponnesus. This Greek asked an exorbitant sum, and treated us very badly. It was a good preparation for future hardships in Syria and Palestine. We never suffered so much as in Greece; one can hardly believe the evidence of one's senses in a first drive about Athens. The marvellous Acropolis was there before us, as an irresistible attraction. From the top of the great staircase of the hotel we could see it develope its long, battlemented wall, above which rises the monumental type—the Parthenon. After having passed through the town, we began to climb the hill by a gentle ascent, by a road which has been recently constructed. The ancient entrance to the Acropolis is obstructed by modern fortifications, and we ascend from the south side by rather rapid steps. You first find a little court where are lodged Greek veterans, the guardians of the sacred ruins. After crossing this, you see at the foot the Propylæa, an immense vestibule, a magnificent creation of art, that one admires less than the Parthenon, but which is executed with as much perfection. You have on your right, an immense pedestal, upon which is constructed a very small temple to Victory-apteros, that is to say, “without wings.” On it is sculptured the famous bas-relief representing Victory, one of the most finished specimens of Grecian carving.

When you have crossed the Propylæa, before reaching the Parthenon, you have a considerable space to traverse, ornamented with antique remains, very badly arranged in plaster. At length you are there. The side which you see first is not, as has been long thought, the principal façade. That facing the east, on the opposite side, is as usual, the façade of the greater proportion of the temples of antiquity.

It is well known that the Parthenon is a rectangular parallelogram, ornamented with a peristyle and a portico. The columns are fluted ; and their shafts rest, without a base, upon three large steps which surround the building. The total length of the Parthenon is 218 feet, and its breadth 98 feet, measuring outside. The building is of the Doric order, the most noble and severe of the Grecian orders. The columns are 42 feet high, by a little less than 6 feet in diameter. To form an idea of the Parthenon, one must transport one's self to the Church of the Madeleine, at Paris. The Madeleine is also a Grecian temple with a peristyle, but of the Corinthian order. It must be borne in mind, that the columns of the Parthenon are not more than two feet higher than the bronze doors of the Madeleine, which occupy a little space only upon an immense façade. It must also be remembered, that the church of the Madeleine is

supported by an under-basement of nearly 12 feet in height, while the base of the Parthenon is only composed of three steps, which do not give it more than 3 feet of height. With these disproportions of size, the Parthenon appears as high as the Madeleine. I do not here make any comparison between these two buildings, except as to the effect produced by their mass. It is one of the greatest triumphs of ancient art, that of giving to buildings an appearance of greater magnitude than they really possess, while it is one of the greatest marks of the inferiority of modern art, to make them appear small when in reality of colossal size, as all travellers admit. St. Peter's at Rome, the largest edifice of modern times, appears small; and notwithstanding, the whole detail of it is so colossal, that the visitor can hide himself in the flutings of its pilasters.

CHAPTER IV.

Early Churches. — Gothic Cathedrals. — Christian Art. — Allegorical Decorations. — The Metopes. — Marbles of Greece. — Microscopic Vegetation. — The Sacred Road. — The Athenian Mountains. — Church of Daphni. — Early Architecture. — Dukes of Athens. — The Marquess of Montserrat. — Athens by Moonlight. — The Catholics of Athens. — Military Fête. — Patriotism of the Clergy.

CHRISTIANITY, which held temples in abhorrence, and which constructed, at Baalbec, a basilica in the centre of the inclosure which precedes its two temples, rather than enter into either of them, though they were of wonderful magnificence, made an exception in favour of the Parthenon. The Christians converted it into a church. One sees still the place where the circular apse closed in the principal door, making it face the east. The traces of paintings are also seen upon the walls of the cella, which became the nave of the church. The consecration of the Parthenon to Christian worship reflects infinite honour upon the first ages of the church at Athens. No part of the admirable sculptures of this temple dedicated to Minerva

had been mutilated. The statue of the goddess was no longer there, but the exquisite sculptures of Phidias were destined to last through ages, protected by the religion of Christ. The respect for art, notwithstanding its idolatrous stamp, professed by the Athenian Christians, forms a singular contrast to the anathemas of the narrow minds of our own times against other *chefs-d'œuvre* which, like barbarians, they would proscribe.

The Mahometans, who are known to be iconoclasts, and who destroy without mercy every representation of the human figure, had the same tolerance as the Christians towards the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Greece. When they became masters of Greece, they took possession of the Parthenon, and converted it into a mosque. A little minaret was constructed upon one of the angles of the temple. The Venetians, at the siege of Athens, placed a battery upon the Pnyx; a bomb fell upon the Parthenon, penetrated its roof, and set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, which blew up the centre of this beautiful edifice. The immense shafts of the columns lean principally to the south side, in the same state as they were left by this terrible explosion. The two pediments, and a large part of the northern peristyle, were spared; they are happily still the most conspicuous parts of the building.

When will the Parthenon be restored? When will the Hellenes, or rather when will Europe, replace the foundation stones of the beautiful marble from Pentelicus? As the bullets that committed this vandalism were from civilized countries, will there not come a day when Europe will raise a subscription to help the poor Hellenes to repair their disaster? We express the hope—we suggest the thought.

I had quitted Europe a great admirer of Gothic architecture. Notre Dame de Chartres, Notre Dame de Paris, all our beautiful cathedrals, with their prodigious spires, were to me a type of the supreme of beauty in art. I belonged to that school, so numerous in this day, which popularly calls the ogival “the Christian art.” I have completely changed my mind since I have studied the monuments of heathen antiquity, and the Christian edifices erected in the East previously to the Gothic. There is no parallel between the Parthenon and our churches of the 13th century. Notwithstanding twenty years of admiration for the Gothic, I was obliged to yield to evidence, and to recognize in the ancients our masters in architecture and in sculpture. I shall speak later of the Christian basilicas and the Byzantine churches.

That which gives to the buildings of Athens an incontestible superiority over all other con-

ceptions of art, is their idealisation. Nothing is less sensuous than Grecian art. All that has been written under a contrary impression is puerile. Is it not commonly said that ancient art has made matter divine, and has spiritualized form? I do not deny that Christian art is eminently spiritual; that her sculpture has an especial life of aspiration and of faith; but that which has produced this spiritual essence in art is evidently religious belief. Who will venture to assert that the people of antiquity had not, in the highest degree, the sentiment of religion? They were deceived in the object of their worship; but this misdirected adoration was not less one of the strongest tendencies of human nature in all ages. It is useless to deny these things: all history, the whole of literature, all the art of antiquity, stand forth to attest its truth. I was forcibly struck at Athens by the chasteness of the sculptures of the high epoch. There is more of earthiness in the greater proportion of our Christs and our Virgins, and in hundreds of would-be religious subjects, than in the innumerable bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, the Museum, the Propylæa, and in those of the Temple of Theseus. A religious act is always chaste, because it is wholly symbolical. Is it not true that the christianity of the 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries sculptured beneath the cor-

nices of our churches entablatures upon which were represented rude figures of all kinds? Did they not place on the capitals, at the entrance of churches, on one side doves seeking holiness and life in a chalice, and on the other, representations which in this day would not be tolerated?

Who has ever set down as a crime in the middle ages, the language spoken by carved stone to generations of barbarians, who required to see, as it were, an idea, to enable them to understand it. When the 12th century arrived, and the human mind began to awaken from its slumber, see how Christianity abandoned by degrees this gross symbolism; listen to St. Bernard proscribing these representations made for barbarians; see the ogival art forsaking symbolism more and more, till modern times, when it can be no longer practised, and is now but a fanciful imitation left us, which well-meaning men, in their simplicity, copy; and in so doing imagine that by imitating the capitals of the 12th century, they are following Christian art.

Had not ancient art its own symbolism also? and would it be difficult to demonstrate that there were for it, as there have been for us, hieratic types consecrated to its use.

Let us leave these exaggerated theories, and

these systematic condemnations of a past which has bequeathed to us such precious remains.

I was never wearied of admiring the numerous Metopes upon the frieze of the Parthenon, the special work of Phidias. They have, for the most part, descended from the place which they occupied upon the building, and are ranged in rows in the cella. All these figures pre-eminently express two things, calmness and dignity; not the calmness which is merely coldness, nor the dignity which expresses disdain, but these two things in their highest idealization. Nevertheless, the ideal of the ancients sinks into nothing before the Christian ideal. These exquisite representations of antiquity are without inspiration. They have an indefinable expression of greatness; but it is human grandeur, with its earthly destiny; you never see in one of their beautiful marbles what is so common in even the most ordinary statues of the middle ages, the "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*" Not one of them aspires to a better country; not one has ever seemed to say: "O God! I love Thee!" There lies the incontestible inferiority of this perfect *art*, by the side of the coarsest head of a saint, which some good monk may have chiselled upon the capitals of his cloister, or upon the portal of his church.

It was in studying these magnificent bas-

reliefs, that I discovered the microscopic vegetation to which the Parthenon and all Eastern edifices owe their beautiful golden hue. The theories built upon the subject of this tint of the marbles of the Parthenon are well known. Some have asserted that this beautiful building had been painted, and that the pale yellow colouring was the only remains of the antique painting. In fact, some traces of painting, particularly in the compartments of the ceiling, are still visible. Others assert that it is the effect of the sun itself, which has had the privilege of tinting with its heat the marble in this manner. It is, however, nothing of the kind : it is a lichen, with imperceptible organs, which botanists up to this hour have not described, which extends in immense layers over all the marbles of Greece, either carved by the chisel, as in buildings, or in a natural state at the side of mountains. The numerous specimens of this lichen which I have brought from the Parthenon, from the old enclosure of the Temple of Solomon, and from the ruins of Baalbec, place the fact beyond a doubt ; and these are the observations which brought me to this interesting discovery. The bas-reliefs of Phidias have especially this beautiful golden tint, which contributes so much to give the appearance of a velvety softness which it is difficult to describe. And when, at

different epochs, the projecting parts, such as the noses or fingers, had been broken off, I observed that the yellow tint had covered the broken parts, and that they differed in no respect from the hollow parts of the bas-reliefs which had never suffered mutilation. I might conclude from this, that the colour was not paint, as the marble, when broken first, is of dazzling whiteness, and in time becomes as yellow as the rest. This was conclusive. I also observed, that after the habit of all lichens, this colouring penetrated the fissures of the marble wherever it was broken in any part, so that in scaling off the outside, you find that the two interior sides have equally received this general tint, and that the tint diminishes in intensity with the size of the crevice. This colour follows the habit of lichens, which generally cover the rocks, and penetrate the imperceptible fissures.

I afterwards studied what would be the action of the sun upon the columns of the building, and the following is the result. The columns placed to the south are perfectly white on those parts which are for the greatest length of time exposed to the burning rays of the sun. By degrees, they become yellow on those parts where the sun shines upon them with less ardent rays. In short, on those parts scarcely reached by the sun, the yellow tint has become blackish,

and there are frequently long, blackish lichens trailing along, well known by botanists, extending in long, flat layers, over the walls where water or the rain has remained the longest time. These facts, thus arrived at, led me to the following conclusions:—Since the marble, in those parts least exposed to the sun, becomes nearly black, and we know that this colouring is derived from the lichen called *Lepraria*; since the marble retains its whiteness where it is most exposed to the sun, and that the yellow tint is only strongly marked in the intermediate parts; it follows that it is a lichen, which, needing moisture, cannot vegetate under the burning action of the sun, on the front of the column; it therefore vegetates the more strongly on those parts where the marble is most sheltered from the heat

I had here the solution of my problem. Afterwards, upon the north side of the walls of Jerusalem, I detached fragments of mortar that had been carefully polished by the trowel. The lichen on the stones which form these walls was spread upon the mortar itself, and had given to it the same golden tint as to the stone. It is not, therefore, the action of heat which has thus gilded the marble, since the columns of the Parthenon; on those parts most exposed to the sun's rays, remain white; and upon the walls of Jeru-

saalem I found the same tints upon the northern side, which is never warmed by the sun's rays. Men of microscopical science will allow me to give the name of *Lepraria Parthenoniaca* to this lichen, if, as I have reason to think, no other botanist has been beforehand with me in the discovery of this microscopic parasite.

It is a little plant, of which the wonderfully fine net-work covers the marble wrought by the hand of man; and which gives to oriental buildings the warm colouring denied to those of Europe.

Some of my readers will perhaps smile at the importance I attach to this discovery. I can only wish them the happiness of similar research, and above all, that they may comprehend how much such studies raise the mind to God, in beholding with what profusion the creative power has multiplied vegetation and life. Insects, also, doubtless live in this lichen, which can only be discerned by a powerful magnifying glass. One single block of one of the columns of the Parthenon is a continent for the inhabitants of this little world. They venture, doubtless, to make the tour, and to traverse those parts of the marble deprived of all vegetation, as a man adventures amongst the sands of a vast desert. And if they reach the black lichens on the side opposite to the light, they find themselves, as it

were, in immense forests, which astonish them by their prodigious height. Perhaps these insects live only one of our hours, and this hour is the term of their life. God has created all these little things; but they are great to the eye of a thinking man, and of a Christian.

October 19. — We have to-day taken two delightful drives. Hired carriages took us up at the Hôtel d'Orient, and, as in the best days of Greece, we found a good road, which conducted us to the monastery of Daphni. It is the ancient Sacred Road. A marble, with this inscription, in beautiful antique characters—*ΑΓΙΑ ΟΔΟΣ*—is inserted above the lintel of the door of a garden at a little distance from the town. In leaving Athens, an abundant spring issues forth from a little eminence; its waters are conveyed to the gardens below, amongst which is the Jardin des Plantes of the capital of Greece. I shall visit this garden hereafter: it has a tolerably good nursery of trees. The road which leads to it, after leaving the fountain, of which I cannot give the modern name, is lined with magnificent bead-trees. The burning sun of Greece had passed over them, without destroying their graceful foliage. I had great pleasure in seeing this tree of the New World,

giving its friendly shade to the despoiled plain of Athens.

The peoples of modern times owe much to Greece ; and they have nobly shed their blood for her in the War of Independence. Now that they have given her that first of blessings—liberty, they can assist her in adorning herself with flowers.

The equipages of Athens have not quite the freshness nor the elegance of those seen in the Champs Elysées. They are not, however, the less convenient for their unpretending appearance. In a short time they conveyed us to the foot of Corydalos, one of those mountains forming the immense belt beneath which Athens stands. What would Châteaubriand have said, when he entered the desert plain of Athens, in 1806, by the same sacred road which we had just passed along, if any one had then predicted that before half a century a brilliant modern Athens would replace that which he found forming the domain of a black slave of the Seraglio ; and that we should drive in European carriages to wander about the ruins of the temple of Daphni ?

At this day a convent replaces the ancient temple, of which nothing remains but some basements, devoid of interest. The convent itself is

nothing more than a ruin. It has no more chance of being raised up again than the temple. The two ideas which caused their construction are either dead or dying; but that which cannot perish, either in the edifice or the idea, is the beautiful Greek church of Daphni. While my joyous companions were making a rich spoil of insects, I entered the convent. I was received by three or four spectres, clad in black, with pale, wrinkled, sallow faces, whom I took for monks newly shaven, and aged with fasting. I addressed them in a few words of our university Greek, which they could not understand. This was not very flattering to a Hellenist who reads his Demosthenes with tolerable ease. Not being able to make myself understood by Greeks when speaking to them in Greek, I had recourse to the universal language of signs; I pointed to the church; my sign was understood, and they opened the door for me. One of the spectres remained with me a considerable time, to do the honours of the old building, while I drew the plan of the church. Wearied with my long explorations, he left me from time to time, returning sometimes alone, sometimes with the other spectres. It was only at the moment of quitting the enclosure of the monastery that one of these mysterious beings having extended its hand to ask alms, I concluded, from the

feminine arm timidly extended from beneath the black tatters that covered it, that these pretended monks, whom I had addressed as fathers, were old women, who had taken refuge in Daphni.

The church of Daphni may be studied as one of the types of Christian Greek art of a good era. It is small, like all Greek churches, but at the same time larger than many which I afterwards visited at Athens. The edifice has nowhere greater length in the clear than sixty-eight feet by forty-two in width; but with so little size the effect is perfect. Imagine everything that can suggest religious ideas, all that is simple, pure, and mysterious; enough light, proportions admirably calculated, and grace in every detail,—such is Daphni.

One asks one's self, when the basilicas have retained the antique form, why the Greek churches have nothing that reminds one of the principles of regular architecture. There is as little resemblance between Daphni and the Parthenon, as between Notre Dame at Paris and the Madeleine.

The only thing that Christian art has visibly borrowed from the antique is the interior arrangement; the vestibule at the entrance, the cella after the vestibule, and the central dome serving as *sacellum*. As to the rest, a Christian

church has nothing that recalls the temples of paganism.

The cupola of Daphni is decorated with mosaics of great beauty. Upon a golden ground stands out in bold relief the Christ, of colossal size, in a circular aureola, the head surrounded by a cruciferous nimbus, and blessing after the Greek manner. At the right and left are sixteen prophets. The dome is lighted by sixteen windows, which afford a subdued light. The aisles, the narrow and mysterious apses, are very imperfectly lighted; but the light which comes from heaven falls in floods upon the Christ himself, the source of all light; and upon the prophets, who are the precursors of the gospel. The four pendants that support the cupola are also in mosaic, upon a gold ground. Two are a little degraded; the other two represent the Annunciation, and the Baptism of the Saviour. The multiplicity of sanctuaries at the end of the church especially strikes the observer.

The Dukes of Athens, at the time of the occupation by the Franks, were interred at Daphni; their sepulchral chamber lies on the left. It is entered by a door which opens into the porch. The sarcophagus of one of the Latin chiefs of the crusades is used at this day as a bin for corn. I sketched a bas-relief, in the

form of an escutcheon, which decorates the front of this curious sarcophagus. It represents a Latin cross upon a base formed by two low steps, from which spring some branches. The cross is charged at the top with two fleurs-de-lis, of an elongated shape. I had the pleasure of finding this old emblem of the glory of France on the soil of Greece. The first of the dukes of Athens who was of French blood, was Otho de la Roche, who received the investiture of Marquess of Montserrat, about 1204. It was this Otho, or one of his descendants, who has reposed in this tomb. The form of the fleurs-de-lis distinctly gives the date of the thirteenth century.

The monastery of Daphni is enclosed by walls, of which one part rests upon the wall of the ancient temple. But outside this enclosure, in advancing towards the foot of the mountain, is a very small isolated church, more ancient than that of the monastery, which I closely examined. It is possible that it may have escaped the observation of archæologists. It is formed of a simple nave, and of a pentagonal sanctuary. The windows are semicircular.

In the evening, on our return to Athens, we were conducted to the Acropolis by our worthy countryman Colonel Touret, who wished us to admire the effect of the monuments of the time

of Pericles by moonlight. It was like a fairy scene. We there passed one of those hours the charm of which is indescribable. The Parthenon was even more grand. Its imposing mass stood out from the shadows with a splendour that fascinated our eyes. The little temples of Pandrosus and of the Erechtheum, the majestic Propylæa, with the temple of Victory-apteros, appeared, beneath this soft light, of most exquisite beauty. The old feudal tower reared itself, gigantic and terrible, above the Propylæa, the symbol of that warlike and barbarous, yet mighty feudalism, which caused the East to tremble at the time of the crusades. What a spectacle! and what recollections!

Besides, there we were at liberty, in the bosom of liberated Greece; it was a lover of Greece who had nobly fought for her, who guided us amongst these wonderful ruins, proud of having saved them in the name of France and of civilisation. He showed us with pride the veterans of the War of Independence, at this day the guardians of the Acropolis, whom he called his old companions in arms. I picked up amidst the *débris*, one of the bullets which had been fired by the Turks against the citadel. I brought it to France as a souvenir of the servitude and of the misfortunes which, during so many ages, had weighed upon Greece.

I give up in despair the attempt to describe the view of Attica from the top of the Acropolis by moonlight, under a transparent sky, studded with brilliant stars. The nights of Greece have always been admired—I have often with difficulty torn myself from their enchantment.

I have preserved, as one of the most treasured recollections for my old age, should God grant it to me, the image of this marvellous Acropolis, rearing itself as in the days of its splendour, in the midst of that vast plain where the city of Minerva sleeps an eternal sleep. There will still be a charm for my enfeebled imagination in this picture, which will reappear before me without an effort, with all the distinctness of outline, which is so deeply engraven upon my memory. After such things, there is nothing more sublime than that which relates to the soul and to God.

October 20.—This day, Sunday, I have been to celebrate mass in the Catholic church of Athens. It is situated at the foot of the Acropolis, at a little distance from the Tower of the Winds.

Nothing can be smaller or more insignificant than this church ; it is a modern building, without any kind of architecture, and completely bad. I met with the kindest welcome from the

curé of Athens, who gave me, with the greatest willingness, all the information I wished for as to the religious state of the city. There are only about two thousand Catholics at Athens, and the greater proportion of them are not Greeks; they are either Italians or Maltese. The preaching is not in Greek but in Italian. This is an excellent plan to prevent the Greeks, who have a strong feeling of nationality, from ever hearing the Catholics preach. The curé of Athens complained much of the Greek clergy, and of the prejudices which they encourage among the people against the Church of Rome. "If you wish to judge of it yourself," said he, "you have only to walk along the streets in your cassock, and on all sides you will hear called out a Greek word, meaning executioner. The Greek clergy have succeeded in persuading the people that if they receive extreme unction from the hands of a Catholic priest, it is sufficient to cause death."

I did not think it necessary to verify the fact; and I set it down as I had it from the good curé, who loaded me with attentions, and did me the honours of his presbytery with the kindest cordiality.

He expressed the greatest joy at the idea of the reconciliation of the Eastern churches with that of Rome. He said that he thought

that our commercial council might obtain this happy result ; he sighed over the enfeebled state of Catholicism in Greece, and he understood that some great plan could alone put an end to an unhappy schism, which would last on for ages if one shrunk from facing it. I had many conferences with this worthy man, who united great apparent simplicity with considerable shrewdness. The information he gave me was fully confirmed by Abbé Marinelli. Some years before he had made use of the influence of the Austrian Consul at Athens, to solicit the bishopric of Syra ; but men in high places in the church wrote to the Propaganda against this application, which caused its failure.

In the evening we witnessed a little public fête on the Place d'armes of Athens. This fête consisted in a serenade that the bands of the regiments quartered in the town give every Sunday to King Otho and his young Queen. The King was at that time in Bavaria, and the Queen governed the little Greek State with the provisional title of Regent.

Colonel Touret, who commands the garrison of Athens, had promised us that a national air of great beauty should be performed. It struck us as remarkably original and graceful. The Queen arrived on horseback, attended by an escort ; she was received with numerous *vivas*.

There were present a crowd of Athenian fashionables. This is the Champs Elysées of the capital of Greece. I had the pleasure of seeing several ladies of rank of the first families of Athens, in their ancient national costume ; but this is wearing away, and the younger ladies have adopted the French fashions.

When Greece was constituted a kingdom, the Powers of Europe could not contrive better than to give a Catholic King and a Protestant Queen to the Greek nation, which detests both Catholics and Protestants. When we know what is, amongst every people, the influence of the established church of a country, we may have an idea of the secret opposition felt by a Greek population to a royalty that is doubly heretical in its eyes. The Greek clergy have conducted themselves with admirable patriotism in the War of Independence. The anecdotes, without number, of their heroic devotedness, have rendered them extremely popular. The Greek church has, therefore, great power ; the sentiment of religion, of which it is the depository, is, together with the national honour, the sole principle of cohesion in the heart of this people. If Greece were brought back to the great Catholic fraternity by the blessed aid of a general council, the new position in which it would place the clergy, would put it in the

position of exercising great influence upon the temporal destinies of the country. Catholic activity would have then a vast field, and before long she would realise the work of civilisation and of progress which is demanded by the inactive state in which Greece is slumbering, notwithstanding that she possesses such elements of prosperity and greatness.

CHAPTER V.

The Ilissus.—Convent of Penteli.—Marbles of Paros.—
The Cephissus.—Our Guide Antonio.—Gulf of Salamis.
Eleusis.—Pass of Kaki Skala.—Isthmus of Corinth.—
The Isthmian Games.—Fountain of Venus.—Acro-
Corinthus.—Ruins of Mycenæ.—Tomb of Atreus.—The
Gate of Lions.—Cyclopean Walls.—Tirynthus.—Nauplia.
—First Greek Parliament.—Marshes of Lerna.

October 21.—On this day our course was directed to Pentelicus. It is from the sides of this mountain that the magnificent blocks of marble have been taken, from which the monumental edifices of Athens have been formed.

The road leading to Pentelicus is tolerably good; we had passed along it in the calèches which had conveyed us to Daphni. This time we followed the steep banks of the bed of the Ilissus. Some oleanders were still in flower on its banks. One cannot wonder that in the middle of autumn, after a burning summer's sun, this rivulet, which I would willingly call a river, as it is more famous than most other rivers, should

not be of larger size. I shall not contradict Châteaubriand upon that point. We crossed the Ilissia, which is a very beautiful structure ; there, in the middle of a wood of myrtles as tall as our copsewood, of firs, and of the arbutus in flower, we found, upon reaching the first spur of Pentelicus, a vast edifice, as yet unfinished, upon the door of which you read in large letters the word "Plaisance." This palace, built by the Duchess of Plaisance, who gave it her own name, is a long, square elevation, in tolerable taste. We were informed that this lady had renounced Christianity to become a Jewess. If this feminine caprice sounded strange to us, we judged otherwise of her instincts as a person of taste. What an exquisite retreat ! What nature ! What beautiful tints ! What a sun !

From Plaisance to the convent of Penteli the distance is very short. It was under the tufted trees, close to an abundant spring, one of the sources of the Ilissus, that we made our halt. The joyous group commenced their pillage according to their individual taste. I plunged into the wood of Penteli, following the stream, in which I picked up some *confervæ*. I botanized most successfully. We then followed the road towards the quarries of Pentelicus ; but the sun was already sinking towards the mountains ; we stopped every moment before the

treasures of this animated nature, and the smiling vegetation before us. Laden with insects and flowers, we regained the road to Athens.

If the high duties of the custom-house did not stop the importation of Grecian marble, the statuary of France would have the beautiful marble from Pentelicus upon very advantageous terms. Its transportation would be easy; the quarry is at a very short distance from the Piræus. It would be the same as to the marble of Paros, which surpasses that of Pentelicus in brilliancy and fineness.

It is a melancholy fact that, thanks to unmeaning tariffs, our artists know of no other marbles for sculpture than those of Italy, which are also heavily taxed. It frequently happens with us that the state is compelled to furnish marble for the statues which it orders.

A few years ago, some Athenian merchants despatched to Marseilles two vessels laden with marble from Paros. This marble, of inferior quality, was notwithstanding of such beauty, that the custom-house would not apply to it the tariff of the second quality of Carrara marble. In consequence of the onerous obligation of paying 326 francs 26 centimes per cubic yard, the vessels were obliged to return to Greece with their freight. It is easy to be understood that the reduction of the duties upon the

beautiful Grecian marbles, would give rise to a considerable commerce between Greece and France. These marbles would arrive at Marseilles or at Cette, from whence they would be conveyed to Bordeaux by the canal of Languedoc. The merchant navy of Greece, which numbers more than four hundred vessels, and which are now almost all bound for England, to convey corn and fruits, would take the route of our ports in the Mediterranean; and they would take back the produce of our manufactures, which are celebrated both in Greece and the East. The state would soon be indemnified for the reduction of duties, by the considerable sums that would arise from the increase in our commercial relations. The Greek merchantmen, attracted to England by the absence of duties, would reach far more easily the ports of France, with the certainty of the same benefits. It is a miserable policy so entirely to exclude Greece from the French market.

October 22.—I walked and botanized near the Cephisus. It is divided into numerous trenches, for the purpose of irrigating the plain. The gattilier (*Vitex agnus castus*), was in flower upon its banks. The Greeks were accustomed to strew the floors of their temples with it, on the fêtes of Ceres. Above the Cephisus extend

the vineyards of Athens. Their richness and strength of vegetation is wonderful. Although the vintage was over, a quantity of grapes still remained, probably because they had not been sufficiently ripe. The cotton plant is also cultivated in this plain. The olive-trees are numerous : they form a forest following the two banks of the Cephissus, and it extends far out in the direction of the Piræus. It would be difficult to ascertain the age of these olive-trees ; some must be of great antiquity ; perhaps even contemporaneous with the first plantation of this tree upon the soil of Greece. The olive never dies. They had been entirely frozen during the preceding winter, but the enormous trunks of the trees had not suffered. We saw the commencement of the pruning of the naked branches. There are several little churches scattered here and there on the plain of the Cephissus, but they are almost all deserted.

October 24.—At ten o'clock in the morning we left Athens for our grand tour in the Peloponnesus. The famous Antonio is the general-in-chief of the expedition. Our bodies and souls are confided to his keeping : he has made a precise calculation, so that our bodies should not actually die from hunger. As to our lives, they are in the safe keeping of God. We have,

nevertheless, an escort of armed men on foot, who are to defend us in case of need. The little Greek has only forgotten to count us, so that since the very first night we have not had a sufficient number of beds carried by the mules for our party. We are therefore obliged in turn to sleep upon the ground. The rascal does not seem to trouble himself about it in the least.

We passed Daphni, which we knew already. Soon we defiled upon the Gulf of Salamis, which we only quitted on reaching the isthmus of Corinth. This peaceful bay, the scene of one of the most memorable battles of antiquity, is beautifully encircled by mountains. From the sacred road by which we passed, and of which the ancient tracks show themselves here and there, we saw the height where the Prince of Princes had caused his throne to be placed, that he might the better contemplate the terrible combat, which caused his shame, and reflected eternal honour on Greece.

We reposed for a short time at the khan during the great heat. It is placed at a short distance from the sea. Magnificent blocks of marble lay at a few feet from the khan. They are the remains of the tomb of Strato. On another occasion, when I went alone to Eleusis, I took an impression of the beautiful characters upon this tomb, which are very well preserved.

It is not known when the tomb of the warrior to whom his grateful country had elevated this monument, was despoiled. It must have been magnificent, judging from its ruins.

Here is Eleusis, the city of the mysteries of Ceres! Châteaubriand, in his beautiful language, says that "this is the spot which should be regarded with greater reverence than any other in Greece; for here was taught the unity of God, and this place was witness of the grandest effort ever made by man in the cause of liberty."

Of the magnificent temple, we only saw the most uninteresting remains.

Silence and barbarism now reign upon this shore, where in former times were gathered in majestic pomp the brilliant processions of the Athenians. From the gulf of Salamis to Eleusis an immense plain extends, which, doubtless, formerly was carefully cultivated: the mountain streams were brought down to Eleusis by an aqueduct, of which the arches still remain. The sandy part of the plain, nearest to the sea, is occupied by rich vineyards. I found the beautiful mandrake of Eleusis in flower. It differs entirely from the mandrake of Palestine. Its leaves are more elongated, and smoother; the peduncle is also longer; the petals are thinner

at the base, and the whole corolla is lighter. The leaves of the mandrake of Palestine are more folded and hairy; the calyx is also hairy. No plant has a greater power of vegetation. However small a fragment of root may be left in the ground, even at the surface, it immediately sends out a sucker. The roots that I pulled up, remained in a case more than a year. It was only necessary to put them in the earth at Paris, to make them throw out shoots immediately. It is one of the pretty flowers of Greece. I only saw them amongst the vines of Eleusis. We arrived at Megara at seven o'clock in the evening. A wretched town; a bad night; suffocating heat; and insects that devoured us.

October 25.—After Megara, the country is a desert, but of infinite variety. We were shut in between mountains and the sea. It was necessary to cross the defile of Kaki Skala. It is, in fact, a staircase in the rocks, where horses might easily fall. We descended this dangerous passage on foot. We went to dine and sleep under an immense fig-tree, which was still in full leaf. We started in an hour for Calamaki. We continually traversed woods of pines, of myrtles, of skinsos, and arbutus. We always

had, on our left, the beautiful sea of Salamis, which I could not help regarding with love, for it seemed to speak to me of glory.

Calamaki, where we passed the night, is upon the isthmus of Corinth. It is an important station, and one which will become more so. The high road which crosses the isthmus starts from thence, and communicates, on the opposite side, with Loutraki, another port where the Mediterranean steamers touch, on their voyage to the Gulf of Lepanto. Some wretched carriages convey the travellers, on their landing, to Calamaki, from whence they easily reach the Piræus by small sailing-vessels. There is here a custom-house and a barrack.

October 26.—Grand recollections were again opening upon us, and were continued by the succession of deep emotions which every spot in this immortal peninsula would awaken. There, simple tribes have had a history which has resounded throughout the civilised world, as much as that of any great people. For my heart of a Christian and of a priest, I sought for Cenchræa. This modest name recalls to the mind St. Paul landing in the Peloponnesus, and wending his way towards Corinth, to found there a Christian church. I was about to tread the same soil that this remarkable conqueror had

trod, with his projects for the dominion of souls, in the heart of the most voluptuous city of Greece. Corinth is only a shadow of her former self; but the Word, preached by the fisher of men, has not ceased to echo for eighteen centuries, to enlighten men and to console them. The gospel announced by the poor and humble tent-maker still constitutes the moral grandeur of these sublime regions. It has given them the energy needful for an obstinate struggle with their oppressors; and in a few days we shall see, in the bosom of the mountains, the monastery whence issued the first signal for the deliverance of Greece.

We had seen, the evening before—and we frequently saw in Greece—entire villages abandoned, where the inhabitants had perished to the last man, beneath the Turkish cimitar. This brutal people made war with incredible barbarity, and their memory is held in execration throughout Greece.

The isthmus of Corinth is a unique site in Greece. The north and south of the Grecian world had there their political and intellectual junction, as the peninsula and the continent their physical junction. We first saw the remains of the massive wall which crossed the isthmus. Châteaubriand is mistaken in saying that this place is called Xamilia, in

allusion to the wall being six miles in length. Xamilia is much farther off; we shall speak of it presently.

We went to see the immense Theatre, of which nothing but fragments remain : we drove to the ancient Stadium, which is not far off. It is there, as in the glorious days of Greece ; only without its porticos and its sumptuous adornments ; but the shape of the ground indicates its position without doubt. All the ground about is barren, and covered here and there with brambles. How many generations, nevertheless, in the most brilliant era of ancient civilisation, have come here to celebrate the national fêtes, the Isthmian Games instituted by Theseus, and rendered immortal by the lyric songs of Pindar !

We did not fail, after having quitted the isthmus, to visit the village of Xamilia. A ploughed field, before you reach the village, was covered with some magnificent meadow-saffron in flower. After a good deal of parley with the Greeks, it was agreed that they should search, in our presence, some of the tombs of the plain.

We left the village with our men armed with tools. It was agreed that we should give a certain sum of money for each tomb that should contain vases or other antiquities. Most of the tombs that they opened for us had already

been plundered by them. They expected to make us the dupes of their tricks. They set to work, after having struck upon the lid of a sarcophagus, under an immense bed of earth ; but when the earth had been removed, they found nothing in the tomb. We were very much disappointed. However, at the moment that we determined to leave them there, and refuse them their promised reward, as they had made no discoveries, they directed our steps towards a tomb, which they probably were before aware of, and found in it some valuable remains.

I have no doubt, that every traveller who traverses Xamilia is conducted by his guide to these tombs, so often rummaged, where he becomes, like us, the object of a similar mystification. The guides have a good understanding with the inhabitants of Xamilia for this profitable exploration. We bought, in the village, some pretty antique vases. These men live upon the bones of their fathers.

On quitting Xamilia we turned towards Corinth. We had seen the Acro-Corinthus from the entrance of the isthmus. It is a high mountain, surmounted by a strong fortress, standing at an elevation of 1800 feet ; its walls occupy a large area. We had no curiosity to ascend to this citadel, which is modern, but as we had still three hours of daylight, we devoted

them to the remains of ancient Corinth. The Fountain of Venus still falls in a beautiful and abundant cascade from a chalky rock. Under the Turkish dominion, the Pacha had constructed gardens beneath the fountain. They have been destroyed, and the fountain is now open to the public. To arrive at it, we traversed a part of modern Corinth, of which the houses, ruined by the Turks, have never been rebuilt. I felt saddened by this spectacle. The amphitheatre of Corinth is immense; it is formed by the natural shape of the rock, in which the arena has been scooped out. The steps have disappeared.

On our return to the town, we went to examine the remains of the only temple which still stands at Corinth. In the time of Pausanias they numbered sixteen. It is impossible to see a more imposing ruin. The most interesting feature is, that the fluted Doric columns of this temple, with very wide capitals, offer to us the type of the most ancient style of Grecian architecture. When Stuart sketched this temple, eleven columns still remained; I could only count seven. Five only are contiguous, and support an immense architrave. Châteaubriand gives a long description of them, only he deceives himself in saying that they are close to the sea; his memory has evidently proved treacherous. It is impossible to go over Corinth

without being struck by the size of these pillars above the houses of the modern town. These columns are the shortest that I am acquainted with, as, according to Chandler, who has measured them, they have only half the height which they ought to have to be in proper proportion for their order. Châteaubriand seems to conclude that the first Doric had not the proportions assigned to it by Pliny and Vitruvius afterwards; and he compares them with the Tuscan order. It would be better to say at once, that the pretended rules of proportion in the height or diameter of a column, were not known by the architects of antiquity. They are the result of after-study, as the rules of eloquence and of grammar were invented by rhetoricians. They are to art what rules given by rhetoricians are to eloquence, and what grammar is to language. It has been said that the columns of the temple of Corinth were covered with stucco; this is true. Severity, in Grecian art, as one sees it here and in the other ruins of temples, is far removed from that of the art of imitation introduced in modern times. Including the Parthenon, the Grecian edifices are to our regular architecture, what the poems of Homer are to our poetry of the nineteenth century.

October 27.—Departure from Corinth. We

passed on our left the Acro-Corinthus, the most majestic acropolis in all Greece. An admirable instinct had taught this people to make choice of sites for their towns. Thus the great cities of Greece, Athens, Corinth, Argos, Messene, Mycenæ, are built at the foot of mountains crowned by citadels, destined to become the last refuge of a threatened country.

Argillaceous and barren soil ; a watercourse cased in clay, and changing its bed during winter. We see the first water-mills of the Peloponnesus. To construct these, they commence by turning the course of the river by a canal, and when it has run for a long time by a gentle descent which is raised considerably above the level of its natural bed, the waterfall is imprisoned in an enormous tunnel made of planks, which gently inclines, and by which the water is directed upon the wheel of the mill without losing a single drop. It is probable that this form of construction may be traced to very ancient times. We often met country people bound for the modern Corinth. They politely wished us good-morning, the *kalimera* that we exchanged with them.

Arrived at Kortesa. We breakfasted with the cavalry officer. Kind M. de Saulcy prescribed and gave quinine to a young Greek lady of this officer's family, who had been suffer-

ing from fever for a long time. We met with a most kind reception. At the moment of our departure, the young Greek gracefully offered to M. de Saulcy a souvenir, which he thought it right to accept. We passed through a dangerous gorge before reaching the plain of Argos. We were then on the very spot where the waters divide between the gulfs of Argos and Lepanto. We followed for some distance a pretty rivulet, of which the banks were covered with magnificent oleanders ; some were still in flower. It is probably the Inachus. Instead of crossing the plain, we took the left, and by an easy descent soon found ourselves at Mycenæ.

Mycenæ is one of the most interesting ruins of Greece. There is no traveller who has not visited it. Thanks to the researches of Lord Elgin, the magnificent subterraneous manument, commonly known as the tomb of Agamemnon, is entirely cleared.

It is difficult to determine whether this building is a treasury or a tomb. Pausanias says: "Amongst the ruins of Mycenæ, are the subterranean chambers of Atreus and his sons ; it was in these treasuries that their riches were deposited. One also sees the sepulchre of Atreus, and of all those immolated with Agamemnon by Ægisthus." It is clearly proved by this passage that the treasuries were distinct

from the sepulchres ; and that the treasuries were subterraneous chambers. From this, should one not look upon this monument as the treasury of Atreus, rather than as his tomb ? I incline towards this opinion. The fact of deep holes being placed at equal distances in the interior of the large chamber, indicates that strong nails of bronze were placed there, for the purpose of suspending different objects.

This monument is a circular edifice, of which the conical arch is formed by horizontal layers of stones. The entrance door is surmounted with a lintel of one single stone, which is not less than twenty-six feet and a few inches in length, above which is a triangular window, which some travellers have mistaken for an ogee. This triangular opening is also formed of horizontal stones. I have no doubt that this monument has always been beneath the level of the ground that surrounds it, and was never above the level of the soil. One door, in the interior, leads into a little chamber, which was evidently the secret receptacle for some precious treasures. This chamber is only lighted by the very large door, and from above by a triangular window. This monument is most curious ; it is one of the most ancient in Greece. One knows that Mycenæ was destroyed by the Argives, jealous of the glory that she had acquired by sending

forty of her bravest men to die at Thermopylæ, with the Spartans.

This barbarous jealousy on the part of the people of Greece, who could not endure the vicinity of a prosperous neighbour, throws a feeling of invincible disgust over their history. One has a difficulty in reconciling these perpetual plunderings and missions with the love of the arts and the degree of civilisation to which they had raised themselves. It required many ages to make them comprehend that the homicide of a people was a crime, as much as the assassination of a passenger in the gorge of a mountain. Since Lord Elgin, another tomb, constructed upon the plan of that of Atreus, has been despoiled. We first saw it before arriving at the foot of the Acropolis. Châteaubriand has the glory of having discovered it, and of having pointed it out to M. Fauvel. Pausanias speaks of five celebrated tombs, constructed beyond the walls of Mycenæ.

We now ascended to the Acropolis. Here is the famous Gate of Lions, which Pausanias saw, and the walled enclosure, made of enormous blocks, raised one upon another, ruinous in his time, as in our own. Nothing has been moved for twenty-three centuries, and the bold sculpture of the gate of the Acropolis still shows its two dishonoured lions, in the same way as with us

the escutcheon of a great feudal house is seen over the door of a ruined dungeon. Château-briand is mistaken in saying that they are sculptured upon each side of the door. They form a bas-relief upon a triangular stone placed upon another enormous stone which serves as lintel. The lions are standing, and have their fore feet resting upon a pedestal supporting a column having mouldings both on its base and its capital. The entablature above the capital presents two flat bands, between which are sculptured four little globes, which are placed side by side like the beads in a chaplet. I examined minutely the whole detail of this curious specimen of architecture, which goes back to the heroic times, nearly fifteen centuries before our era. There is nothing which recalls Grecian art, even in its most remote times. There are some words of Pausanias which I look upon as very precious, because they would indicate an affinity between this sculpture and that of the Greek. After having said that the walls and the gate of Mycenæ are the works of the Cyclopes, who raised for Præetus the walls of Tirynthus, he gives the dimensions of the lintel of the door (sixteen feet long), and of the bas-relief above (nine feet and some inches in height), and he adds :—

“These lions, or rather these lionesses, are

without the tail belonging to their species, a circumstance equally found upon some sculptures at Persepolis, representing similar animals to those at Mycenæ. The monuments at Persepolis have also pillars surmounted with bulls, having great analogy to the pillar surmounted with four bulls between the two lions. In the Persian religion, these bulls, it is said, represented the sun; and it appears that the Cyclopes came from Syria. Moreover, in Egypt one often meets with monuments having pillars with globes."

So says Pausanias. This passage confirms my opinion upon the synchronism of the arts of most remote periods.

We quitted Mycenæ with regret. We again descended into the plain, along which we were obliged to continue our course as far as Argos. We entered by a very broad street, with shops on each side, their whole aspect full of animation. This is the characteristic of the little towns of modern Greece: there is constant movement and life, a sign of revival amongst the people, which does good to the traveller, because he compares their present prosperous state with their recent servitude. We saw the same activity at Nauplia, at Tripolizza, and at Mistra. Antonio conducted us to a wretched lodging.

October 28.—We were early on horseback. We went to see the remains of ancient Argos, close to which are the ruins of edifices of different epochs. We did not ascend to the Acropolis, built at the summit of a high mountain. At its foot, the theatre of Argos, cut out out of the rock, is still entire, as if only left yesterday by the thousands of spectators which it could hold. Its dimensions are considerable, about 450 feet in diameter. M. de Saulcy fell in with an antique statue recently discovered, and I copied the inscriptions, which are not yet published.

At nine o'clock we took the road for Tirynthus. The curé of Argos came to accompany a corpse to the cemetery. He was preceded by an incense-bearer. We passed close to him. He carried in his hand a wooden cross, the pastoral staff according to the ancient native usage. This cross is bent back, and exactly similar to the shepherd's crook of this country. I brought away as a souvenir one of these crooks, which I found in crossing the mountains of Arcadia. It is a beautiful and holy image, which gives the pastor of souls the symbol of the vigilance of the shepherd for his flock.

From Argos to Nauplia a vast plain extends traversed by the Inachus, which at this time contained not a drop of water; it terminates at

the side of the sea by the celebrated Marsh of Lerna, which we had to cross the next day in all its length. I forgot to mention the magnificent cypresses of Argos. It is difficult to describe these majestic green obelisks, beneath the brilliant sky of Greece.

We soon reached Tirynthus. We breakfasted in the open air, at the khan opposite the old military school built by Capo d'Istrias. It is a large but now deserted building. We hastened to the ruins. They are as celebrated as those of Mycenæ.

Picture to yourself an immense mound, either natural or artificial, in the centre of the plain ; surround it by walls composed of enormous blocks scarcely hewn, and you will have an idea of Tirynthus. We climbed this mound, and examined these prodigious walls, which have stood for so many ages. Their most remarkable feature is a very long gallery, formed of the same blocks as the rest of the rock, of which the arched roof is completely ogive. The windows are placed at regular distances. But to represent the ogive of this arch, one must be aware that it is not formed in the usual manner. The immense blocks which compose it, are placed horizontally, as those of the walls are perpendicular. They are hewn so that in joining at the summit of the arch they form an ogival bay.

The arch is formed of four blocks, of which two are placed on each side. It is the most singular specimen of architecture in all Greece. The middle ages, therefore, did not invent the ogee. In the highest part of the Acropolis, we found mouldings which seemed like the bases of columns, and which had no sort of analogy with those of Grecian architecture. It is evident, that Mycenæ and Tirynthus belonged to an epoch of civilization anterior to that with which history has made us acquainted, and which we know from the other Grecian buildings.

Argos, Mycenæ, and Tirynthus, placed at some hours distance from each other, capitals of three little independent kingdoms, could not long remain at peace. The weakest must soon fall before the most powerful.

We passed the same day a pretty agricultural village, constructed by the Germans who were brought by the king of Greece to this kingdom. These men had in a short time raised some rustic, and at the same time commodious and elegant dwellings. The streets of the village are all in straight lines. Everything breathes the genius of the north.

The national jealousy has put a stop to this attempt at colonization which had so well succeeded. Placed in the plain of Tirynthus, at

two paces from the marsh of Lerna, the Germans would have communicated to the Greeks, who still practise the agriculture of Homer's time, their patient spirit, and their love for the labours of the earth. But it has been necessary to yield to popular feeling. A decree of the legislature has forbidden any foreigner from establishing himself upon the soil of Greece. The village has been in a great measure abandoned. Grass grows around the houses ; the Greeks have not the good feeling, after the expulsion of these honest Germans, to come themselves to continue the cultivation of this fertile plain. We did not hear a single human voice in this desolate village, which in a few years will be a ruin.

We arrived in good time at Nauplia. We passed at the foot of the fine fortress of Palamide, which is the acropolis of Nauplia. We lodged at the Hôtel de la Paix.

October 29.—We passed a dreadful night. None of us closed our eyes. "We are here worse than in the infernal regions," escaped from me amidst the silence which reigned in the dormitory where we were packed,—an exclamation which put my travelling companions in good humour, suffocated with heat and devoured

as I was by insects. It was necessary, however, to exercise patience until daylight. We shall never forget the Hôtel de la Paix.

In the month of August, 1832, M. de Lamartine landed at Nauplia. This town was then the capital of Greece. The illustrious traveller remained there some time, to give a little repose to his beloved daughter, Julia, who breathed her last in the East. He has described, in his graceful style, a sitting of the Greek parliament. The hall was a mere shed ; the walls and roof were formed of planks of fir, badly put together. The deputies were seated on benches, and spoke from their places. The bearing of these men was martial and lofty ; they spoke loudly. M. de Lamartine was struck with the imposing spectacle of this armed nation, deliberating under a roof of planks, hastily constructed, and ready to support with the sword the holy words inspired by patriotism.

M. de Lamartine neither visited Mycenæ nor Tirynthus ; he consoled himself by abusing the empire of Agamemnon. I cannot consent to forgive him for calling the recollections of this country, where Homer's heroes reigned, "old historical fables." I saw with pleasure the rich country of Arcadia, which inspired him with regret ; but if I, like him, love the tree crowned with foliage, the spring beneath the rock, the

oleander on the banks of the river, I cannot withhold my admiration and homage from those sacred ruins, which have beheld the pastors of the people, and which were the first monuments erected upon the heroic soil of Greece.

October 29.—The Gulf of Nauplia forms an immense horse-shoe, which which we were obliged to traverse, almost constantly in the water, to avoid the Marsh of Lerna (where we should have been lost in the quagmires) and a Turkish pavement, formed of sharp stones, upon which horses cannot travel. The different arms of the hydra of Lerna are deep waters which issue from the marsh, and which are fed by the Inachus and the other rivers that lose themselves in the plains of Argos. One of the most celebrated labours of Hercules was to effect the draining of this swamp, by digging the canals which we crossed, and which empty themselves into the sea. It was a singular coincidence that one of the peaceable Germans who settled near Tirynthus, succeeded this fabulous hero, and recommenced his labours.

We breakfasted at Mylos, a little village at the other extremity of the gulf, opposite to Nauplia, close to a beautiful spring of water, which issues limpid from the rocks. I arranged the plants which I had gathered since our de-

parture from Athens. We ascended a chain of mountains which separates Argolis from Arcadia. A high road was in course of construction from Argos to Tripolizza.

We saw the Acropolis of an unknown town, which we passed without visiting it. A terrible rain drenched us. We slept at Agiorietika (Saint George), in a wretched grange, sheltered by a few tiles. We made a large fire, and succeeded in drying our clothes; though, during the night, we fully atoned for our abuse of the suffocating heat in our quarters at Nauplia.

CHAPTER VI.

Saranta Potamos.—Khan of Kravata.—Mount Taygetus.—The River Eurotas.—Tomb of Leonidas.—Sparta.—Habits of the Greeks.—Mistra.—A Greek Election.—Valley of the Eurotas.—Encampment of Reapers.—Return to Lontari.—The Greek Services.—Plan of the Churches.—Singular Bridge.—Mount Ithome.—Messene.—Fountain of Clepsydra.—Temple of Jupiter.

October 30.—We arrived early at Tripolizza, the ancient capital of the Morea under the Turks. Châteaubriand relates, in a striking manner, his reception from the Pacha, as well as his adventure at three leagues from Tripolizza, with two young Turkish officers.

We left Tripolizza in a pelting rain, turning our backs upon Menale, and following the valley of Tegea. After crossing some hills, we entered the valley of Saranta Potamos. The wide bed of this river, in which there was a good deal of water, was often our road. In many parts of Greece, there is no other road than those made by the rivers or the torrents. After a

monotonous day's travel, we arrived, at night, at a miserable khan, called Krya-Vrysis (the Cold Fountain). I pass over with regret a singular adventure that happened to us during the night. Sparta is before us, and I hasten to relieve my readers from the weariness of this route.

October 31.—This day we beheld Sparta. While they were loading the mules with our baggage, I gathered from amongst the rocks of Krya-Vrysis some very fine crocuses. We found some woods of arbutus in flower, and myrtle, in the bosom of the mountains which form the commencement of the chain of the Menelaus. We frequently found ourselves in the midst of beautiful scenery. It is no longer the barren nature, nor the soil, despoiled and burnt-up, of so many parts of Greece. This country is as beautiful as in the time of her splendour. The weather had improved; a beautiful day, with a brilliant sun, had succeeded to the wearisome day before it. We breakfasted at the khan of Kravata. I swallowed a few mouthfuls in haste, and went out to plunge into the neighbouring woods, to make my most successful botanizing in Greece.

We took some raki at the khan of Vourla;

and commenced our descent from the mountains.

At this moment all nature seemed embellished before us. While to the south the immense plain of Sparta, spread at our feet, seemed in a sea of light, while Mount Taygetus presented himself before us in all his magnificence, a storm was gathering in the distance, to the north of Laconia. Soon some slow and repeated reverberations announced the commencement of the tempest, and it was to the sound of thunder that we first trod the sacred soil of Sparta.

When many travellers, among others Châteaubriand, have visited Sparta, it was only a solitude; it is now a small town. It must be said, to the praise of the Greeks, that they wished Sparta to rise from her ashes; that they made her one of the chief seats of a monarchy, and have declared her the second city of the kingdom. The two chief buildings of modern Sparta are the barracks and the church. The church is a large oblong square, without style and without ornament. The barrack is the most sumptuous edifice of the town; it has a peristyle ornamented with columns. One sees here the importance attached to public force. In Greece there is but one man who has power, and that is a gendarme. He is absolute master, where-

ever he is. When a citizen does not know his rights, it is natural that he should recognise that of force. The gendarme who acted as our escort never hesitated to strike any one who did not instantly obey him. At Krya-Vrysis, the master of the khan was roughly treated by one of them. Some days later, upon our arrival at a mill, where made our morning halt, the women fled into the fields ; the gendarme caught one of them, seized her by the arm, and compelled her to return to the house and make a fire, that the cook might prepare our repast.

To arrive at Sparta, we had to cross the Eurotas, one mile below a very elevated bridge, constructed of one single arch, and which forms a striking feature in the landscape. The Eurotas was full of water ; the rains had rather swelled it, and the plain which we crossed to reach the plateau, and the little hills upon which Sparta is built, were so thoroughly saturated with wet, that we narrowly escaped sinking into them with our horses. These districts, however, as well as the whole plain between Sparta and Taygetus, is very well cultivated.

The description of Sparta, given by Château-briand, is exact. It may be completed by the valuable scientific expedition to the Morea, which has given to the world such an admirable map of the town and its environs.

Few of the ancient cities of Greece have preserved so few of their monuments, as Sparta. The theatre, backed by the hill which was the Acropolis, is still easily recognized; its diameter is immense. A little lower, I stopped at the ruins of a small Christian church, of a very early date.

At Sparta the tomb of Leonidas is worthy of this great name. It is a simple oblong square, made of large blocks of quarried stone, which recall the walls of antiquity: that which remains appeals strongly to the mind. A tomb, ornamented with delicate bas-reliefs, has nothing in common with the glory of the simple and heroic Spartans.

M. de Saulcy had letters from the good Colonel Touret for M. Kopaniza, deputy of Sparta, who, in consequence of this recommendation, eagerly pressed us to make use of a house belonging to him in the town.

November 1.—We could only give one day to Sparta, and nevertheless Taygetus rose before me. How could I return to France without having botanized upon Taygetus? The weather was awful; a fine rain fell the whole morning. Notwithstanding, I undertook the ascent of Taygetus—I took upon me the airs of a Spartan. I could not obtain a guide, so I said that I would go without one. My companions repre-

sented to me the imprudence I was committing in ascending the mountain alone and without an escort. Here I was travelling the plain, throughout planted with magnificent olives, which separates Taygetus from Sparta. I soon came to the river which descends from Mistra, which was like the Eurotas, swollen by the rains. Like a true Lacedemonian, I crossed it without shoes or stockings. After an hour's walk I was at the foot of the chain.

The ascent of Taygetus does not, like that of other great mountains, prepare you, by a long and gentle ascent, for what you have afterwards to encounter. On the Spartan side you have the plain to the very base of the mountain. There commences its first spur, an abrupt ascent, which you climb by a narrow serpentine road, that carries evident traces of its antiquity. Arrived upon the first platform, the group of rocky points and angles of which Taygetus is formed, rise at a little distance, resting upon this spur as upon a huge pedestal. The whole of the road which I had already ascended, was covered with rich vegetation. There were not only plants, but trees of every kind, though of little height, which covered the side of the mountain.

I found some beautiful vines upon my reaching the plateau, at the height of more than

3,280 feet above the level of the plain. A large monastery has recently been built at the foot of one of the peaks of Taygetus; it is not yet occupied. I had spent four hours in this ascent, in constant rain. After reaching the monastery, I rested some moments beneath a rock; a young Greek, accompanied by his wife, passed by; he followed the same road as myself, and was going further into the mountain. In passing, the Greek saluted me, and went a little farther off, beneath a more projecting rock, where I could not see him. A few minutes after he came to ask me to go where he was, as I should have better shelter; I followed him, and sat under the sheltering rock. I made him understand, in a few words of classical Greek, that I was a botanist—he took me for a doctor: he told me that his child was ill; that he came from Mistra, with his wife, to seek some remedies for it. I perceived, in fact, a long package fixed between two sticks, and supported by leather straps—the mother had placed it at her side to protect it from the rain. There lay the poor little creature. The mother unfolded the swaddling-clothes, and showed me her child; I felt its pulse; it was burnt up with fever. The father showed me in a phial, the white potion that the chemist had sold him; I told him that it would do very well, and that it would cure the child. My words

seemed to comfort the afflicted couple. One is happy in giving even some hope.

This Greek mountaineer had a fine form and good expression ; he was well, but not richly, dressed ; his wife was small, and very simply clad. In Greece, as in all the East, woman is in a state of servitude. The Greek sat close to me under the rock ; he never thought of his wife, who stood at the side of the portable cradle which held her child. He who had been civil to a stranger, and who was ready to brave the wet to come to invite me to take a place by him under shelter, had not the good feeling to give the best place to his wife and his child. Two days after, we saw what was much worse. Upon our route between Messene and Phigaleia, we met five or six Greek women laden with enormous faggots of wood, which they were carrying to the village. They seemed quite exhausted with their burden. During this time, their husbands were idle at home. All Greeks detest labour ; what they like is a musket. The out-door life, the life of a soldier—of a palikar, that is what suits them ; for in-door life and household cares they have the greatest contempt. These men, therefore, who carry a musket covered with rich chasing, handsome pistols, and always a poignard, inhabit miserable

houses, such as our French peasants would blush to live in.

The handsome Spartan left me to continue his road. Châteaubriand has taken upon himself obstinately to assert that the modern Spartans are not descended from those so celebrated in history. He says that the Mainotes are not Greeks, but descendants of the barbarians who invaded the Peloponnesus, and took refuge in the mountains. Some Slavonians may have established themselves in the country, but the mass of the nation has remained Greek. One can still recognize the beautiful Grecian type which the nation has preserved. When one is a little versed in ethnological studies, it is impossible to be deceived in characteristics so marked as those which separate the various human families. Besides, the fact of the language is an unanswerable argument. Greek would not be the language of the inhabitants of Laconia, if the national element had not remained dominant after every invasion. Besides, in a historical point of view, Constantine Porphyrogenitus is decisive upon this point. I cannot imagine that any one can hold a contrary opinion at this day, though Châteaubriand contends that this opinion is ridiculous.

Before quitting the heights I had reached,

notwithstanding a violent wind and constant rain, I wished to carry away a sketch of Taygetus, of which the highest peaks rose before me. It was a happy moment for admiring them and drawing them. I was in shelter behind the ruins of an antique hut. A little window served as a framework to the magnificent view I was sketching. The clouds, one after another, covered the summits of Taygetus, and in disappearing, left them standing out in bold outline against the pale blue of a sky laden with vapour. The new monastery, with its white façade, stood upon the second plain, surrounded by newly-tilled soil ; I gave a last glance to this magnificent scene, which I should never revisit. I gathered a beautiful flower of the rose-cistus, the only one remaining of the autumnal vegetation upon the last promontory, where I rested before descending again into the plain.

I had experienced so much enjoyment in this adventurous expedition, where I might, ten to one, have been robbed, and thrown into a ravine by some Mainote bandit, that I did not perceive that my clothes were soaked, and that the rain had penetrated to my skin. I descended, like a squirrel, by the same sinuous path by which I had made my ascent. After crossing the plain, I arrived at a little distance from Sparta ; but the rain had considerably swollen the river which

I had forded in the morning. I sought in vain for a place where a wider part might perhaps present less depth of water. I followed the bank of the river as far as a mill, where, with the help of a mule accustomed to stem this torrent, I gained the opposite bank. I had had a thorough Spartan day.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Before dinner we set out on horseback to see Mistra. We arrived there in a deluge of rain. The sky was so covered with clouds, that having no hopes of the rain ceasing, we regained the road to Sparta, without having seen more of Mistra than the high street which we had crossed. The place is composed of two distinct towns. The upper town, crowned by a castle built upon one of the isolated promontories of Taygetus, is almost deserted. The lower town is all life and animation. The Lacedemonians, so celebrated in antiquity for their skill in working in iron, have still the same taste. The greater part of the shops of the principal street in Mistra were blacksmiths' workshops. The whole population consisting of little shopmen and workmen, were noisy. Our party excited their lively curiosity. They laughed at the piteous state to which the rain had reduced us.

We met at dinner an agreeable Greek, M. Kopaniza, one of the richest landed proprietors

of Laconia. He was at Sparta for the elections. He related to us circumstances connected with the manner of conducting the elections in Greece, which appear incredible. The gendarmes and all the agents of public force exercise an external pressure upon the elections, and endeavour by the most violent measures to gain votes for the Government candidates. Sanguinary scuffles are the consequence of this ; men of the opposition are irritated ; the partizans of the ministry support the gendarmes. There are regular combats. The pacific contest of the electoral urn is only accomplished after some shots have been fired. There cannot possibly be an intelligent Government with such a policy as this. Besides, the Greeks have arrived at an utter indifference for this Germanic royalty, which has been given them by European diplomacy. The hour will come when this indifference will engender disgust. How many dynasties, destined to live for ages, have lost themselves in a few years !

Greece, at this day a very small kingdom, not numbering more than nine hundred and ninety thousand inhabitants, is called to a noble destiny in the future.

Greece is the France of the east, as Poland is the France of the north. The Poles, the Greeks, and the French, have more in common than the

men of any other nation. We were surprised to hear with what facility the Greeks spoke our language. M. Kopaniza had in his conversation all the liveliness of a Frenchman; and without being conscious of it, let fall many little idioms which are so familiar to us, but which we never expect to hear from the lips of a stranger. Nevertheless, he has never been in France.

November 2.—We quitted Sparta. We left it by the same road by which we had entered. A large cippus lay prostrate, and barricaded the road. In going to Taygetus the day before, I had seen a beautiful little deserted church in the middle of the wood of olives. The plan of the building, which I had taken very carefully, is very curious. The lintels of the doors were made with the architraves of ancient buildings. An enormous cherry-tree had grown at the side of this little Christian church from a very remote period, and had sheltered the ruins. I observed a peculiarity in the construction of the walls, of which I was a long time in discovering the reason. There are some little square pipes, raised perpendicularly, and inserted in the masonry at regular distances, of which the opening commences at three feet above the pavement, and communicates above the roof. They

do not exceed three inches in width. I suspected that they were intended for the purpose of letting air into the interior of the church during the performance of ceremonies.

Arrived upon the high ground near the theatre, Taygetus showed himself to us upon the west, covered with snow which had fallen during the night. M. Kopaniza had sent to us a young and handsome palikar, to do us the honours, and to accompany us. He was the most graceful military apparition that we could possibly have dreamt of on Spartan ground. All his accoutrements were splendid: his musket and his two pistols were ornamented with rich and brilliant chasing; he carried a little cartridge-box also chased with much art. M. de Sauley did not wish him to accompany us far. In taking leave of us, he saluted us with a triple discharge of his musket. This was the last souvenir of Sparta.

We followed the course of the Eurotas, in tracing it to its source. All this valley is full of rich vegetation. Plane-trees, myrtles, oleanders, are continually before us. An ancient wall, formed of enormous blocks of stone, appeared on the left bank of the river, opposite the side on which we were travelling. It is a remnant of the ancient labours of the Lacedemonians, to serve as a dike for the river, and to protect the

plain from inundation by the overflowing of the water. It is probable that the other rivers of Greece had also quays or ditches, for the purpose of facilitating their flow, and avoiding the overflow upon the land, which now renders unhealthy so many parts of the Peloponnesus.

Towards the middle of the day we reached the sources of the celebrated river, whose banks we had not quited. Its springs are very abundant, and issue from a little hill. They are sheltered by a magnificent plane-tree. Some antique blocks, hewn with care, lie at the source, fragments no doubt of some *sacellum* raised in honour of the god of the river.

Opposite to Cyparissia, where there are numerous domains belonging to our kind friend Kopaniza, we passed an encampment of reapers of maize, about the extremity of the plain. We saw then, in all their simplicity, the manners of the ancient Greek agriculturists. The encampment was composed of huts made of boughs, each inhabited by one family, to which the corn was carried, as fast as they gathered the ears. After the harvest these huts are abandoned, and the reapers retire to the villages, which we could see at a great distance. We were objects of great curiosity to these Greeks, to whom we were foreigners; but as to them, we knew them : their name, their manners, the lives

of their fathers, had been our earliest study. They were unconscious of what we paid homage to, in their persons, of past grandeur, and noble resolutions. We reached Lontari after by far the longest and most fatiguing day's journey of our tour in the Peloponnesus. My learned friend declared that our expeditions were becoming too much for his strength. He determined that we should henceforward only undertake short journeys. The reader may believe, that for the sake of giving more time to my beloved plants, I said Amen to this decision.

Before reaching Lontari we heard firing and wild cries from the side we were approaching. It was quite dark. We were at the mercy of our horses on a steep road, in the midst of rocks. Had we been less numerous we might have been alarmed. We soon solved the enigma. We were about to pass a party of Greek electors who were returning from the town, after recording their votes; and who, in retiring to the villages, dividing into parties, were gallantly exchanging shots. We were much edified by these electoral manners, of which M. Kopaniza had told us. We heard afterwards that he had lost his election: we had not carried him good-luck.

November 3.—At day-break I went to visit

the church of Lontari. That, as well as the church of Daphni, is the best specimen of Byzantine art that I have examined in Greece. I made an exact plan of it. I found in the upper galleries some human bones. It appears that, according to the usage of the most remote antiquity, the Greeks withdraw from their cemeteries the bones of their dead, when denuded of flesh, and carry them to the churches, for the purpose of praying over them. This respect for the dead is a noble feeling amongst a people. The Greek priests encourage this practice, which is a source of small fees for them.

When I arrived at the church, the papas were commencing the morning service ; they were lighting, in different parts of the church, some wax-tapers. The faithful of Lontari were assembling for prayer, one after the other. The chant of the priest was slow, murmured rather than chanted. Nowhere, either in Greece or the East, do men sing as loud as we do. It is an usage that we owe to the barbarism of our fathers. The oriental psalmody is sweet, low, and without effort. Their melody, often monotonous, recalls the low song of a mother when she would sing her child to sleep.

The *Agia-Sophia* (St. Sophia) of Lontari, is of very small dimensions, like all the Byzantine churches that I have seen. Its total length,

including the portico and the narthex, is fifty-nine feet, and the width twenty-two feet; but every part is so skilfully disposed, that the edifice seems to be double its real size. This Christian Greek art was inherited from ancient art. The effect of St. Sophia at Constantinople is wonderful. In studying the building upon the spot, one is surprised that in extent and length its dimensions are not larger. The St. Sophia of Lontari is composed of an exterior portico supported by two columns; one narthex, above which commence the galleries which extend right and left above the aisles of the central nave; above which there is a cupola, whose pendants are supported by four pillars; then three apses at the end of the nave, and the aisles. It must be observed that this cupola is at a great elevation, as it rises from above the arcades of the upper gallery. In our Romanesque churches in France we are unacquainted with this arrangement, which is beautiful.

The pillars are remarkable from their extreme lightness, and by the flatness of the carvings of the capitals. This is evidently a reminiscence of ancient art; and the capital of the *Agia-Sophia* of Lontari reminded me of the wide capitals of the temple of Corinth. There are still some fragments of mosaic in the pavement

of the church. I had not time to sketch them.

I had very great pleasure in studying this little building, one of the most perfect in this style that I had yet seen. Such edifices bear witness to a fine period of Christian art.

We traversed a magnificent oak forest, and breakfasted at the village of Dervena. After having crossed the forest, we found ourselves in the plain of Messenia, formerly so fertile, and now marshy. We passed the village of Meligala, a modern name, but with all the beauty of the finest names of ancient times. Large cactuses formed the boundary of the fields of Meligala. They were frozen during the severe winter which destroyed the vines of Athens. Nothing now remains of them but withered carcasses. I took for my herbarium some of the internal tissue of their fibres. At last, at a little distance, we arrived at the wretched khan of Mavrozoumena. Antonio was afraid that we might have been too comfortable in a house in Meligala. It is true that we were nearer to Messene, and that we were in a delightful situation, apart from the wretched cabin into which we were crammed.

A beautiful green sward carpeted the earth round Mavrozoumena; it was covered with a pretty little white narcissus, of which I amply

provided myself for our herbarium. This little flower was a great joy to me. At this moment the recollection of this delightful botanizing revives in all its freshness. I shall never see again this dwarf narcissus in Greece. It was then in full bloom.

While I rob the plain without any pity, a violent scuffle goes on between our agoyats and our palikars. One of the agoyats flourishes a knife, and makes the first cut upon the finger of an honest palikar, who had been a favourite with us all. We arrange the affair of honour between these men, and bind up the wound.

The bridge of Mavrozoumena is the most curious structure of the kind existing in the world. It is in the form of an upsilon, that is to say, it is formed of three points, joined together at the confluence of the two rivers. You arrive at it from three sides; from the side of Mavrozoumena at the east; from Messene on the west; and at the north from the side of Dragori. I drew carefully the plan of this bridge; but it has already been published in the great work of the scientific expedition to the Morea. The basements are antique, but the arches have been rebuilt by the Turks; on the side of Messene the bridge is still entirely antique. There is a bay formed by a large lintel, of which all the stones date as far back

as the construction of the building. The scientific expedition has committed an error in supposing that the antique layers of stones of one of the arches indicate an ogival arch. I was perfectly convinced to the contrary; they indicate exactly a semicircular arch. But the upper stone has been slightly detached, which has deceived the observer, otherwise generally exact, who has detailed the labours of the expedition.

He never speaks of the inscription which I discovered upon this bridge. It has besides no other interest than that of indicating the position of Karistene.

Our night in the khan of Mavrozoumena was dreadful. We had no sleep, and were devoured by insects; a sick child cried the whole night. At day-break we started for Messene. We ascended Mount Ithome on its northern side. We admired the forest of oak, of which some are enormous, and have never been touched by the hatchet. Messenia is an exquisite country: it has fertile plains, beautiful rivers, and mountains covered with a vigorous vegetation. Messene is at this day still the wonder of the Peloponnesus. Its beautiful inclosure of quarried blocks of stone, flanked at certain intervals by square towers, still remain in many parts. On the northern side it has suffered least.

What was our astonishment to find ourselves face to face with those majestic towers, and that double entrance, of which nothing can equal the grandeur of construction.

Pausanias has spoken of the enceinte of Messene as the most beautiful in all Greece. It contains, to the north and west, several little hills ; to the south, a grand valley, where are scattered the ruins of ancient buildings ; and to the east, Mount Ithome, of which the eastern slope is very abrupt, and rendered inaccessible the elevated walls which form the edge. Châteaubriand could not explain to his satisfaction how Mount Ithome was included in the enclosure of Messina. He was satisfied with remarking that the summit of Ithome was the acropolis, and that from thence sprang, north and south, the ramparts which form the enclosure, still visible at this day. It is true that he passed the foot of Ithome without observing this magnificent ruin, of which the sight would have caused him as much delight as surprise. As for us, we devoted a whole day to the city of Epaminondas. We examined leisurely and minutely the northern gate, called the gate of Megalopolis, by which we had arrived, and the square towers, of which some are still in a perfect state of preservation. One sees there the pure and noble genius of the Greeks. Nothing

savours of effort, of eccentricity, or of research. The purest taste presided over these works of fortification, as over the embellishment of temples. It is the same elegance in the service of strength; and one knows the long resistance that these noble walls made to the most terrible people of Greece.

When we had entered the principal gate of Messene, we found ourselves in a circular court beautifully constructed. In front is the second door, and the circular wall ornamented with four square niches. In the cornice which crowns that on the left, we read a Greek inscription, of the time of the Romans, which no doubt refers to the restoration of the statue placed in this niche; for nothing in the monument itself indicates any restoration subsequent to its primitive construction. Pausanias speaks of having seen a *Hermes*, of Athenian workmanship; that is to say, in a square form.

The second door served as entrance from the side of the town. One of its posts has never moved, and upon it still rests the immense lintel which was placed above this door. It is a carved block, which measures sixteen feet and a few inches in length; three feet in height, and rather more than three in breadth. In the interior of the circular court, the stones are smooth; on the exterior they are rough masses,

like walls in general. This door and circular court are now decorated with verdure instead of battlements. Strongly rooted laurels have penetrated the large basement stairs ; the mastic tree hangs suspended from the niches, no longer occupied by their rude idols. Nature has succeeded in adorning this magnificent enclosure for the traveller. I gathered some branches of laurel, in remembrance of Aristodemus, king of Messene, who fell a prey to despair, after five years' struggle against the Spartans.

After paying our tribute of admiration to these noble remains, which had stood there for so many ages, we entered into the enclosure itself. It required nearly an hour, traversing woods and cultivated fields, to reach the village of Mavromati, the modern Messene. We breakfasted at a few paces from the fountain of Clepsydra, mentioned by Pausanias. It was this fountain in which Jupiter was bathed, as an infant, by Ithome and Neda, after he had been saved by the Curetes from the barbarity of Saturn. Each day, water from this fountain was carried to the temple of Jupiter Ithomates. The temple of Jupiter has disappeared from Ithome with Jupiter himself, and the fables of his birth, which are no longer known in Greece. But the fountain of Clepsydra still gives out abundant waters. It issues from an antique .

wall, formed of enormous blocks, jutting out, ornamented with luxuriant vegetation, as with an eternal crown. The Christian church is at a few steps above the temple of Jupiter. It is small and magnificent. I took impressions very carefully of some bas-reliefs of the Christian era, which had belonged to a still more ancient church. The Greeks of Mavromati assisted me in the operation, bringing me the water for damping my paper. There were a number of them, talking and laughing, under the bright sun of the last days of autumn. The members of the scientific expedition to the Morea do justice to the hospitality which they received for a month from the inhabitants of Mavromati. "It was not without regret that we quitted this beautiful spot, as well as our hosts, whose generous hospitality, and simple and innocent manners recalled the pastoral age, to which fiction has given the name of the golden age."

CHAPTER VII.

Ascent of Ithome.—The Recluse's Dwelling.—Dangerous Descent.—Fountain of Mandra.—Dangerous Ford.—Apollo the Epicurean.—A Country Priest and his Household.—Valley of the Alpheus.—Castle of Lala.—Greek Agriculture.—The Fig and Olive.—The Native Plough.—Distillation of Raki.—Tripotamo.—Temple of Æsculapius.—Convent of St. Laura.

WHILE my friends hunted after insects, I undertook the ascent of Ithome. It required a walk of two hours, by a winding and difficult path. It was agreed that my horse should be brought to the foot of the mountain, on the side of the gate of Messene, by which we should go out. The calcareous rocks of Ithome were covered with lichens of the brightest colours, of which I obtained a large quantity. I also took away some specimens of the crystallizations of the mountain. Towards the centre of Ithome, on the eastern slope, above Mavromati, I found the ruins of two little Greek temples. Repeated excavations had been made for discovering the

plans of these temples. These researches evidently go back to the scientific expedition to the Morea. From this point the view was splendid. I watched the waters issuing from the fountain of Clepsydra, and from other parts of Ithome, and which wind along the valley, like silver threads. I could see at one view the whole space enclosed between their immense walls. The mountains to the right and left are covered at this day with woods of wild olive, of laurel, and shrubs of luxuriant vegetation. The valley and the last abrupt slopes are cultivated fields. Such is the aspect of Messene.

Here we are at the summit of Ithome. It is one of the most beautiful spots which I have seen in the state of Greece. My courage was well rewarded. The acropolis had, on the side of the city, a wall of defence, which I was obliged to get over. I found myself in the ancient citadel, of which I saw everywhere the foundations. On the eastern side, I had the rocky peaks; and below, the plain of Stenicláros, watered by the Pamisus. On the highest summit of Ithome, I found a Greek convent which was dependent upon that of Vourkano. This last is lower down the mountain, a little below the gate of Messene. The convent of Ithome is inhabited by a solitary monk. This elevated summit is no doubt to be avoided

during the winter season. The door of the monastery was open ; I entered a first court entirely filled by herbs ; to the left lay the entrance into the church. This was the only part of the monastery that was locked. It seems that the good monk works in the fields, or watches his flock in the mountain ; it was impossible to find him. I could examine at leisure the different parts of the convent ; all the doors were open. One of the rooms had two or three old mats spread out upon the floor ; a hearth where between two stones there were still a few cinders and extinguished coals ; some earthen pots in a corner, with two or three clumsy spoons. I saw no other furniture. Near the threshold outside there were several large empty helices, very common in this mountain, still saturated with water, which had probably furnished the humble repast of the hermit.

I regretted not being able to shake hands with the monk of Ithome. All the land below the building is very well cultivated. It is laid out in terraces, one above the other ; I crossed them in my descent. The little convent is pretty, and well-built ; at a distance it has a noble and imposing aspect, but it is in a great measure deserted. It is supposed to occupy the same site as the temple of Jupiter. On one side are two ancient cisterns, and to the north,

the foundations of an edifice, propably that of the temple consecrated to the principal goddesses.

The hours had passed quickly whilst I was in the midst of these sacred ruins. It was already late when I reached the road of Mavromati. The palikar who attended me did not know where to find me. My companions, after having visited the monastery of Vourkano, had set out for Mavrozoumena. The palikar determined to come to meet me, and he climbed Ithome on one side, while I descended on the other. At length, thanks to an honest Greek who gave me to understand that my guide had gone to meet me, I went to seek him, and at last we met. Night was coming on ; it was necessary to hasten. I gave, however, a short time to the examination of the beautiful gate of Messene, of which the blocks have rolled away in great part from the top of the rock where it is situated. We were obliged to descend, without finding any path, all the eastern slope of Ithome. I had difficulty in keeping my seat ; at every step, my horse trod upon quarried blocks of the walls of Messene, fallen from the top of Ithome. After having crossed many water-courses which issue from the flank of the mountain, we descended at last into the plain ; we found ourselves upon the banks of Pamisus.

The river was full of water, and its banks very high. It was very dark ; and two or three times we narrowly escaped falling into the river. At length we were in safety ; we had reached the bridge of Mavrozoumena : in a few minutes after I had joined my friends.

During my visit to Ithome, a singular idea several times presented itself to my mind. Ithome is a very small mountain. Its eastern side is abrupt, and covered with rocks. The opposite side is in a great measure without vegetation, and exposed during many months to a burning heat. But from its sides and from a great height abundant springs rise impetuously, which form rivulets. From whence do these waters come ? Are they solely caused by the rains which fall upon this sharp summit ? Is it possible that a surface so small in extent could receive sufficient water from the rain to supply, during a whole year, the reservoirs which produce such numerous and abundant cascades ? Must one conclude, from the apparent impossibility which the ridge of Ithome presents to furnish alone the water for these reservoirs, that it comes from basins situated at a distance in other mountains ? But then they could only reach this height by being brought by conduits passing beneath the plains, and reascending the mountain as from a syphon. Can there be

other explanations of this phenomenon? Can each mountain be a strongly hygrometric body, perpetually, and chiefly during the night, absorbing such a prodigious mass of vapour, and thus supplying these never-failing springs? I tired myself in vain with seeking a solution for what I knew I had better leave to more competent judges. But I carefully state the phenomenon, which I found again later in the East; for instance, on Mount Gerizim.

The second night which we had to pass at the khan of Mavrozoumena was not more comfortable than the preceding. I therefore enveloped myself in my cloak; and alone, by starlight, I went to rest upon the turf where I had gathered my pretty narcissuses two days before. I passed in this manner some long hours, enjoying the beauty and the colour of this night, in the presence of a nature of which too much cannot be said.

The moon had risen like a majestic queen from the peaks of Taygetus, which was upon my left. I followed her in my meditations with her sparkling train of stars, to the moment when I saw her sink towards Ithome, whose superb summit reared itself in the west. She invited me thus to repose. I glided like a spectre to the hearth of the khan, where some remains of boughs were still burning; the Greek crouched

up in the corner, was hoarsely murmuring something of which I could not understand the sense; overcome with fatigue, I extended myself upon the floor close to him, and I only awoke at dawn.

November 5th.—We set out for Dragori, where we were to sleep. We passed a second time over the bridge with three branches constructed over the Pamisus (now Pirnatza). The branch of the bridge we were to follow advances to the confluence of the river of Mavrozoumena and the Pamisus. We walked during four hours along the plain of Messene, as far as Constantini. After that we ascended the mountains as high as the fountain of Mandra, where we breakfasted. I there gathered some pretty crocuses. We had now to descend the other side of a mountain by a horrid road. I proceeded on foot, and occupied myself with examining the soil, to search for plants. I stopped several times, and found myself alone behind the others, when all at once, in a thick bush, a wonderful plant of dazzling whiteness, with a long stalk, charmed my sight. It was a *Galanthus* which rose above the green tufts. My heart beat; I set to work to gather as many specimens as possible of this beautiful flower, which differs from the known *Galanthus*.

I was more than happy ; the drops stood upon my forehead, as if I had laboured hard to gain this treasure from the soil. It was in truth, a treasure for a botanist ; and its discovery, a real happiness.

During my ecstasy, the rest of the party had followed the steep path, and had reached the ford of Borzi, which they had crossed. They were uneasy on my account ; this ford was dangerous ; and with natural impatience, as well as out of kindness, they called out to me at the top of their voices to make haste. I had certainly heard some cries repeated by the echo. I had said to myself, These are the peasants reaping maize ; and I never perceived how the time was passing. At last, when I had fully satisfied myself with gathering a large quantity of this plant, of which I had found the only locality, I regained the mountain path. As soon as I came in sight, I was received with a shower of anathemas. “ Ungrateful people,” I exclaimed, “ you do not know what a beautiful flower I bring you ! ” At last, following the advice of Antonio, I ventured into the river, and following the windings that he pointed out to me, I reached the other side. I had difficulty in obtaining pardon, even in showing them my precious *Galanthus*. After this, who would do service to mankind ? We soon reached Dragori ;

we had still two hours before us. My friend Félicien and I went to see a pretty cascade, crowned with laurels and fine shrubs, which we found near Dragori.

November 6th.—We must ascend again ; but we have nearly reached the plateau, from the height of which a magnificent view is to be seen. We see, at one *coup-d'œil*, Taygetus, Ithome, Cape Matapan, the plain of Messenia, and the sea on three sides. The Peloponnesus, with its capes and gulfs, is still the Morea,—the leaf of the mulberry-tree. We now cross a gorge covered with fine oaks ; we visit the temple of Bassæ, one of the wonders of Grecian architecture, constructed by Ichtinus, the architect of the Parthenon.

The scientific expedition to the Morea, whose plans of Messene are so valuable, gives also exact plans of this temple. It should be studied in that work. One must not dream even of being able to impress the reader with the effect which the Grecian temples produce upon one. It is impossible to describe what is felt in seeing these works of art, which are at the same time so simple and majestic, of which the conception at once strikes you, and of which the effect is so overwhelming. One is tempted

to say: "I can tell you nothing; go see them for yourself."

This temple is at a little distance from the ruins of Phigaleia, which we did not visit. It was constructed as a memorial of a scourge from which the people, retired to this mountain, had the good fortune to escape. They dedicated it to Apollo Epikouros; that is to say, the helper. A French lady, who has written a journal of her tour in Greece and Palestine, has called this temple, the temple of Apollo the Epicurean.

The frieze of this building, found amongst the ruins, was taken to London in 1812. M. de Saulcy made the discovery of paintings in the sunk panels of the ceiling of the temple. These paintings represent little roses. I discovered an Ionic capital of a singular form. The centre of the volute, instead of terminating in a raised knob, presents a small rose deeply cut.

The columns of the temple of Bassæ are covered with white, dark grey, and yellow lichens, which give to the marble a velvety appearance of a beautiful tint. When this ruin, of which there is nothing now standing but its columns and their architrave, is seen in profile beneath a burning sun, which makes the pillars stand out in bold relief from the shadows they

themselves cast, it is impossible to describe the fantastic appearance before one's eyes. We begin to comprehend Greece, and to love her still more ; and to give her, in our recollections of art, the place which is due to the superiority of genius.

We arrived in the evening at Andrizena, a small modern town, in a delightful situation, on the other side of the mountains.

November 7.—The next morning we had a walk of three hours and a half, in the mountains. My herbal continues to be enriched. We breakfasted at the Mill of Barzy, on the banks of a limpid stream, surrounded with luxuriant vegetation. An hour afterwards we reached the Alpheus, which we crossed with some difficulty. After having climbed the opposite bank of the stream, we stopped at Aspraspitia, a pretty village, where we passed the night.

We were lodged at the house of the *papa*. He is a man of about five-and-thirty, with a fine black beard, and good honest expression of countenance. His house is composed of two rooms, all under one roof, and separated by a simple partition. When we arrived in the room which he had given up to us, one side of it was occupied by the maize, of which the harvest was just completed. The rest was covered by a

tolerably clean carpet; and here Antonio installed us, and put up our camp-beds.

The *papa* wore on his head a blue cap, full at the sides. He had a simple *fustanel*, like the Greek peasants, but perfectly clean; he wore white woollen gaiters; over the fustanel he had a blue robe, fastened round the waist by a black sash. His wife was a fat Greek, who was suckling an enormous boy. They had only two children. The mother was dressed with cleanliness, which is rare amongst the Greek women. I conversed at the threshold of the door with the *papa*, while dinner was being prepared. He told me that his parish consisted of two hundred inhabitants; and that each year in the spring, they were obliged to quit Aspraspitia and take refuge in the mountains, to avoid the fevers caused by the vicinity of the Alpheus, and the mosquitos, which devour its inhabitants.

I complimented him upon the richness and beauty of the country. I did not touch upon any religious question with this worthy man; they are probably, in a great measure, unknown to him. He is an honest husbandman, who lives peaceably by the labour of his hands. Like the rest of the Greek clergy, his mind is uncultivated: what a misfortune for a Christian church to be in such a state of decadence!

It was a fête-day in the Greek church, that of Saint Demetrius. It is the day when the Greeks commence their winter. And such a winter! We have had the most brilliant sun since we left Andrizena; the arbutus and the bladder-nut trees were still in flower; not a leaf had fallen from the trees, and we had traversed forests of the most smiling vegetation.

A population is wanting to Greece. We saw, in the Peloponnesus, immense fields uncultivated, where there were growing vigorous plants, an index of the fertility of the soil.

All Greek families are very numerous; almost every year the women of Greece become mothers; and, as in the East, they marry very young. But numbers of children die, and that can be explained. The Greeks are badly lodged, badly fed, and badly clothed; besides, they are as ignorant as savages, and are without doctors. From this cause proceeds the neglect of children in infancy, when the slightest remedy would preserve life. The population from this cause increases very slowly. The vanity of the official census has not been able to set it down even at one million.

I could wish for Greece that she should be relieved of her Upper Chamber, and that the funds with which her Senate is endowed should be appropriated to the support of medical men

for each nomarchy, for the service of the rural populations. The fevers which decimate the country would yield to medical treatment, combined with a better regimen and habits of cleanliness, prescribed by the doctors, who should be invested with the character of official inspectors of the public health. These are the duties of an intelligent policy. When a people who have freedom of debate in their national assembly, cannot ask for such institutions, they have no wish to take a prominent place amongst the nations of the civilized world. They merely laugh at the volubility of their orators, and tell them to cure their fever-patients.

November 8.—We descended from Aspraspitia into an extremely fertile valley, watered by a river, which often changes its bed, and frequently overflows its banks: it is still the Alpheus. We often met with aged plane-trees of an immense diameter, which the hatchet of the poor Greeks had not succeeded in felling. We frequently saw the manner in which trees are felled in the Peloponnesus; they collect together a quantity of wood at the foot of the tree, set fire to it, and when it is calcined it falls by its own weight.

We had throughout the day the sight of most luxuriant vegetation in the basin of the

Alpheus, and in that of the two rivers which empty themselves into it, and which we crossed.

We were to sleep at Lala, on leaving the fertile valleys of the Alpheus, of Erymanthus, and of Ladon. We climbed the heights whilst traversing the pine forests, which are as fine as those of Lebanon, interspersed here and there with thickets of arbutus and other shrubs, which were still green. The view was magnificent from the summit of these mountains. The eye could follow to its mouth the sinuous course of the Alpheus, which passes close to the ruins of Olympia. We had left them on our left.

Lala, placed upon the mountains, occupies an immense and most fertile plateau. It is said to be the most healthy part of the Peloponnesus. There the air is always pure. It was at Lala that the first combat took place in the Greek insurrection. The castle where the Turks had entrenched themselves is nothing more than a ruin, which I visited in all its details. There is nothing of the antique about it. Lala is no more than a hamlet with five or six isolated houses. Lala and its neighbourhood ought to have an agricultural population of 20,000 souls.

Châteaubriand, during his tour, dreamt he was king of Greece. At Lala, I dreamt of a fine European colony which should come to bring

industry, and to mingle its blood with that of the noble Greeks, unhappily so little inclined to the labours of the field.

Agriculture in Greece is entirely neglected. Wherever nature is prodigal man becomes indolent. What are his wants in these soft climates? His daily cake, and a shelter for the night. That supplied, he asks no more. The future does not trouble him. The words of the Gospel: "*Sufficit diei malitia sua*," is the practical maxim of Eastern populations. They wait in peace for the morrow.

When I beheld, for the first time, the plains of Athens, stripped of vegetation, dried up, and hardened like public squares trodden by the foot of passengers, I uttered hearty maledictions against the poor Greeks. The nakedness of the ground, the furrows scarcely visible, the careless division of estates, which gives to these rich countries the appearance of our most sterile commons, grated upon my mind every hour. I was to find all this, and worse if possible, in Syria and Palestine.

Later, a closer study of the country moderated the severity of my first judgment.

On one side the population is small, and the soil excessively fertile. The vine, when they trouble themselves to plant it, bears magnificent grapes. I eat some that were delicious at Syra

and Athens. The wine produced from them is of an superior quality ; unfortunately they spoil it, like the ancient Greeks, by the resin which they infuse into the tubs at the moment of fermentation.

The olive is found everywhere, and the fig-tree is in its own country. I have already related, that on the second day of our journey in the Peloponnesus, after having quitted Megara, we breakfasted and slept under a fig-tree, which had the noble proportions of our finest oaks. A small population, scattered over this fertile soil, cultivates only such a portion of the land as will suffice for the year's provision. From this cause many of the plains are neglected.

Besides this, since the mountains, in Attica especially, have been deprived of their forests, the waters are no longer retained upon the heights. When the rains come, they merely flow down the steep flanks, tracked by ravines, and rush impetuously into the hollows ; each year carrying away the earth which they have softened ; and then it is heaped up in beds which raise the lower levels ; this causes a disturbance in the provident laws of nature. The softened earth imbibes the torrents, and arrests their progress ; and there is no strong vegetation there to render the inundated countries healthy.

Soon, deadly exhalations, caused by the action of a burning sun, render it impossible to pursue agricultural labours in the most fertile plains ; no one can venture there for a few hours, during the day, without carrying away the germ of fevers which never spare their prey.

I was surprised to see frequently in the Peloponnesus mountains with very arid soil, tilled notwithstanding with infinite pains. This is because man is here beyond the reach of pernicious fevers, which often decimate the populations of the plains.

On the other hand, we must not judge of the agriculture of these countries by our own view. When we see the little ploughs of the Greeks, which scarcely raise two inches of earth, we are tempted to say: "What a pity our good ploughs are not here to plough the land thoroughly!" It would be an error to use them, and also lost labour. In hot climates it is not necessary to turn up the earth to render it fertile. There is too much to be feared from the heat. Far from dividing it, and raising the lower beds, it must be left at its natural level. Provided that the seed that is sown can germinate in its first development, it wants no more ; it requires a hardened soil, that the fibres of the root may penetrate the beds of earth still fresh from the

want of labour. There is an old routine amongst a people which is often great wisdom, because it is the fruit of experience.

Our husbandry would in Greece only render the most fertile land a heap of cinders. Plants would grow rapidly, but they would soon be withered beneath a burning temperature, and the wind would scatter the soil like a sandy desert.

It is probable that the plough of the modern Greeks has never undergone any change, and that it is still the ancient plough. I have examined it with attention, and I have sketched it several times in Attica and in the Peloponnesus, and in comparing these drawings with those which I made afterwards of the plough in Palestine, I could scarcely find any difference. It is primitive simplicity, not to say primitive rudeness.

They take good care not to plough the ground until seed-time. They wait till the heats are quite over, and it is only in November that labour is begun. We found this when we quitted Athens for our tour in the Peloponnesus. There was not a furrow in the plain which surrounds the town; but, on our return, labour was commencing. I remember that the ancient soil, which separates the Areopagus from the Pnyx, and from the prison of Socrates, at this

day, outside the modern town, was newly ploughed. I searched among the furrows, composed of fragments without number, hoping to find something as a souvenir. However, the rains, which had flooded the field, had carried away the earth, and in some places the ground was as bare as a rock.

After this golden dream of the pacific conquest of Greece, and of the East, by agricultural colonies, I take up the thread of our history. We were in the central plain, on the borders of Elis and Arcadia. All the interior of the Peloponnesus is full of the most fertile vegetation. One easily comprehends why the poets have placed happiness among the shepherds of these smiling hills. I wished to carry away a souvenir of the regions which have been immortalized in the *Bucolics*. I picked up a crook with a bent hook, perhaps lost upon the road by some shepherd. I keep this peaceful sceptre for my walks in old age. My memory, then, free from so many things which I shall know to have been but vanity, will bring back the beautiful verses which charmed my youth. I shall, in my imagination, reunite my travelling recollections with those of my old poets, that their sweet images may come to charm my last days.

November 9.—We must mount a gorge in the mountains, to reach the splendid plateau which commands that of Lala. We now enter a vast and magnificent oak forest, which yields the palm in nothing to our finest forests. Our entomologists find here some rare insects; they, in their turn, become enamoured of their booty, and let the hours slip by. Besides a few lichens on the wormeaten trunks of old trees, I discover nothing for the herbarium. My friends, more fortunate than I, plunge here and there into the forest; it becomes, literally, an entomological frenzy. In a little while we are separated. At last all regain, as best they can, the beaten track, and we find ourselves at the khan, where our anxious people had prepared the morning repast.

Close to this khan the mountain Greeks have established their manufactories for distilling raki. These distilleries are not expensive in their establishment. Everthing is done in the open air. They choose a stream of water, however small it may be, on the declivity of a hill. They receive this water in a basin lined with clay, beneath which, previously, they have built two supports, destined to hold a copper. This copper has a lid terminated sideways by a tube which crosses the basin of cold water, and serves to receive and condense the vapour of the

liquor to be distilled. After this preparation, they fill up the copper with the grounds of the raisins that are scraped out of the tubs. They burn, in a kind of oven under the copper, branches of trees picked up here and there in the forest; and they collect in leather bottles the alcoholic liquid produced by the distillation. Infusions of aromatic plants, of aniseed especially, perfume this liquor, of which the use is universal in the East. The Mussulman, who may never drink wine, drinks raki at every hour of the day. For them it is not wine. This liquor, which is less intoxicating than brandy, is delicate and strengthening. It is generally mixed with two-thirds of water: it becomes white by the mixture, and is not as dangerous as the heady wines of Eastern countries. Coffee, raki, and the chibouk, are the eternal *passe-temps* upon the divans of the houses, and in the khans in travelling. One can understand that with this liquor, people may easily do without wine. It very much resembles our *anisette*, of which it has a little of the flavour; but there is no sugar in raki.

The water which has been used for the first operation, is brought down to another copper, and so on to the bottom of the hill.

While waiting for our entomologists, I had time to study these very simple distilleries.

The most delicate raki which I have drunk, is that of Beyrout. It is probable that the Greeks borrowed the art of distillation from the Phœnicians.

We arrived at Tripotamo towards sunset. We had been shut in by the gorges of the mountains, and we had passed along dreadful roads in skirting the Erymanthus, which descends from the mountains with the noise of a torrent. Tripotamo is built near to the ancient Psophis, whose ruinous walls, flanked by towers which rise in stages on the other side of the mountain, we passed next day.

Félicien de Saulcy is seized with an attack of fever. He is the youngest of the party ; and the rains which we have been able to endure, and the sudden transitions of temperature, from a burning sun at mid-day, to the chills of the evening, have attacked his delicate frame.

In spite of the reiterated advice of his father, in spite of the counsels which my friendship had not spared him, he had obstinately persisted in being lightly clad. In the evening when we began to feel the atmosphere grow cool, we covered ourselves with our cloaks. I, without hesitation, went so far as actually to muffle myself in my dressing-gown. Felix, like a disdainful Parisian, would not unfold his cloak. M. de Saulcy was deeply pained to see

his son seized with fever at the outset of the journey. With that readiness of thought which characterizes him, he decided immediately upon returning to Athens by the shortest route. Instead of traversing, according to our original plan of route, over the whole north of the Peloponnesus, it was agreed that we should proceed direct to Vostitza, where we should embark for the isthmus; and that after crossing it, we should take a small vessel which would convey us to the Piræus. The guides and horses should return by the land route. We were at only two days' journey from Vostitza.

November 10.—While our baggage was preparing, I went to visit the convent of Tripotamo. It is built near the temple of Æsculapius, and in great measure with its materials. A single monk inhabits this convent. He was a vigorous man, with a handsome beard, who received me with perfect courtesy. The convent had suffered much in the War of Independence; it has been in great part repaired. The church, constructed of the ruins of the temple, presents a rather fine cupola. My companions rejoined me. We reascended the course of the Erymanthus, which we never left till we reached its source. We breakfasted in the open air, at a village half-way up the mountain, where there

were a good many inhabitants. We climbed another ascent: the path was narrow. These are dangerous places, on account of the ravines which cross the road. I remained behind to gather the beautiful autumn flowers, and I found the ascent so dangerous, that I proceeded on foot along this rude path as far as the crest of the mountain.

Here we were at the parting of the waters. This chain of mountains is called Mount Erymanthus. The river which descends from it to the south, and which we had constantly followed from its junction with the Alpheus, has also the same name, as well as that of the Ladon, which traverses the same mountains, and goes to carry its waters to the Ionian Sea. At the northern side rivers rise which flow in the opposite direction, and lose themselves in the gulf of Lepanto.

The descent was most frightfully steep, and by a wretched road. At length we reached the plain. It is the valley of Kalavrita. The land is low, and we had often dangerous sloughs to cross. The bridges were broken. The herbarium narrowly escaped being left in a deep ditch with the mule that carried it. We were at last relieved from these low lands, where the horses might have been lost at any moment. We took the directions of the hills: at our right we

saw the handsome convent of Agia Lavra (St. Laura), where in 1822, the signal of the Greek insurrection was given. We met a young monk of fifteen or sixteen years old, who was on his way to the convent.

The cold is now very sensibly felt.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kalavrita.—Megaspilon.—Monachism in the East.—Ignorance of the Monks.—Monastic Prejudices.—Decay of the Monks' influence.—Fertility of the Valley.—Turkish Habits.—Want of Bridges.—Gulf of Lepanto.—“Le Prophète Elie.”—A Storm in the Gulf.—Our Alarm—Loutraki.—Salamis and Ægina.—Clerical Influence.—Necessity of Union.—State of the Greek Church.

November 11.—We found a tolerably good resting-place at Kalavrita. During the night, the snow fell upon Erymanthus; our horses' hoofs broke the ice upon the road when we set out in the morning. In a few hours I expected to gather the flowers of the myrtle at the foot of the mountains of Megaspilon, close to the sea. We passed beneath the feudal castle of Kalavrita, perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a steep rock, which crowns an inaccessible hill. In the middle ages there was a baron or lord of Kalavrita. We followed the valley, which becomes narrower as you approach Megaspilon.

The masses of rocks which form the mountains from Kalavrita as far as the Gulf of Lepanto, are immense beds of pudding-stone. Some of these beds are from thirty to fifty feet thick ; the rocks are very compact. To burst some blocks that greatly obstructed the road it has been necessary to blast them with gunpowder. Blocks of irregular shape have become detached from the mountains. The river which we had followed from Kalavrita appears at one of the points of elevation of the stratum. The lower beds are much inclined ; the upper ones are much less so. At the convent of Megaspilon, which is at the back of these enormous masses, the beds are almost horizontal. These mountains of pudding-stone are 2,000 feet in height, without any mixture of rocks of a different nature. At the southern side of Erymanthus I observed considerable blocks of the same pudding-stone ; but I had not seen such an interesting example of the rupture of the beds as that which I examined in descending from Kalavrita. There are in diameter 18,000 feet of mountains formed solely of these beds. I am ignorant whether any geologist has described them. These mountains are nothing but one succession of immense deposits of rolled pebbles reunited by a calcareous cement.

Here we are in sight of Megaspilon; it occupies the back of one of the spurs of the Erymanthus. It is the most celebrated of the convents of the Peloponnesus. It contains, it is said, six hundred monks. Nature has rendered this monastery impregnable; it is a real citadel, hanging on the side of a rocky peak. The monks have some cannon, which they used against the Turks in the War of Independence. Besides the revenues which the convent is authorized to receive by the civil law, it also cultivates largely, on the plain, the trees which produce the well-known currants of Corinth. Every year they export largely to the rest of Europe. Megaspilon is in consequence very rich. We saw several of the monks pass by; one very young and well dressed, others with dirty robes and caps. I sketched their costume at a khan, where we took some raki, before descending the mountains.

I found there a young monk with a gentle and open air. He was a handsome Greek of thirty years old. The poor people called him *papa*, and were upon very familiar terms with him, laughing, and clapping him on the shoulder. He appeared to enjoy their company very much; which, however, apart from this license, was not wanting in respect towards him. He perceived, when he saw me drawing in my

album, that he was the object of my curiosity. He approached, and sat to me with great good humour. When my sketch was finished, he asked me for my pencil, and wrote his name, Abraham, in running Greek letters, on a page of my album. He had a very long beard, and long neglected hair, floating in curls beneath his cap. His blue robe was exceedingly dirty ; his legs were bare, but he wore shoes.

I saw several of these monks at Vostitza. They had in general a pleasant expression of countenance, indicative of a soul at peace ; but their bearing is devoid of dignity. I compared them to tall youths still clothed in the blouse, as with us our boys are when growing up to manhood. At first sight you might take them for those men with wan faces who wander in the courts of lunatic asylums. There is something in common between the child, the fool, and the monk. One knows nothing, retaining his native innocence ; the other has forgotten everything ; and the last has been secluded that he may learn nothing. The ignorance of monks in Greece, and in general throughout the East, is incredible. The superior of a convent in one of the islands of the Archipelago boasted to M. de Choiseul that he did not know how to read.

We are generally deceived in Europe by the

glorious recollections of the first ages of the monastic institutions. When souls strongly impressed, like Paul and Anthony, quitted the world for the desert; when geniuses of the stamp of St. Jerome retired into solitude, and aspired, far from the seductions of the times, to a life of nearness to God, the monk was the ideal of the Christian: he was the living model of what the Gospel might realize of absorption of self, and of separation from things below. The monk was admired and envied. Monasteries were peopled by saints. From thence bishops and doctors were drawn; and the happiness of the great ones of the earth was to have a part in the prayers of these wonderful men, who had habitual communion with the Lord. Now there is nothing of all this. In the numerous monasteries of Greece and of the East, there are few instances of men who have gone there in consequence of the disenchantments of life, the sorrows of the heart, and the crushed hopes of ambition or of genius. Nearly all the monks at this time, are young peasants sent by their families to the cloister, when their brothers were destined one to be a sailor, another an artisan, and another a labourer. It is rare for any one to become a monk after twenty years of age. Monks are received in the monasteries at six years old. It is a pro-

fession,—it is bread. When travellers have asked these simple-minded men why they have left the world, they have not understood this profound question. They only know that in the world they should have had more labour, that bread would not be a certainty, and that a family would be a great embarrassment. In a convent there is little labour, neither bread nor clothing are ever wanting ; they accustom themselves to celibacy. This is why they are not in the world.

Without expecting of monasteries at this day the virtues of the heroic age of their institution, we have a right to look for knowledge from them. With us, at the decline of the religious orders, their valuable labours in historical researches made the glory of these bodies. In the East, libraries are now the receptacles of dust, into which no monk dares venture. As they only understand the vulgar tongue, these precious manuscripts, bequeathed by former ages as a memorial of learning, moulder before their eyes, without one curious eye having examined their pages. It is evident that the most contracted ideas, barren thoughts, and sameness of existence, constitute the permanent state of their minds, thus deprived of the twofold aliment of learning and of social activity. Thus the monastic system, for some

centuries, has been barren. Neither apostle, nor poet, nor savant, nor artist, leaves the cloister, which takes a man from his cradle to put him to sleep, and keep him as a child till his death. For the grand mission of the apostolate, for the brilliant conceptions of poetry, for the discoveries of science and the development of art, it is needful that the soul should have breathed largely the air of liberty. Solitude after infancy is fatal. It is to put a human being alive into a tomb.

I need hardly say, that in these general reflections, I have left on one side the exceptions. I am far from not admitting them. There are good and gentle natures which, in all vocations, reflect honour upon humanity by their generosity, their devotion, and their noble instincts. The peaceful life of the cloister allows of the development in them of these precious qualities. The Christian spirit has come to throw a charm over these happy dispositions. Such are those good men, those humble and resigned monks, whom one sometimes meets with in travels to the East. We have here spoken of the institutions, of their present value, and of their social power. God breathes his spirit everywhere of grace and of peace. The child condemned to the cloister may become a saint. I do not wish to deny

this. But the individual virtue of some men, their acknowledged merit, cannot sanction institutions of which all the glory is in the past, and which now produce only by exception works fruitful in holiness.

When I traversed the desert shores of Syria and of Palestine, the flanks of the hills in face of that roaring sea—image of Europe with its agitated civilization, at the distance of a thousand leagues,—showed me those empty cities of the dead which afterwards became the peaceful retreat of the solitaries of the East. I asked myself why souls amongst us, weary of the world, did not come to people again these solitudes; why, from time to time, some Anthonies, Pauls, and Jeromes, did not bid a last adieu to the vanities of the age; and as bold fugitives, did not throw themselves into the first vessel, exclaiming: “You shall land me upon the shore, in front of Carmel.”

Then monachism would be restored; and the world, always just towards that which it has not the courage to imitate, would have for the monk due admiration and homage.

The obstacle to everything in Greece and the East, is the monk. There, worldly prejudices, antipathies of race and religious hatred, have their eternal asylum. The great question of the reunion of the separated communions with

Rome, for which the bishops and the secular priests have no decided repugnance, and of which they speak as of an advantageous measure for the whole of Christendom, has no more intractable opponents than these men of the convents. There is amongst them more than the tenacity of schism, there is the fanaticism of hatred. History is there to tell us with what facility, for such an epoch, the union of the Oriental churches was accomplished at the council of Florence. The first who murmured, who accused the Greek Fathers of having been cowardly in face of the Latins, and of having made too many concessions, were the monks. They agitated well, and used so skilfully their influence (which was then immense) upon the masses, that they were not slow to violate that unity which, later, at the time of the terrible separations of Protestantism, would have lent such great strength to the church.

In Greece, at this time, the power of the monks is becoming feeble. It is an ancient usage preserved in the country, to which men conform. Families find in it an easy method of providing for some child; but in the movement of the social renovation of Greece, a movement little felt as yet, and which the reunion of the Greek Church with Rome would so powerfully assist, the monastic element is counted as

nothing. The monks were patriots: they fought for the independence of their country. They are loved for virtues which belong more to the soldier than to the man of prayer. As to their religious importance, as it does not reveal itself by any benefit, it is recognized by no one; it is an institution that has had its day; the monk is dying.

I made these reflections before Megaspilon. We were stopped by a beautiful spring which issues at the foot of an enormous plane-tree. We measured its hollow trunk; it was 33 feet in circumference. The interior of this tree, which has existed for centuries, serves as a closet for the Greek women, when they come to wash their linen at this spring. Vostitza possesses a plane-tree still larger in size than this one. We passed it at the moment of our embarkation.

From the fountain where we had breakfasted, before Megaspilon, that great hive of monks, we descended directly to the sea. The temperature was mild; we had a bright sun, smiling vegetation, and all those varied spectacles, given by lofty mountains, whose forms, rocks, and vegetation have nothing in common with those which we were already acquainted with. The view of the Gulf of Lepanto from the top of these mountains is splendid. Nothing can con-

vey an idea of the intensity of the tints spread over the crowded summits of Helicon and Parnassus, which encircle the Gulf as with a frame, and are lost in the extreme distance. M. de Saulcy, who does not like poets, and who is, nevertheless, a poet by nature, gave utterance in glowing words to the impressions of his soul in sight of that enchanting nature.

We defiled into the plain by a fertile but uncultivated valley. We found ourselves in a literal forest of oleanders and other fine shrubs, watered by a river which we had seen for some time at our feet. We coasted the sea, and at every moment magnificent vineyards appeared before us. There is here a wonderful fertility and perpetual spring. The hedges by the roadside are composed of the broad-leaved myrtle; a few sprigs were in flower. Before reaching Vostitza, we passed a bridge with four or five arches, beneath which there was not a drop of water. The river, parallel to that of which I have been speaking, has changed its course, after having forced down the detritus of conglomerate rocks of which it has despoiled the mountain: it has left its primitive bed, of which the level is thereby considerably raised, and is thrown to the east, where it forms two or three branches. One is obliged to cross it by a ford. In general at this day, in the East as in Greece, wherever

the Turkish domination has extended, one has the sight of the abandonment of all reasonable regard for footpaths, roads, and bridges over rivers. These people have retained their barbarism to our times. Civilization does not suit them. They often remind me of the child that likes to jump in the road, and who drives the mother to despair, vainly endeavouring to make it walk before her. Everything betrays this savage instinct in the Turk. I was alone one day, at Nahr-el-Kelb, at the foot of Lebanon ; I was taking my morning repast, before continuing my botanizing in the mountain, when I heard a mounted party making a very noisy descent by the road cut in this narrow gorge. It was the Pacha, surrounded by a numerous suite of officers and soldiers. They all wore the European military costume ; the frock coat, the trowsers, and the boots. The river before the khan was very broad and rather deep. The only bridge in anything like repair which is to be found in all Syria, was scarcely 700 feet above the khan. It was necessary to reascend so much of the river to cross the bridge and continue the route. But the Turks took good care not to adopt such a simple plan ; they mounted their horses ; and the Pacha at their head plunged into the river, crossed it with his party, and continued his road.

Such men as these require only the life of the immense steppes of the north of Asia. I saw the Seraskier of Damascus arriving at Beyrout, and having his tents pitched upon the public square, and passing there several days in all the luxury of Oriental state, rather than accept the hospitality of the Pacha, or take up his quarters in one of the hotels of the town.

Nothing was so painful to me in our travels, as seeing the poor foot-passengers, men and women, arriving at the banks of rivers, obliged to strip themselves to above the waist, holding their clothes in a bundle above their heads, and risking their lives in the midst of a torrent. I felt great pity for old women and children in these dangerous crossings. We ourselves, with our horses, were sometimes obliged to reascend the rivers in search of fords. In some seasons, when the rivers are much swollen by the flood, it is necessary to retrace one's steps. Such is civilization in the immense Ottoman empire. But, by a laughable compensation, each Sultan has the vanity to build himself a palace which is washed by the waters of the Bosphorus. Who knows for whom, before long, these gorgeous constructions will be built ?

November 12.—Vostitza, where we arrived at the foot of the mountains, is a little Greek

town, without associations of the past. It is the chief station of a nomarchie.

It is in a very fertile plain. The fine dried currants are especially cultivated there. The town is better built than many others in Greece; it has also an air of ease and distinction which admits of comparison with some of our little sous-prefectures in the provinces.

Vostitza possesses a church recently built, which attests the religious zeal of its inhabitants. It is situated in a large square, become, when I visited it, a *place d'armes*. Some small cannon had been sent with troops to protect the elections. This species of state of siege amused me very much; it is true that the Greek soldiers are well disposed. The artillerymen walked about the town; meanwhile a little child guarded the guns, seated upon a gun-carriage. After a long walk in the same quarter, I saw again this sentinel of ten years old, who was playing by the deserted battery. There is, nevertheless, a minister of war at Athens.

The weather was tolerably fine at Vostitza; but the sea was boisterous. The Gulf of Lepanto, majestically enframed by its mountains, of undulating and graceful outline, was preparing itself for the horrors of a tempest. Resplendent and foaming furrows shone like large snow-flakes upon a black and reddish ground,

which was sad to behold. I went to walk alone some time upon the shore, where masses of pebbles are still heaped up, similar to those which I had examined in the thick beds of the rocks of the Erymanthus. I calculated the succession of geological epochs which had in turn left these immense deposits, and the ages which had passed away during which they had been worn down by the sea.

M. de Saulcy, in the mean time, had enquired for a vessel, but the master of the boat at first refused to keep to his engagement, alarmed, perhaps, by the threatening state of the gulf. After a great deal of discussion, we found another boat. There we were huddled up, pell-mell, in a frail bark, where we had difficulty in stowing ourselves with our baggage. It was the “*Prophète Elie*.” We had scarcely gained the open sea, when a sudden squall broke our bowsprit, which fell upon a large and threatening wave, carrying away the sail. Our sailors did not appear much disconcerted; at least, their bronzed and impassible features did not betray any fear. We might regret, however, exposing ourselves in this manner. It is true that we were in haste to convey our young friend to Athens; but one day of repose at Vostitza, in such a soft climate near the sea, could not but be salutary to him, after the fatigues of our

long journeys in the Peloponnesus. But we were accustomed to this kind of thing. I will not venture to say that there had not been a little bravado, and that we wished to show these Greeks that Frenchmen never draw back. We afterwards discovered that we had been guilty of dreadful imprudence ; that if the other mast had been broken, we should have been dashed, without hope of being saved, upon the coast. All these things, which we openly avow when the danger is past, are concealed at the critical moment. "*La mer est mauvaise : cativa mare !*" was the only admission that could be made in the midst of the most terrible tempest. This is a singular euphemism.

All was silent on board the "*Prophète Elie*." M. de Saulcy and I were seated at the stern ; before us, Félicien and Edward, fatigued by the sea ; further off, Loysel and Belly, who could no longer give utterance to those happy sayings with which they had so often enlivened our travels. The wind blew with incredible violence, and at every moment a horrible wave rose, threatening, as high as our heads, ready to swallow us up ; but the vessel had taken refuge in the furrow ploughed by another wave which rose before us.

M. de Saulcy interrupted the silence. "*Abbé*," said he, "This is the greatest height to which

the waters of the Mediterranean rise in a tempest." "Ah! yes," I replied, as waking from a dream. In fact, the man who had acted like a child, in getting into a boat for the first time in the bay of Muia, enjoyed this terrific spectacle as a marvellous vision which had enchanted him. I had familiarized myself with these billows, pressing around us, furious and thundering. I had studied them in their impetuous movements, and their capricious forms. Their most disturbed tossings, their most violent blows against our poor vessel, on the point, at each moment, of being shattered by the shock, whilst impressing me with a vague terror, left me a singular clearness of appreciation and of analysis. None of the minute details of this constantly-changing scene escaped me. Sometimes my eye followed the agitated crest of the wave, rearing itself above the foaming whirlpool, and after hanging for a time suspended, falling again with the weight of lead.

At other times all the tints which the waters assumed when borne along by the storm like mighty torrents, were seized upon by my mind in their most fleeting hues. I was absorbed in the study of the decomposition of light upon every wave, as if I were obliged afterwards to prepare from recollection the palette of a marine painter. The observations of my friend aroused

me from my own contemplations. We exchanged a few words; then the same silence recommenced.

At length we arrived at Loutraki; but the captain of the "Prophète Elie" declared that it was quite impossible to approach the coast. He cast anchor, and we resigned ourselves to pass the night upon deck, surrounded by coverings and cloaks. We fell asleep to the roar of the tempest, and to the regular tossing of the vessel, like children, when a mother provokes them to sleep, by the aid of monotonous songs and the rocking of their cradle.

The first rays of dawn had scarcely illumined the sharp rocks of Loutraki, when the boat of the "Prophète Elie" deposited us upon the shore. We saw there a spring of hot water that issues in abundance from the foot of the mountain, at the same level as the sea, where it is instantly lost. We started from Calamaki with the *char-à-bancs*, which are used for crossing the isthmus. The road is excellent. I discover in the midst of the sandy soil a most beautiful crocus. I get down from the car about the middle of the isthmus, and finish the rest of the road in botanising. I visit the works undertaken for cutting through the isthmus. They consist of a trench which is half a mile long, by three hundred feet broad.

It is scarcely more than thirty feet deep. Nothing could be easier than to terminate this canal, by the aid of which the passage would be considerably shortened in going from Athens to the Adriatic.

November 13.—Here we are at last at Calamaki. We mount on board the “Calypso,” which is to transport us to the Piræus. A favourable wind springs up on quitting the shore. But soon a dead calm arrests us between the islands of Salamis and Egina. We must have recourse to the oars, and profit from time to time by the few breezes which slightly swell the sail. Yesterday a tempest, to-day a calm. We do not arrive at the Piræus until two o’clock in the morning. The night has been mild and magnificent.

November 14.—We have still some days to devote to our dear Athens. I shall complete my religious observations upon Greece. I have to visit in detail all the churches. I shall also gratify my desire of ascending each day to the Acropolis. I wish to carry away, thanks to the process of stamping, some pleasing memorials of the delicate bas-reliefs of the ancient sculpture. The museum of the Propylæa is to become my workshop.

The renovation of Greece has been for the Greek church an immense fact, of which it has ingeniously taken advantage. It is closely united with the people by the spirit of nationality which distinguishes it. Its warm patriotism secretly prepared the elements of the insurrection; and it must be said that it imposed upon itself every sacrifice to support it. The Greek clergy are therefore eminently popular. Everything is done to preserve to them affection and influence; the sacred language of the liturgy is the national language, and the believer hears in church the prayers composed by the greatest saints of the first centuries. The depository of eastern traditions, the Greek clergy have in their antecedents nothing but bright recollections. They regret nothing in the past. They have not been despoiled of privileges; they have only gained in power by the revolution which has emancipated the country.

These are precious advantages for the Greek clergy.

But it has two terrible enemies. The re-awakening of civil liberty amongst the Greeks has also been the re-awakening of freedom of thought. This intelligent, lively, and ingenious people, this France of the East, lives no longer in the ages when faith was accepted in their course of instruction, as the heritage of the past.

Greece is accomplishing her eighteenth century. She has arrived at the critical age, at the hour of investigation. Rationalism overflows in every part, and the established church will soon assist, powerless or irritated, at the birth of scepticism, which from day to day in the upper classes will sap traditional belief. As in the bosom of our France, this is an age when public worship has still its votaries. There is no separation from the church; there is no apparent hostility to her; but the veneration manifested for her has a purely human motive. Men accustom themselves to regard her as a useful institution as regards the improvement of the masses. But it is no longer accorded to her to be the sole road of salvation,—a divine institution to which has been confided the direction of consciences.

The Greek clergy, who read little, who have not in their bosom those clear-sighted minds for which the history of Europe is a wise voucher, little distrust as yet this negative movement; they repose upon the respectful consideration which surrounds them; they seem not even to suspect the future.

I have no fear of being in this matter a severe prophet. These illusions will soon vanish; and that, too, at an hour when the clergy will seek to find a remedy for the evil which will then

have attacked the upper and influential classes. It will then be too late. If then they would speak with authority and determination, they will meet with repulsion, they will arouse hatred.

The exceptional position of Greece will hasten still more its religious dissolution. There is not there, as in Russia and in Austria, a watchful police which affords a safeguard against boldness and free inquiry, by thrusting back to the frontier the produce of foreign literature, by the aid of which these doctrines infiltrate amongst a people. If the established church were to demand like restrictions upon the liberty of the country, the legislature would unanimously repulse it, and the Greek clergy would suffer for their unpopularity. One must therefore expect to see Christian faith weakened in Greece, until unforeseen religious events carry to the bosom of the Greek nation, as in the rest of the world, the elements of a grand renovation.

The second enemy of the Greek church, is schism. It is from this cause especially feeble. The Christian church, divided by schisms, is a body whose members, attacked by paralysis, stop circulation, and impede the vital development. The body suffers, but the members suffer still more.

The Catholic church, the mother of all the

churches, by her admirable principle of unity, is weakened by the separation of numerous peoples who have no longer spiritual communion with her. But, for the same reason that she is the normal centre of this unity, she has in herself, power and life. Therefore the most prejudiced minds, the least disposed to bow before her, nevertheless recognise that she may be weakened, humbled, abandoned, but never vanquished.

The separated churches have not this power. It is not in the principle of their existence. Schism is not a principle. Therefore we see in England and in Germany that it is rationalism, that is to say, inquiry, study, learning, under no matter what name, which brings men back to Catholicism. Schism is in her the negation of knowledge, of study, of inquiry : it is summed up in this expression : "the Established Church." It forbids any going back to the first principles of this established church, because the study of this establishment is, without contradiction, even by the least clear-sighted, a certainty of the breach of unity, and separation from the mother church.

What intelligent man in Greece would be made to believe that the Greek church has not separated herself from Rome? Schism will say, "*Believe in the established church.*" It

will depart from the principle of infallibility, which imposes belief; but the Catholic will appeal to inquiry, and all the pages of the history of the church will be unceasing revelations, which will demonstrate the successive separations of the Western churches from the Romish communion. The isolation of the Greek church by schism is fatal to her. She thus finds herself excluded from the great current of religious and progressive ideas that all our great men have prescribed, who are become the modern exposition of Christianity. The Greek church has no doubt in her first Fathers, admirable writers, powerful orators, wise apologists; but St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Cyril, St. Athanasius, Origen, are men of past struggles, who never return again upon the same ground; we accept these great men as our ancestors in the faith, but they are insufficient to give one word in reply to the errors of modern times. Seek amongst the Greek Fathers for a solution of the attacks of present infidelity! Now, the Greek church, separated from us, having neither our Pascal, our Bossuet, our Fénelon, nor our Lacordaire, not to mention other great men of Catholicism, will remain behind, when the spirit of rationalism shall have impregnated the earth; the established church will have nothing for her support but those vain

anathemas which rarely prove anything but weakness, on the general spread of unbelief.

Schism deprives the Greek church of that powerful arm of proselytism, which the mother church, by a special privilege of Providence, seems alone to have preserved as one of the evident marks of her holiness, and of the imperishable fecundity of the legitimate spouse of Jesus Christ. The Greek church has not one single priest occupied with the work of the apostolate. I have not met in the whole of the East one single missionary of that church. What an accusing fact! The Catholic church suffers from the error of the separated communions; as a compassionate mother, she sends her peaceful ambassadors into every country where she is unknown, to labour for the reunion of the dispersed members of the Christian family.

The Greek church, which takes the title of Catholic and of Orthodox, if she is the mother church, ought to have the feelings of a mother. She ought to suffer from our exclusion from unity; she ought to desire that we should be united to her, so as no longer to rend, by these eternal separations, the robe of Christ. Apostles full of zeal, Greek missionaries, if they had love and faith for the true church, to which, as a divine institution, the greatest power belongs,

would traverse every part of Europe, enter into conference with our doctors, with our learned controversialists; and seek, by every means, to bring us back to themselves. They do not quit Megaspilon, nor Mount Athos; they repose beneath the shadows of the fine cypresses of Vourkano and of Agia-Lavra; they live peaceably at Athens or at Constantinople; and when a vessel sets sail for France, not one amongst them says to himself: "I go that I may labour to reunite with the Greek church the Western branches separated from her." They have not, therefore, the power of proselytism, the fruitfulness of the true church.

I love the Greek church, and I believe that she has a magnificent mission in the East. I shall explain in a few pages the result of my meditations and of my researches. But I accuse her of understanding nothing of her real interests; and I tremble for the whole church, on account of the difficulties which Greece will cause us when the hour shall have struck in which the idea of a general reconciliation will demand only to be realized.

I have remarked also, at Athens, that the religious movement is there completely null. It is the routine of the past, it is habit which leads to the beautiful little Greek churches, so well decorated by their paintings, so well arranged

for devotion, adoration, and prayer. Man, according to Eastern ideas, should be dominant everywhere. He is paramount in the churches. Contrary to France, where the vast naves are occupied by women; in Greece, as throughout the East, man occupies the nave: he has the best places: he stands or kneels in front of the chancel, taking part, by sight and by thought, in the chant and in the sacrifice. Woman is banished, either within the grated galleries, or to the side aisles subsequently added to the churches, or to the end of the nave, where she holds her place with children. I observed that, at Athens, the upper class—the fashionable world—go very little to church. It is the man of the people—the common labourer, who observes with the greatest fidelity the custom of public worship. The youth especially do not disguise their indifference. The churches at Athens are very small. I was surprised to see so few of the faithful on the Sunday. It is true that they are numerous in the town.

Besides, religious ignorance is general in Greece, even at Athens. Happily their beautiful liturgies, in a language which they understand, recall constantly the dogmas of the faith, and do not suffer them entirely to forget that which is the foundation of Christianity. But the teaching of religion is much neglected; and,

apart from honourable exceptions, the Greek clergy themselves neglect study, and possess only a superficial knowledge of religion. I have always seen in my travels with what indifference and with what carelessness the offices of the church were chanted. The Greek priest is only great at the holy sacrifice of the altar. There is a dignity to which his flowing vestments, his beard, his long hair, his slow movements, give something very striking.

I shall speak hereafter of the religious Church of the East ; those of the Greeks are almost the same : at least they have the same character. The melody of them is beautiful, and eminently religious ; but delivered with nasal sounds which weary European ears.

The clergy of Greece are very strict as to orthodoxy. They regard the Russians as degenerate Christians ; they love them, because they love the power of Russia, beneath which they shelter themselves ; but as regards themselves, the orthodox clergy, the Russians appear a species of schismatics. It is needless to say that they have a great repugnance to Catholics. When a Catholic or an Armenian wishes to enter into the Greek communion, he is rebaptized. If he is a priest, they rebaptize him and leave him in the rank of the faithful. They do not look upon his ordination as valid. The Russians act

otherwise. They satisfy themselves with the profession of faith of him who leaves other Christian communions ; and if he is either bishop or priest, they leave him his dignity, and recognize the validity of his consecration.

CHAPTER IX.

The Old and New Cathedrals at Athens.—Greek Religious Art.—The Basilica.—The Chancel Veil.—Gothic Architecture.—Inductive Ornament.—Picture Worship.—Absence of Images.—Diptychs.—Figures of the Virgin.—Form of the Churches.—The Royal Palace and its Gardens.—National Habits.—The Greek Races.—We are robbed.

WE have many prejudices to overcome to reconcile the Greeks to us. But the places where the first attempts ought to be made, are Athens and the cities of Greece. There you find more cultivation of letters, and a little less of that rigorous orthodoxy, which becomes more and more fierce the further it is removed from intercourse with men of another communion.

I visited attentively the churches of Athens. The old cathedral is a very small building which cannot contain more than three hundred persons, but which is of a very remarkable construction. It is entirely of marble, and the

walls are in great measure built with the fragments of ancient temples.

The old cathedral is no longer used for worship. It stands there as a precious relic of ancient times. In our Catholic countries, we should take care, small as it is, not to abandon it in such a manner ; the holy mysteries would be each day celebrated in it. We have also in the West the feeling of respect for buildings which time has consecrated. I do not speak of the epochs of religious and political revolution. We then destroy with barbarism.

At a few steps from the deserted cathedral the modern cathedral is being constructed. The building is already raised to a good height ; but want of funds leaves it incomplete. It is undertaken upon a large scale. The beautiful marbles of Greece are employed on all those parts which require ornament. As one may believe, the church stands east and west ; the great south door was finished when we were at Athens, and the greatest part of the marbles of the principal door, at the west, were finished, and only waited for the builder to fix them in their places.

I ascertained how the Greeks, who are so poor, could raise this sumptuous edifice. When there is a poor king, whose civil list does not amount to the revenue of many of our rich bankers, it is difficult for a city to undertake

the immense expenses of such an edifice. Two powerful motives in the heart of man procure the money devoted to the cathedral,—faith and patriotism.

The rich Greeks who live in foreign lands rarely make a will before death, without bequeathing a considerable sum for the completion of the church of Athens. I was touched by this pious affection of the Greeks for the religion of their country. Generally, when man has gained money by the sweat of his brow, amid the long anxieties of a commercial life, he thinks little of making a thank-offering as a memorial to God. Much may be expected from a people possessing such virtues, even amongst the rich.

Furthermore, Greece is the only people of Europe who have, at the present time, their religious architecture. This cathedral has the precious advantage of belonging to an indigenous art, of being constructed according to the manners and usages of the Greeks, and for the rites of their church. This art has been preserved in Greece, such as it was centuries ago, because the religious customs for which this architecture was created are still the same. There is complete harmony between the Greek worship and the Greek churches, between the prevailing usages in the nation and the arrangements of religious buildings. In such circumstances an

art is national; it has the rationale of its existence, it possesses its own value. The chancel, sombre, narrow, isolated, where the priest alone entered; the vast enclosures surrounded by porticoes, where the people stood, regarding with dread the abode of the Deity, become awful because the threshold was seldom crossed: all this perfectly accorded with the religions of antiquity; temples erected to the true God, not even excepting those of Jerusalem and of Gerizim, had no other form amongst all nations.

The large basilica, where light falls in floods, where people throng like a great family of brothers, which is no longer a place of terror and of mystery, which seats the bishop, and after him the priests and deacons, in the principal and most conspicuous place at the extremity of the apse, and places the altar within that apse, where are the men of sacrifice and of prayer, and the nave filled by the faithful,—this basilica suits the brilliant age of the church, after its triumphs over paganism. The heart of each Christian, after the celebration of the mysteries, becomes the living temple of God, who is hidden in the eucharistic bread. When a spiritual church is thus organized, one can understand that the enclosure destined to contain it is only a place of assembly—*ecclesia*, and that there is in it nothing which recalls those sump-

tuous temples which antiquity raised at such great cost, to believe itself released from constructing in the inner man the true temple of God: "*Templum Dei estis, Dei ædificati estis.*"

When, by a slow but logical reaction of ancient ideas, Christian worship borrowed a little of the forms of the past, it brought back those religious fears, those terrors which a religion of love and of light had driven from souls called to the new life: the churches regained a little of the mysterious arrangements which contributed to another view of adoration and of prayer. The day when this reparation of the world was accomplished, the veil of the temple was rent: "*Et velum templi scissum est medium.*" As all doctrines are inferential, Christians took good care, in the primitive ages, not to rejoin the veil, nor to rebuild an inaccessible sanctuary which terror durst not enter.

But man has the instinct of fear in the presence of God. There must be in the heart an immensity of love, still more of innocence preserved or recovered, to maintain the inward worship, the worship where there is abandonment of self, the worship where few things appeal to the senses, because God speaks to the heart in ineffable words. One understands, therefore, how the veil of the ancient temple, the mysterious form of ancient adoration, was

repaired in the new law. Alas ! I saw in the East that veil close upon the priest during the awful sacrifice ; and I asked myself when the veil would be again rent, and when those lights would again shine which would never grow dim.

So long as the Oriental church shall remain as she is, her worship, otherwise very poetic and stamped with a singular majesty, will harmonize perfectly with her churches.

It is from this conformity with modern worship that Greek architecture derives its value. Such is the explanation of those small, sombre, mysterious churches ; of the chancels hidden behind painted wood-work, where the saints, crowded in two or three stages, seem to interpose between the victim immolated upon the altar and the Christians who come to unite themselves to this unbloody immolation.

The Western church has not retained the veil which hides the priest in the chancel during a part of the sacrifice, and conceals him from sight. She has continued, moreover, as to this point, in the observance of the worship of the ancient basilicas.

Still, in the most brilliant centuries of the middle age, our Romanesque churches, more mysterious than the basilicas, erected also according to the order of ideas which calls religious terror to the assistance of faith, were

replaced by sumptuous buildings, of which the arrangement, the decorations especially, have nothing in accordance with buildings of anterior ages. This new art we have called Gothic, because dominant in the Latin church. It has produced *chefs-d'œuvre* of elegance and of boldness.

Evidently such an architecture, in that which relates to the requirements of worship, was admirably adapted for the age of religious expansion when it first saw light. Humanity, brought back to civilization with such difficulty by the church, after six centuries of laborious infancy, found itself at its brilliant age of adolescence. It overflowed with poetry and life; there was in it, as in the young tree, a superabundance of sap and of efflorescence. The soul, ardent, impassioned, impelled by the strong desire of production, required in everything what was great, beautiful, and new. But she wished for the great which manifested itself in the marvellous, which approached the impossible. Hence arose those wondrous spires, thrown as it were like castles of cards to the breath of the tempest, from the foot of which the architects themselves hastened to fly as soon as the scaffolding was removed, lest they should be crushed by them. She wished for what was beautiful, as it is understood by people who have still the instincts

of barbarism ; the beautiful as it shines in the lurid light of a conflagration, in the shaded arch of a rainbow, in the most strongly coloured pictures of nature. Hence arose those marvellous painted windows, enchanting creations of Gothic art, which change an earthly church into a church than which the imagination cannot picture to itself anything more beautiful in heaven. She wished for novelty, because she herself was something quite new in history. Her fathers had made piles of ruins of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient art ; you could not speak to her of the value of the works of the past. But in Gothic art all was new. The column shot up from the earth in delicate clusters ; from it expanded mouldings over the vaulted roofs. All that poetry could invent that was light, capricious, and fantastic, was extended in living, pure sculpture, gliding over the arcades of the porticoes, over the capitals and the mouldings ; wound round the cornices ; and showed thousands of strange spectres which the art of the enchanter had suddenly brought into existence.

These magical structures, called cathedrals, were then, in an eminent degree, the religious and national art of the middle ages in the West. They satisfied all the instincts, the aspirations, and the needs of humanity, in the most poetical age through which it has ever passed.

But now humanity is more mature or more aged, and its youthful warmth grown cold ; and, like a meditative and reflective man, has less need of outward objects and splendid images to realize its thoughts ; it less requires those helps which other and more susceptible generations found so useful to adoration and prayer. Gothic art, therefore, whatever may be said upon the point, is no longer a national art in France, notwithstanding its indisputable beauty, because it is no longer in harmony with our religious instincts, and our inward needs. We read, and we cannot give up reading and go to church. The cathedral, with sombre painted windows, was built for periods when no book was carried to church. If you keep to the Gothic style, will you rob it of its most splendid ornament ? It will then hardly be Gothic. If you insist upon having the stained-glass windows, this will be saying to the faithful : “ Leave your prayer-books at home.” What will religion gain by this ? You will throw us back into barbarism. The church does not wish this. The good canons of the last two centuries were quite as logical as those who paid in hard cash for the magnificent cathedral windows ; yet they pitilessly took down those rich panes, and replaced them with plain glass. These forerunners of an enlightened age said ingenuously : “ Men can

now read in the choir and in the nave, yet we treat them as barbarians." They thought that the moral wants of the church required attention, even though they might interfere with the beauty of the buildings. We say to the faithful : " Read if you can ; but we must have Gothic art ; Gothic art is Christian art." And from love to art, we shall destroy faith.

Again, have we sought, in analyzing modern religious needs, for an art in harmony with them ? Have we found any art which is remarkable, or worthy of Christianity ? I do not think so. Our art is only on a level with our Christianity. From St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Sulpice to St. Genevieve and La Madeleine, we have spent millions in producing an imitative architecture, a poor eclectic art, quite in harmony with our mixed philosophy. After we have gone back to Christianity, our art will not be so mixed, so pagan, or so wretched. When the body is made young again, its dress is of no consequence ; beauty is still beautiful in any garment.

After the unfinished cathedral of Athens, I carefully visited the other churches, and often happened to be present during mass. The women are always strictly separated from the men. They generally occupy the left aisle of the church. They have a door by which they enter

the church, and through which men never pass. I noticed, however, that in the original plan of the Athenian churches, this aisle, which is now exclusively devoted to the women, did not exist. It has been added to some after their erection, and forms, consequently, a supplementary aisle, which destroys the regularity of the building. The influence of Asiatic manners, which require the separation of the sexes, has been very strong in Greece, owing to its occupation by the Turks. The influence of Christianity tended to the emancipation of woman, but has been driven back by Islamism.

The Greeks are very devoted to picture-worship. On entering a church, you find a figure painted upon wood near the holy-water basin, and you kiss it after having taken some holy water. The chancel of every church is separated from the nave by a wooden screen, in which there are three doors. At certain parts of the mass, the middle door is covered with a curtain. This screen is covered with several rows of pictures. The pictures are only of small dimensions, and represent the figures or portraits of saints. I did not meet, in Greece nor throughout the East, with a single picture a yard in height.

The figures of the Greeks are painted after an established type. There are hieratic traditions

from which the painters never depart. The ruling thought is simply to recall by these figures the idea of the saint. There is nothing like naturalness, or dramatic art. The introduction into religious paintings of those attitudes and passionate expressions which are constantly found even in our master-pieces would be considered as impious. The Eastern church has proscribed this. The picture recalls the saint, as a portrait brings before us a father or a revered ancestor. This judiciousness in the types of the figures gives to the Greek churches a charming stamp of religious simplicity, although they are so numerous in them.

Sculptured images are carefully removed from the Greek churches, as looking too much like idolatry. The crucifixes represent the Saviour painted on the wood of the cross, but not sculptured in relief as with us. I do not recollect having seen a single statue in the Christian churches of the East. They are rare also in the Catholic churches which use the Latin ritual.

The figure of the Virgin is very general in the churches. She constantly carries the infant Jesus. The Virgin, represented by herself, is not understood in the East. The words "Mother of God," in Greek and in monogram near the head of the Virgin, which are her most glorious

title, would be taken from her, in the opinion of the Orientals, were she represented without the infant God.

An ideal, but, in my opinion, by no means an orthodox feeling, is day by day substituting, in the West, the Virgin considered abstractedly, for the Virgin honoured with divine maternity. A luminous cluster, called *rayons*, is suspended from her hands like two large palettes, in place of the sweet Saviour of men borne lovingly in her arms. This is called "an Immaculate." Our pious mothers spoke of the Virgin as "Our Lady." Let us be permitted to love the Virgin as our mothers loved her. In France we have communities of men and women, wherein the statue of the Virgin is everywhere to be found, and where it would be difficult, excepting in some odd corner, to find a representation of Our Lady with the infant Jesus. This is done without any evil intention; but the Council of Ephesus thought differently.

Delightful diptychs are still frequently found in Greece; they are two tablets of wood fastened together with a hinge, and shutting like a book. The inside of each tablet represents a figure. The Virgin is always represented on one side of the diptych, and a saint on the other. Those figures of the Virgin are always drawn with the infant Jesus, and are painted upon a gold ground.

They have a special character, which is not rendered in any of our pictures on canvass of Mary. With us, every painter has a different form under which he represents the mother of the Saviour; here the type is invariably the same: it is a piece of hieratic art, and is essentially religious. They do not try to make the figure of the woman more or less beautiful and noble; nor to represent the mother smiling at the first smiles of the infant God asleep upon her knees, and showing him to a young St. John, in a group called a Holy Family. There is nothing of the kind there; but you have the mother of God in a noble, calm, sweet, and impassible figure, in an attitude consecrated by time, and reproduced, with unvarying form, by all painters upon the diptychs. Such are the hieroglyphics upon the buildings of Egypt, the same under Sesostris as under the successor of Alexander. This stereotyped Virgin is the figure of Mary. In this art, there is no naturalism, nothing that lets the woman be conjectured. The artist rises to the highest spiritualism, and has a right to write near the nimbus which encircles the head of Mary, the sacred sigla for "Mother of God."

These diptychs, some of which are very beautiful, have received the kisses and the prayers of several generations. They are preserved in a

small recess, usually near the bottom of every Greek house. I brought away, as a memorial of my pilgrimage, one of these diptychs, the gold of which has been tarnished by many kisses, perhaps many tears. It belonged to the monastery of Daphni.

I drew the plan of several of the churches of Athens. The apses are not always circular, sometimes they are pentagonal. Of this form is the church of Agios (St.) Theodoros, which I inspected on the 18th of November.

I particularly remarked that the windows of three apses and of the two extremities of the arm of the Greek cross, have a mullion in the centre, by which they are divided into two bays. The large windows of the transept, at Daphni, have two of these mullions, and are thus divided into three bays. The middle is the highest.

All these churches have not the form of a Greek cross. Some of them consist of three longitudinal aisles, terminated by three apses. The narthex, at the entrance, supports the women's gallery, which thence runs along over the two side aisles. The cupola is invariably in the centre. I have not found any churches in Greece with several cupolas, such as St. Mark of Venice, St. Front of Périgueux, and several others in Périgord, Quercy, and Angoumois.

The cupola of the latter church is supported by pillars, in which are four demi-columns united together and supporting capitals and double arches, exactly the same as in our Romanesque churches of the twelfth century.

I cannot better terminate this cursory view of the Christian edifices of Athens than by giving a few details of the Agio Georgi church which was in course of construction near the Hôtel de l'Orient, where we stayed. The inside works were still in progress.

In the structure only one apse has been preserved. The cupola is supported by four columns. There is a narthex, with upper galleries for the women, as in the small church just described. I noticed that the unfinished cathedral, this Agio Georgi church, and another recently-finished in the large transverse street of Athens, which begins at the Tower of the Winds, were all of considerable dimensions, while the old churches are extremely small.

The two belfries of the new church of St. Theodoros will also be noticed. Greek churches never have any belfries. Apart, however, from these slight differences, the modern churches of Athens are built upon precisely the same plan as the ancient. The semicircular arch is exclusively predominant; and the beautiful cupola of

the East, without those heavy lanterns with which our churches are disfigured, continues to give them that noble character which it is as hard for us to attain, as for our unsteady Western nature to acquire the majestic dignity of the native of the East.

I did not go into the interior of the King's palace. When a man has the Acropolis of Athens before him, he is not much tempted to go through a suite of apartments in the modern style of decoration. The Greeks have made the mistake of building an immense barrack by way of a palace, instead of a magnificent structure in which Pentelican marble should have been displayed in beautiful Doric columns, to recall somewhat the glory of the past. A palace, constructed in the form of an oblong square, with four main buildings, the principal front of which should have been embellished with a peristyle, and the interior with a large colonnade, would have struck the attention of all by its noble simplicity.

The site of the palace is magnificent. It commands the city ; in front of it is a beautiful square. On the other side, large gardens, sloping down to the Ilissus, have been laid out. The superintendent of the King's garden did me the honour of conducting me over them ; he was kind enough to offer me, as a memorial of my

visit to Athens, a collection of cactuses, which are there grown in the open ground, without any other precaution for the most delicate, than sheltering them at mid-day. I saw a curious mosaic, discovered in this garden, on the bank of the Ilissus, which has suffered no injury from time.

Beautiful storks walked about on the broad lawns, without troubling themselves at our presence. The birds that travellers have seen building their nests on the ruins of the Acropolis are daws, whose joyous sports and animated cries give some life to these wonderful ruins, which would be too sad to look upon had not ever-bountiful nature filled them with birds, insects, and flowers.

We are going to leave Athens ; the day for our departure is fixed. We have seen much upon this soil, which is so full of memorials of glory and of art. But it costs us not a little to leave the city. Poor Athens ; how sweet is thy name to my ear ! What indelible impressions hast thou left upon the heart of him who, for thirty years, from the earliest aspirations of his youth, has dreamt about thee. Henceforth you will be to me only a source of regret. Yet I will not weep over thee ; my heart has reserved all her tears for Jerusalem.

At Athens calm and sweet thoughts arise.

There nothing saddens, nothing wounds you. If the ruin of so many wonderful buildings gives you a secret sorrow, yet it is tempered by the inexpressible joys which arise from those which still remain to be contemplated. You see a nation in its second youth, breathing freely, for nearly a quarter of a century freed from servitude to an uncivilized people, mistress of its soil; loving its country doubly because that country is its birthplace, and has been gained by conquest. The people possess free institutions; you only feel there the power of the gendarme, who at times domineers somewhat rudely, as we restrain passionate children. But he only executes the law. There is freedom of speech for all. The Greeks have much to do; their institutions resemble too closely those of England, and do not suit a race of mountaineers. Greece plainly required a federal constitution in which the aristocratical element, represented by the large landowners, should have been wisely tempered with the democratical. Greece, for a long time to come, will be another Switzerland, and not a France, in spite of other striking resemblances to us. European diplomacy has not taken any of these things into account, having been, for the last half century, smitten with the theory of constitutional charters. The Greeks have had thrust upon them an English royalty,—

fictitious power entrusted to a dynasty which has no root in the nation,—a senate which badly represents the large property-holders who, by the mistaken contrivance of the charter, have been thrown back into the legislative assembly, where they act a more popular part. The nation evidently has the elements of a strong and durable government, provided that it springs up in the heart of the nation itself, and is not copied from strangers.

In the last days that I spent at Athens I felt a peculiar pleasure in comparing the modern with the ancient Greeks.

Whatever men may say, nations do not change. The influence of climate on the great families of men is such that, in spite of invasion and slavery, the primitive instinct of nations continually predominates. Are not the Frenchmen of the present day the very same as those quick, talkative, and adventurous Gauls, who invaded Italy, made Rome tremble, and then sought for a delightful country in Asia-Minor, hard by the cradle of the human race? In what have they changed? Though endless shocks now disturb their social existence, yet do not these witness to a powerful instinct for a life of liberty, which formed the happiness and pride of their forefathers. Do you want to see the ancient Athenians? If so, go to Athens, collect all your

historical knowledge, recall all those details of private life which the scene and books give, and which are more precious than history itself or rather are the ethnographical history of a nation. Then study the modern Greek, now he has overthrown a senseless dominion, and is a free Hellene in that beautiful country which was the classical land of liberty, and you will find the people intelligent, *spirituel*, brilliant, quick, passionately devoted to forensic struggles, loving art and literature, and showing by the grace and richness even of their dress, that they carry in themselves the future of a great nation.

There is no people in Europe whose national appearance is more noble, and has more real dignity, than that of Greece. M. de Lamartine, who, in the first days of their independence, saw these representatives of an energetic people assembled at Napoli di Romania, in a palace made of wretched planks, was struck by it, although elsewhere he shows himself far from favourable to the Greeks. The nation will obtain undying glory, from having resolved, on awaking, that in public affairs, and in good society, only the language of ancient Greece should be spoken. And this resolution was not a transitory piece of pride, but has been fully realized. You may, when you please, go and

still hear the affairs of the Greek nation discussed in the language of Pericles and Demosthenes.

The manners of the young Greeks are easy. We must forgive them a little affectation, and, to speak my mind fully, something feminine. A certain kind of grace is not intended for man; his proper character is nobility, dignity, distinction. The young Greeks pay too much attention to elegance. The Greek dress consists of a close coat, fitting tightly to the figure, a white tunic folded in numerous folds, and reaching down to the knees, called a fustanel, and gaiters without buttons, which go from the knee down to the shoe. The gaiters and the close coat are made of cloth, covered with embroidery, and arabesque ornaments very delicately worked and extremely fine. A Greek dress, such as this, is sometimes worth, from the richness of the embroidery, two thousand francs. The fustanel is loose from the girdle. M. Kopaniza measured for us the quantity of stuff in his fustanel. It is one of the most elegant dresses that can be worn. Nevertheless I prefer the rich dress, consisting of the kafieh, the robe, and the machla, such as is worn in the East, amongst the Arab tribes.

The places of general resort at Athens are the cafés, the square close to the market, and the large transverse street leading to the Tower

of the Winds. Their favourite game is dominoes. From hatred of the Turks, their ancient oppressors, they have given up a host of customs, brought in by them. I am surprised that they have preserved the Turkish chaplet, which consists of beads threaded upon a silk cord, which they finger perpetually from morning to night, at home and in the streets. It seems to me like carrying in one's hands a patent of carelessness and idleness. The Turks, at the least, repeat some verses of the Koran upon their chaplets, like the Ave-Maria is said amongst us; but it is far too puerile to finger this trumpery plaything merely for the sake of a good attitude in the street.

I very often noticed the liking of the Greeks for bodily movement, lively conversation, and everything which excites mental pleasure or bodily activity. They might be called a nation of young men, taking up arms with delight for the first time. A Greek does not think himself a man except he has a gun on his shoulder, and pistols and dagger in his belt.

They are, like the Arabs, extremely temperate. They are accustomed to a life of hardship, are not at all ambitious, and their mean houses seem to them like palaces. Under so genial a climate, they lead the careless and adventurous life of a savage. They have all

the tastes for it. Agricultural labour is most repugnant to them. If they come upon a large stone in ploughing, they go round it rather than throw the stone out of the field; if it is a small clump of shrubs, they do not pull it up; to do this a pick-axe would be wanted, and that is too heavy to handle. They are satisfied with ploughing close to it, and the triumphant shrubs receive greater strength from the earth which has been stirred up at their roots. They are never known to remove the stones which fall down from the mountains and block up the roads.

I noticed a little activity only in the trading towns. At Tripolizza, Mistra, Vostiza, and Argos, the Greek traders were in their shops, and appeared to like work.

The Lacedemonians are the finest Greek race. The mountaineers of Taygetus, and the inhabitants of Sparta and of Mistra, are remarkably handsome men. I cannot say so much of the women. It is rare to find among them any strikingly beautiful. Their dress is generally very untidy, and sometimes they are so dirty as to be repulsive. They do not often, however, appear in public. Men only are seen in the streets of the towns, and they are always out of doors.

We had an opportunity of seeing the national

dances at the house of Antonio, who, before our departure, gave a soirée on our account. We went to the house of our illustrious friend in an open carriage, and found that he had assembled Constantine, our cook, and the agoyats of the expedition. Their relations and friends, with their wives and daughters, had been invited. All this *beau monde* of Athens was in holiday dress. In honour of our party there was a good deal of Greek music, and of Greek dances. Antonio laughed in his sleeve, as he served us with his hot wine. We had no scruple about taking it; he had made us earn it by not a few privations. We noticed some national airs of an expressive character, which might be traced back to antiquity, as well as some dances. I left the small room, in which we were choking, at an early hour, and went, in a splendid night, to obtain a far greater sight, the view of the Acropolis.

We took leave of our friends at Athens, of our good Colonel Touret, who loves the Greeks like his own children, and of M. Sabatier, one of the most intelligent representatives of France in the East. I went to shake hands with the curé of Athens. I cast a last look upon the Acropolis, the Pnyx, and the Areopagus, and we set out.

Following the route by which we had first

entered Athens, we soon reached the Piræus. The Greeks, knowing that M. Delessert was taking away in his carpet-bag a magnificent collection of silver coins, endeavoured to steal it. They made a mistake, and took mine. It contained a valuable note-book, in which were my notes and sketches. It was a loss that I deeply felt, but which I repaired by the help of my learned friend's notes. I did not bear very much malice against the Greeks on this account. The "Mahmoudié" took us on board, and brought us to Syra.

CHAPTER X.

The Priest's Benediction.—The Bishop of Syra.—The Abbé Marinelli.—Decline of Catholicism.—The Clergy of Naxia.—Catholics of Greece.—Want of Literature.—Absence of Schools.—Greek Fanaticism.—The proposed Council. Necessity of Action.—We reach Asia.—The Oriental Race.—The Bridge of Caravans.—The River Meles.—Hideous Black.

November 22.—We landed at Syra. This time I made haste to go up to the upper town, where the Catholic cathedral and the bishop's house are situated. In passing through the lower town I went by the Greek church, which has been newly built. It was, on that day, one of the grand fêtes of the Greek calendar. I saw a multitude of the faithful returning from service. I visited this church. There was still a great number of people, who, before their departure, went from picture to picture, kissing the figures. I saw also some mothers, who drew near to the priest, still dressed in his priestly garments, to ask of him those benedic-

tions which stern men would proscribe, but which are, however, a consolation amidst the troubles of this life, and the secret sorrows of the heart, because they awaken hope. This pious ceremony, the particulars of which I have forgotten, affected me greatly.

The church is rich and extensive. I examined the pictures in it, which did not strike me greatly, except to see the precision with which the Greek painters have preserved the religious types which have been handed down by tradition. Contrary to what is the case in France, where the women form the largest portion of the congregation in our churches, the crowd I saw at Syra coming forth from the different streets consisted chiefly of men. They seemed to belong to all classes.

The upper town of Syra is situated upon the summit of a very abrupt hill. The cathedral stands on its most elevated point. The bishop's house adjoins the church. I introduced myself to M. Alberti, coadjutor of Syra. Athens is, as is well known, included in the diocese of Syra. This see is, therefore, of great importance; and I was anxious to test the information I had obtained in Greece on the state of religion, and the possibility of the reunion of the eastern communions, with the only Catholic bishop that I had yet met. M. Alberti is a Smyrniot, of

most gentle address, and most easy manners. I was received by him with that ease and noble familiarity which are peculiar to the East. He first of all expressed his regret at not being able to present me to Monseigneur the bishop of Syra, a venerable old man, of whom he spoke to me with the affection of a son for a revered father. The bishop was then taking rest.

The conversation then began, and I found it full of interest. We were in a large room, with very unpretending divans placed round it; there was no sign of luxury in this episcopal residence. Monseigneur, the coadjutor, speaks very good French. I acquainted him at once with the object of my religious researches during my travels. I communicated my thoughts to him. I begged him to give me as many particulars as possible, because they were to form the materials of the book which I intended to publish on my arrival in France, upon the question of the reconciliation of Christian communions. The prelate, with kind consideration, answered all my questions. I retain a very pleasant recollection of this my first conference with the bishops of the Eastern church. It was an auspicious beginning for me. As I was taking leave of M. Alberti, "This is not all," said he, "I am going to introduce you to one

of my most distinguished priests, in whom I have full confidence. He has been engaged for many years, as well as you, upon this great question." He then took me to the house of the Abbé Marinelli, who lives a few steps from the episcopal residence.

I found the latter in his library. I had hardly uttered the usual compliments, and said a few words on the object of my inquiries in the East, than the large and noble face of M. Marinelli seemed to light up as with a light from heaven. To the eyes of this man, imprisoned upon a rock in the midst of the Archipelago, I was like an unlooked-for apparition, of which for twenty years he had had a forefeeling, at last realized against all hope. "And you," he said, "are the man of the West towards whom my instincts have so often been directed. I said to myself, as I read over your books, your pamphlets, and your papers, Is there no one in Europe, or in France which gives an impetus to the world, who will have the courage to come amongst us ; examine the way to a great reconciliation ; prepare the world by degrees for its accomplishment, and speak himself, and urge others to speak also, upon the subject in Catholic countries ? Such a man is at last found, and you are he."

The sympathies of two hearts suddenly made known to one another, will easily be understood;

and the pleasures they experienced for three long hours, in mingling the thoughts which their minds had so long fed upon, looking upon themselves as great friends, as though they had lived together for twenty years, and in the same country. They have now only the remembrance of those fleeting moments which were spent in pouring out the same desires, and the same aspirations after the happiness of the Christian world. But they are joined and united together by the bonds of an indissoluble friendship.

M. Marinelli is about forty years old. He is tall, thin, and of a stern and intelligent appearance. He is unaffected like all good men, and modest like all learned ones ; he is, too, very frank, which in Greece is a very rare thing. I was told that the bishopric of Santorini is destined for him, after the death of his uncle, the present bishop. I have since learnt by a letter from Greece, that he has been proposed for the archbishopric of Naxia, the metropolitan see of the Greek Catholic church.

I was anxious not to lose a moment of the precious interview that Providence had procured for me at the outset of my journey. I put, therefore, a great many questions to the Abbé Marinelli. He has studied religious questions more than any other man in the East, and on account of his learning and piety is held in great

regard, not only by the Greek Catholics, but also at the Propaganda in Rome.

He gave me the number of the Greek Catholics on the continent and in the islands. It amounts to about sixteen thousand. In 1666, Father Richard, a missionary in Negropont, estimated their number at upwards of eighty thousand. The Abbé Marinelli attributes the decline of Catholicism in Greece to the religious orders who, from the 17th century, have been almost exclusively entrusted with the pastoral care of the churches. So long as a nation has not a native clergy connected with it by ties of blood, and consequently attached to it by the love of kindred and of country, that nation holds its religious opinions cheap on all occasions. The Catholic parishes of Greece were entrusted of all others to the Capuchins. When political disturbances arose, and the monks lost their hold upon the community, the poor churches were forsaken. Catholic churches have been lately found in Greece with the last ornament used in the celebration of the mass folded up in a corner, and untouched since the departure of the monks. The forsaken parishes grew weaker and weaker in their orthodoxy, and at last went to the national church for the religious succour which Catholicism could no longer give them. This experiment decided the question.

Only a native clergy have the elements of perpetuity. Rome now understands this, and the Propaganda has lately adopted the principle of native clergy for foreign missions (through the zeal of an intelligent and earnest Frenchman, M. Luquet, Bishop of Hesebon,) to be appointed to their office by an episcopate of the country. In this event the Bishop of Hesebon triumphed over the powerful opposition of a religious society which has always professed the contrary system. Rome happily yielded to the reasons brought forward by the learned French bishop in favour of this measure.

The Catholic church has an archbishopric and three bishoprics in the kingdom of Greece. Naxia is the metropolitan archbishopric, the others are Syra, Tinos, and Santorini. The late archbishop of Naxia died last June. M. Alberti, coadjutor of Syra, is become titular bishop by the decease of the late bishop.* M. Francis Zaloni, a Tiniot, is the bishop of Tinos, having succeeded as coadjutor to M. Gobinelli, who died in 1850. The bishop of Santorini is M. Francis Cuculla, a Syriot, maternal uncle of the Abbé Marinelli.

All these bishops, together with the bishop

* The funeral oration for this prelate was delivered by the Abbé Marinelli. It was published in the "Augsburger Postzeitung," No. 20, 16 May, 1852.

of Chios, an island belonging to Turkey, are suffragans of Naxia.

The number of Catholics in the island is, at Naxia, about three hundred ; at Syra, about five thousand ; at Tinos, about eight thousand ; at Santorini, about five hundred.

Naxia possesses a chapter. The other islands have no chapter, but their clergy enjoy the privilege of electing the capitular vicar when the see is vacant. The clergy of Naxia, like the population, is very much reduced. It numbers only six priests, who are almost incapable of discharging the sacred ministry, from old age or sickness. The Lazarists support two monks at Naxia, where they have considerable property. There is besides, a Capuchin missionary, and also a convent of Ursuline nuns.

The clergy is more numerous at Syra. It consists of thirty priests ; there is, besides, a Capuchin missionary living in the convent, which is under the protection of France. There are also at Syra four Jesuit missionaries belonging to Sicily, two fathers and two lay-brethren.

The clergy of Tinos is also very numerous : it numbers upwards of thirty-five priests, who have the pastoral charge of the different villages in the island.

The clergy of Santorini is about twenty priests ; there are also two Lazarists, with some

sisters of charity, and a convent of Dominicans.

There are very few Catholics in continental Greece. The Bishop of Syra is honoured with the title of Apostolical Delegate for continental Greece, and those countries belonging to Greece to which the jurisdiction of the other bishops does not extend. This title was given to the Bishop of Syra by Gregory XVI, in 1834. There are some Catholic missions in Attica and in Peloponnesus, served by Syriot missionaries; at Athens, on the Piræus; at Heraclion, in Attica (a Bavarian colony); in the Morea, at Patras, Nauplia, and Navarino, which last is, at present, vacant. The Catholic population of the continent of Greece is estimated at two thousand five hundred souls.

The Greek clergy, not Catholic, had lately seen the number of their bishops reduced to five; a law brought before the Chambers has now raised the number to twenty-four; twenty for continental Greece and the Morea, and four for the Archipelago; that is, for Syra, Naxia, Andros, and Santorini. Of these, eleven are archbishops; they fill the sees of Corinth, and the chief seats of the nomarchies; the metropolitan is the bishop of the capital for the time being.

The inferior clergy is very numerous in Greece,

and new priests are frequently ordained. The clergy, in general, have no ecclesiastical instruction. They were fanatical, credulous, ignorant, and hardly moral. But they are now about to rise again, by their schools, seminaries, colleges, and universities, if not in morals and piety, at least in education. One day they will be able to contest the palm of learning with the Catholic clergy.

The Abbé Marinelli has often pointed out these facts to the congregation of the Propaganda at Rome, and has requested them to take into consideration some measures for restoring the ascendancy of the Catholic clergy; but nothing has yet been done.

The Greek Catholics are without schools, colleges, or universities; they have only some small Lancasterian schools for children. There are no longer any seminaries for the clergy. The one at Syra was given up about two years ago, from want of funds. Naxia and Santorini are altogether without any. At Tinos, there is a defunct diocesan seminary. The Greeks, on the contrary, have well-organized schools, gymnasias, and colleges, with a good staff of professors, seminaries for the clergy, and Otho's University at Athens.

The Catholics are in want of: 1st, a printing-

office; 2nd, newspapers, and other periodical publications, religious and political, which would have immense influence in the heart of the nation; 3rd, books of controversy and of religious instruction in their own language. The Abbé Marinelli insisted greatly upon these three points; he understands all the importance of the religious press in modern times, and is convinced that its action must powerfully favour the apostolate. A Catholic paper, published at Athens, in the national language, not the organ of a backward party, but which developed the broad and advanced principles of Catholicism, would soon exert great influence throughout Greece, and would prepare the way for the reconciliation of the two churches. Books of controversy, written in a judicious and temperate manner, respectful towards individuals, and tolerant towards men's intentions, would be read also, and become a powerful arm in favour of orthodoxy.

The Greek Catholics are generally poor, which obliges them to leave their country, to the great injury of religion and of their families; a loan institution, founded by Europe, would be needed to support them, and make them advances at a low rate of interest, which would spare them from the stern necessity of expatriation, and

save them from total ruin. The Greeks, on the contrary, are rich in landed property, or become so by commerce.

Some educated men would be required in Catholic Greece. The want of knowledge every day lowers their religious and political position. From lack of regular seminaries, the Catholic clergy of Greece, apart from some small and honourable exceptions, are ignorant, but generally of exemplary morals, and desirous of improvement; but they are without the necessary means. They have neither private nor public libraries. The Abbé Marinelli selling his hat to buy books, proves how completely destitute the Catholic clergy are in this respect.

In Greece there are never any ecclesiastical conferences, diocesan visits, or synods. The bishops have not the energy and ardour of French bishops; they are good ecclesiastics, but there are no men among them of enlarged views or organizing genius.

An apostolical visitation would be necessary throughout Greece. Pius IX., acquainted with the wants of this interesting country, had ordered one in 1846, investing M. Ferrari, whom he sent to the Sultan in quality of Nuncio, with the title of Apostolical Visitor of Turkey and of Greece. But he came back without having accomplished this very interesting part of his

mission: the remedy has not been applied, although the evil and the want continue and increase.

Moreover, it is extremely important that an archbishop, an apostolical legate, should be established at Athens, more worthily to represent religion in the capital, as the Metropolitan of the kingdom. It is a want of consistency, and even of propriety, that Athens, the seat of government, and the residence of foreign ministers, has only a simple curé. For this important see a man of intelligence would be required, on account of his relations to the State and communications with other bishops. Athens would thus become a centre of religious activity. The Abbé Marinelli would greatly desire, on an infinite number of religious and political considerations, that the future archbishop of Athens should be a Frenchman.

At our interview we devoted much time to the great question of the reunion of the Greek church. The Abbé Marinelli is one of the Greek Catholic clergymen who, by his long studies, his ardent desire for the reconciliation to Rome of Greece, which he calls "his dear country," his knowledge of our language, and his high standing among the clergy, may have the happiest influence in this weighty question of the reconciliation of Christian churches, the

preliminaries of which I have endeavoured to prepare. I do not doubt but that Providence, who holds its instruments ready for its own time, has placed this pious and learned theologian in one of the islands of the Archipelago, as an advanced guard of Catholicism, or rather as a skilful and powerful mediator between the religious world of the West and the great Eastern families which are now separated from unity.

I noticed that, in speaking to me of the non-Catholic Greeks, he never used any of those painful expressions with which my ears had been so often wearied whenever I have had to discuss the question of reunion with those who were of the West, who take contempt and injury for orthodoxy and zeal. He frequently called the Greeks "our separated brethren."

The Greeks are very fanatical because they are generally ignorant on religious subjects. This fanaticism urges them to hate us terribly. To bring them nearer to us their ignorance must be dispelled, and thus their fanaticism. To attain this end, books written with great moderation should be distributed in Greece,—again appeal for the holy religious brotherhood of Christianity, rather than an instigation to irritating controversies. Besides these books, it would be important to establish a religious

paper, written in Greek, and aiming, day by day, with calmness and extreme prudence, to strike men's minds, bring them to meditate seriously upon the great question of reunion, and, at last, to make that question popular.

In the second place, a more friendly and fraternal intercourse between the Catholic and Greek clergy, would be necessary, to remove the prejudices of the latter by the knowledge, wishes, conciliation, and charity of the former. These are the very words of the Abbé Marinelli.

The œcumenical council would, at last, be necessary, the results of which would be incalculable for the reconciliation of Greece.

And these means, in the opinion of my pious friends, ought to be employed without delay, now the monarch is a Catholic, and would, consequently, offer no obstacle, personally, to the reunion; and now Russia no longer governs men's minds exclusively in Greece.

It is time to begin promptly and energetically to apply these powerful means, the realization of which can alone save the Church from a dreadful future. In his opinion, the execution of the plan could not possibly be too greatly accelerated.

At a time when the Greek church is not united, or organizing itself, it is important to take prompt and efficacious measures. Since

our interview, the Abbé Marinelli has, in his letters to me, always held the same tone.*

* He lately wrote to me upon this subject, as follows:—

“ My dear and excellent friend,

“ I have just received your letter of the 18th June. Continue, my dear brother, with courage and confidence, the great work that Providence has laid upon you. For my own part, although I am thoroughly convinced of my extreme inability to do any good, yet I devote myself with all my courage and religious zeal, and with all my might, to help you in all matters in which you think my assistance useful. I devote myself sincerely and entirely to the holy work of the Catholic civilization of my beloved country, and of the whole East; and the happy reconciliation of my separatist brothers to their former, only, and true mother, the holy Roman-catholic church.

“ Above all, do not lose sight of the grand idea of the Œcumenical Council. It will give rise to an infinite number of precious results for the reformation of all things, and the general reconciliation of men's minds to the centre of Catholic unity. Interest in this great measure as many intelligent and pious persons, and men in high station, as you can. Make it palatable, by all possible means, to the French episcopate. France will always be the foremost in great projects on behalf of Catholicism. Spare no pains heartily to bring it about by the intervention of the bishops before the Sacred College, and through it before the Holy Father—a great spirit given to the world for great things—a revered head, given to the church for the accomplishment of gigantic events. Let its accomplishment be hastened by the fervent prayers of pious souls. Let us commend it to the Father of Mercies in the unbloody sacrifice of human reconciliation. Let us not forget to commend it also to that Virgin Mother of the Almighty One, ‘*quæ sola cunctas hæreses interemit universo mundo.*’ Let us write and speak often of this great work. Let us end by making it familiar

He has not concealed from me the need of expedition. The creation of numerous bishops is a formidable measure, which will, in my opinion, either hasten or delay the desired reconciliation. Grounds for hope and fear militate on both sides.

From this it appears that while some little men in the Catholic countries of the West, waste so much paper, and produce such small things, in the East there exist noble minds who, from a higher point of view, consider the interests and religious future of the world.

It cost me not a little to say farewell to the

to all catholics; and let us trust in that great God, '*qui omnipotentiam suam parcendo maxime et miserando manifestat; et attingit a fine usque ad finem, et disponit omnia suaviter.*'

"I think, my beloved brother, that I have acquainted you with my principles, desires, and views. I am not sufficiently master of your language to explain myself more fully. But catholics, priests, friends, and brethren, plainly understand one another. Let us, then, go boldly forward.

"Read my letter patiently. I can only stammer out French, and I write these lines in great haste.

"Accept, my dear friend and honoured brother, the assurances of my deepest affection.

"Your sincere friend,

"L'ABBE MARINELLI,

"Professor of Theology, Apostolical Missionary."

In another letter he added:—

"I believe that there has been no more favourable epoch for this reconciliation than the present."

warm-hearted man who had just done me so much good, both by the sweet bond of a sacred friendship which we solemnly pledged to one another, and by the words of authority and experience that I obtained from his lips on the religious questions of the East. When shall we again press one another's hands? Shall we be permitted, after long efforts, to see the holy work of reconciliation advancing. It would be very delightful for the recluse of Syra, and the unpretending French author, to meet, when old men, in Jerusalem, at the sessions of the œcumenical council, in which these solemn words should be unanimously proclaimed: "There is but one flock and one Shepherd in the church of Christ." This is not impossible with God.

I descended in silence the sloping streets of Syra. A great soul, *vir desideriorum*, a noble, pure, and disinterested priest, had been given to me for a friend; in him I found an energetic and devoted fellow-labourer, who had felt, more vividly than I had, an inward revelation of the destinies of the Church in our time, and whose presentiments and hopes coincided with my most ardent desires and most cherished vows.

The "Mahmoudié" was waiting for us in the roads. We set out at the close of day. Tomorrow we shall awake in the port of Smyrna,

and I shall celebrate my birthday by setting foot on the soil of Asia.

November 21.—All travellers have described Smyrna, and this work does not aim at being a book of travels. The impression experienced on entering, for the first time, into a large Eastern city like Smyrna, is indefinable. There is a sudden contrast between that which has been most familiar to us, that which has formed the substance of our intellectual and moral life, that something which we call our civilization, and all that then strikes our sight. When a man has a certain habit of observation, he comes very easily to the conclusion that, after all, it is always man that he has before him; and that, after stripping off the dress, whose strangeness surprises you, you will find his nature the same everywhere. But Oriental civilization has features so at variance with our European civilization, that the least susceptible minds must have some time to recover from the shock they receive at the sight of this new world.

The first thing that offends the mind of a European, is the appearance of those white spectres, whose countenance, covered with a veil of dark gauze, is never visible to him. In the streets, above all, in the bazaars, these spectres,

called women, go and come, formal, silent, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, wearying the eye with the monotony of their movements and the uniformity of their dress. This brand, imposed by jealousy, shocks at first sight, and leaves a painful feeling on the heart. We cannot endure such a picture of degradation and servitude. For a moment, the reasons of climate, of propriety, of old traditions which sanction such customs, do not appear to us. We judge the East from our own ideas of the organization of domestic and public life, and in doing so, are quite inconsistent and unjust. I have often had to alter afterwards judgments that I had formed from the impression of European ideas, and to find customs that I had charged with barbarism, if not good enough to imitate, at least very natural and reasonable.

It was at Smyrna that I first saw the Oriental at his prayers ; it was one of the people, a poor Mussulman, a camel-driver, that afforded me this touching sight. The hour of prayer had been announced from the minarets, and I had stopped to look into a large court filled with goods. The camels lay down, and ruminated in silence. All at once I saw the man take off his cloak, spread it out upon the planks of a shed where he was at the announcement of prayers, and then, without troubling himself in

the least about the presence of the European who followed him with watchful eyes, he began to call upon God ; making the customary prostrations, and reciting aloud his prayers. I confess that this public act of adoration made a deep impression upon me. Prayer gives to man much greatness ! I saw a man whose occupation was hard and whose life was abject, seeking in God a mitigation of his pain, and an hour of reform for mind and body.

Smyrna is a kind of transition between cities completely Oriental, such as Jerusalem, Damascus, and the cities of Greece and of the West. In spite of the general stamp of Asiatic manners which are prevalent there, the city still preserves many European habits. We see plainly that it is only a rendezvous of commerce, a thoroughfare where the East comes continually for its mercantile affairs. Under this aspect, it has its special physiognomy, the relations which commerce has established between people of such different civilizations would be an interesting study. It is evident that rapidity of intercommunication, aided by steam, will make these approximations of different races yet more frequent, and one universal civilization will be the ultimate result. Already, in spite of the force of habit, which has such great power over the mind of man, the impetus is given, and every-

thing indicates that it will not stop. M. Bary, a merchant of Smyrna, with whom we had made friends in crossing from Trieste to Syra, was on his way from Europe on business matters. He showed us immense warehouses full of the richest silk-stuffs woven with gold, such as the East has produced for ages past. After we had expressed our admiration of the taste and fineness of these textures, which we had also admired in the bazaars of Smyrna, and which some of our party had purchased to give as keepsakes, M. Bary informed us that almost all these stuffs were made in Europe, particularly in Switzerland. He himself had just given orders for some when we met him; and he found the journey to Europe a very simple matter; no more out of the way than fifty years ago the journey to Lyons of a merchant of Toulouse or Bordeaux. On our return to France, we met at Alexandria the passengers from India. Amongst them took on board was a young merchant from Calcutta. He was come to spend a few days with his family at Marseilles, meaning afterwards to return immediately to his business. It is impossible to calculate the influence of these rapid communications upon the religious and social future of the world. Men of serious and meditative mind see in them, without fear, the first-fruits of the

most fertile of all revolutions, because it will be slow and peaceful, and its benefits will cost humanity neither mourning nor tears.

No stranger visits Smyrna without going to the Bridge of Caravans. On our return from the bazaars, after a charming visit to the family of M. Bary, where we received for the first time the usual civilities of the East, pipes, coffee, and glyko, we betook ourselves through winding streets to the banks of the Meles, a river famous in antiquity for the birth of the divine Homer—Melesigenes. The bridge which crosses it is the Bridge of Caravans. It is passed by caravans without number, coming from all parts of Asia, or returning from Smyrna to the interior of the country. It is, in reality, a curious sight. All who have described it, like the painters who have sketched the picture of it, have ineffectually adorned their description with the most brilliant poetry, or the most vivid colours. They have not come up to the reality. I shall not make the attempt; although I immensely enjoyed it. And the hours which I passed before this strange and animated scene have left an indelible impression upon my memory; yet I shrink from such a description as my readers might require. There is, in certain forms of human activity, as in certain scenes of nature, a grandeur before which we have to

acknowledge the powerlessness of the language with which we might attempt to express it ; and in this scene, movement, colour, form,—all is new, extraordinary, and fascinating.

Of many things, we say, that they are fine ; but in returning from the Bridge of Caravans we all had the same impression ; not one of us could utter what we wished to say, for we felt that the scene, so wondrous to reflect upon, would have been imperfectly rendered and almost profaned had we only said of it : How beautiful ! After I had leisurely contemplated, seated in front of the Oriental Café, the rendezvous of tourists,—the long files of camels which seemed more numerous than ever, and were in variegated colours, and grotesque forms ; and had quite satisfied myself with the singular sight whose strangeness fascinated me, I went with M. de Saulcy to the bank of the Meles to look for shells. There was little water in the river ; part of its bed was dry, and a somewhat sloping strand, consisting of grayish shingles, showed the extent of the river at the time of its great floods. I wanted to gather for my herbarium some plants that had lived where the greatest of poets was born ; and to connect, when in Europe, with these flowers, the remembrance of Troy reduced to ashes, and of Ulysses, returned to his country. But we had no time

for botanizing. Everything was dried up where we were, we must have gone up the river towards the mountain.

Félicien and I remained for a long time in the café, studying the attitudes and manners of the people in the caravans that were then staying there. We partook of some raki. A black, tall, and of a free and jovial countenance, dressed in the Turkish manner, with an enormous tarboosh on his head, came in a little while after us, perspiring profusely. We saw him pass unceremoniously by the various groups who were seated in the café, and place himself at the end of the room. By his order, a large bottle of wine was brought to him, which he emptied at a draught, with a great many horse-laughs, and wiping his hideous face with his hand. The lookers-on did not seem very much astonished at this violation of Mahomet's law. The features of this black struck me: I took out my sketch-book, and while pretending to take notes, I sketched this bull-dog face, the vilest I had yet met with. His enormous mouth was surrounded with thick lips, which projected like large swellings; his nose formed a protuberant mass, which was fleshy and rounded, and pierced with two small holes. He was a very remarkable specimen of a negro.

On returning, I found in the streets of Smyrna a fragment of ancient mosaic, which I have brought back to France, as a memorial of Ionia, so celebrated in antiquity.

We are to quit Smyrna. The "Vorwärts" will put us on board the "Stamboul," which is to land us at Constantinople.

CHAPTER XI.

The Dardanelles.—The Bosphorus.—Splendid Prospect.—Constantinople.—The Muezzin.—Galata.—The Archbishop of Pera and his Clergy.—The Armenians.—The Patriarch Salviani.—Father Ventura.—The Lazarists.—Revolt of Aleppo.—Decay of Turkey.—St. Sophia.—Present State of the Turks.

November 23.—We are in the Dardanelles betimes. I resume my notes begun on board the “Vorwärts,” on the voyage from Trieste to Syra. Notwithstanding the appearance of Asiatic Smyrna, my remembrances and my sweetest impressions are still with Greece.

Greece belongs to the East. It is the first stage marked out for the nations living on the shores of the Atlantic, when going to visit the cradle of the human race. It belongs to the East by its sun, its vegetation, and the race which inhabits it. Its shore is washed by that famous sea, sown as it were, with islands, between which it spreads its arms like large

canals, facilitating intercourse between many shores. The true East, where human activity is displayed, is not the geographical East, that is, Asia, considered as one of the quarters of the world. The East, which we have to study from a religious point of view, has no great continental extent. To form a tolerably clear idea of it, we must take the Ægean Sea as a centre, and radiate from it; we shall then have the Greek world, whose furthest limits are Sicily, Southern Italy called Magna Græcia, Greece properly so called, Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt. It is like an immense vase, the outlines of which we can follow. The nations of antiquity made this basin the theatre of their history. The geography of the intellectual world in the East has not changed.

Hereafter we shall have to study, after we have visited the Holy Land, the part that Providence allots, in our opinion, to the Greek world. We only assert, at present, its intimate relations with the East, from which it cannot be separated.

November 24.—We were now off Constantinople. The sky was dull. The immense city was spread out before us like an amphitheatre. The domes of the mosques, the airy minarets,

stood out from the horizon, and on the sea-shore, as it were at our feet, was seen the old seraglio, with its gardens, kiosks, and eastern pomp. My kind friend was full of enthusiasm, and called upon me to admire with him the mass of palaces and temples, standing out from clumps of foliage, and encircled by the sea. My heart was cold, and nothing interested me. St. Sophia, whitewashed by the Fossati, like an old country church which has been restored, had no effect in the distance. It alone, however, by its memories, with its minarets, lighter than the most tapering spires of our cathedrals, spoke to my heart. All the rest, even the Bosphorus, covered as it was with thousands of masts, made but a faint impression upon me. My friend was almost angry at my indifference. It led him to think that I had exhausted all my sensibility in Greece, and that I had left my heart at the Parthenon.

Constantinople has been too much praised. Its position upon the Bosphorus is doubtless enchanting; the appearance of the city answers to that of the metropolis of a great empire. Perhaps, in the time of its glory, under the successor of Constantine, it never had the aspect of grandeur which its domes and minarets now give it; they form quite a forest of architecture, and can be compared only to our cities of the

middle ages, with the numberless spires of their churches, their turrets, and the pointed and carved gables of their houses. But enough of this.

Do not enter Constantinople : approach not this seraglio with gilded kiosks, true work of barbarism ; do not look at these mean houses, where you meet with no signs of a people having life and feeling. The mosques are the fine part of Constantinople. Religion amongst all nations gives birth to art. The mosques that I so much admired are not produced by Islamism. Christianity inspired them. The Agia-Sophia has been from the time of Omar the unvarying type of Moslem edifices. Its architects were the same Greeks who had preserved the genius of architecture ; at Jerusalem it is striking in the Sakrah. You are almost in doubt whether the edifice has not been built with fragments of ancient buildings ; but the illusion does not last long. The capitals and ornamentation of an inferior period are very different from the work of the purer ages. However, it is always a fine art.

The only thing which is original in the mosques, which belongs to Islamism, and of which it has all the honour, is the minaret.

I am jealous of this for Christianity. How beautiful is the minaret. What a fine concep-

tion ! What a pulpit given several times a day to human lips to call man to prayer, and to chant to him the holy saying, borrowed from our sacred books, *La Allah al Allah !* There is no other God but the Lord !

It might be that the sight of the Stylites of the East, sublime fools who perched themselves upon columns, there to give themselves up to contemplation, also doubtless to speak of God there to those who came to ask for their prayers and counsels, inspired the idea of those slender columns, divided into several rows of galleries, upon which the chant of the muezzin is uttered to the four winds of heaven.

How poor is the effect of the monotonous bells of our cities, and of the country, despite their silvery tones,—our chimes of every sort, compared with the loud and harmonious voice of man.

When, under a pure sky and a genial climate, towards the middle of day, breathing the warm air of the East, and all at once, a sound of voices answering one another breaks in upon the silence, intermingling, succeeding, and harmonizing with one another ; you seem to hear the music of angels who have been sent upon earth to sing to God a hymn of glory, and bring the word of peace and of good-will to men.

Jerusalem was the only city where the chant of the muezzin pained me. There are so many Christian recollections there that the Mahometan origin of this beautiful call to prayer cannot fail to diminish its charm. But on the warm shores of Syria, in the month of December, at Beyrout, at Sidon, at Acre, this chant was always delightful to me and excited feelings of religion.

I sometimes compared the sound of the bells which have furnished me with the greatest joys of my life, which called so many recollections of happiness and sorrow, yet it was useless to try and feel a preference for bells; I came back to my former admiration for the voice of man from the lofty minaret. One is the sound of matter, the other is the utterance of the heart; one is an instrument, the other is a song; one is sonorous metal, the other is the aspiration towards God of his intelligent creature.

I sometimes remembered in the East when I was giving up myself to the charms of the muezzin, that in Europe M. Lamartine was charged as with a crime for preferring the human voice to the sound of bells. Exclusive minds do not understand some things. Besides, we must make up our minds for like criticisms. He who is forced to think like the vulgar, above all like the vulgar who have never gone beyond the

suburbs of their little town, is much to be pitied. In our northern and variable climate, the atmosphere so often heavy and rainy, the chant of man from the top of belfries, inviting the faithful to prayer, would be rarely heard; our immense squares, our long streets, the noise of vehicles and the din of machinery in factories, would deprive this chant of its melancholy and charm. Bells suit us; they somewhat drown the noise for us who are accustomed to the sound of drums, to the rolling of carriages, and to shrill cries in our streets.

In the cities of the East, the air is so calm and pure, sound is so quickly transmitted, that the loud voice of man can make itself perfectly heard. When this religious chant comes upon you by surprise, it is impossible not to feel an indescribable emotion. The Christian forgets that these words issue from the mouth of a Mussulman, and asks himself whether it is not the hosts of heaven again announcing the good tidings.—“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.”

The “Stamboul” brings us into the great harbour of Constantinople; the anchor is dropped; and light caïques land us at the quay in the suburb of Galata. In no city in the world is there more movement, or more noise, than in

this part of Constantinople. There is here an indescribable bustle and confusion ; the streets are narrow, slippery, and ill-paved ; the impossibility of passing with carts, forces the people to trust the heaviest loads to robust porters. Men of all races, and of all languages, clothed in dresses of every sort, were elbowing one another in these animated streets. You might note these various races : Turks, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Franks, English, German, French, and Russian travellers pass and repass. You are at a general gathering of nations.

This feature is much more remarkable at Constantinople than the city itself. I do not deny that the general view is a magnificent panorama. There are not two harbours in the world like that of Constantinople, nor is there any where a more imposing assemblage of mosques with graceful domes, pierced with semi-circular windows, contrasting their immense curves with the lightness of the minarets, which stand out from them like a forest of masts. Then all this towers, like a pyramid, to the eye, and is piled in a kind of disorder which gives to these fantastic masses a character of originality that would in vain be looked for in the symmetrical lines of our great cities.

However, the travellers who have given such a fascinating description of Constantinople,

visited it at the season when the Eastern sun gives the most vivid tints to objects. I saw it under a duller sky, and I do not wish to contradict those who have there, like our Lamartine, experienced impressions that no other place, no other great city, had ever excited in them. After the splendid landscapes in Greece that I contemplated with such delight, I was, perhaps, difficult to please. Stamboul, with the Bosphorus, was not eloquent to me like the valley of Sparta and Taygetus, like Athens and Corinth.

And then, what great event has happened at Constantinople? There the Roman Empire saw its decline, Christianity its decay, the Turkish race its agony. It is a city with periodical fires for its inhabitants and endless misfortunes for its princes; it has only the recollection of departed greatness. It only tells you of disputes of monks, or revolts of janissaries. It is branded with this word—The Lower Empire. Happy for it that it has St. Sophia!

Christian Constantinople was the particular object of my studies. To form a clear idea of it, we must trace every nation resident in the city. Before entering upon this subject, I ought to mention the persons whom I had the honour of seeing, and from whom I obtained the greater part of my information. On the day after my

arrival, I went to call on the Abbé Antonio Marinelli, brother of the Abbé Marinelli of Syra. I had to give him a very warm letter of introduction, on behalf of the new friend who was come to him from Europe. His brother begged him to give me particular help in my researches. The Abbé Antonio Marinelli is a missionary priest of the Latin ritual, attached to the church of St. Peter at Galata. There is no attention that this excellent man did not pay me. He placed himself at my disposal, with a kindness of which I retain a pleasant recollection.

On the same day, I called upon M. Hillereau, archbishop of Pera, and patriarchal vicar of the Latins. His house is at the extremity of the suburbs of Pera. I passed close by the Latin cemetery. I saw there several tombs of Frenchmen with Latin inscriptions. The Mahometans have respected the cross, which is also engraven upon these tombstones. The cemetery is not inclosed any more than those of the Turks. In the East, the cemeteries are large fields, which you may enter, on all sides, without meeting with walls or barriers. At Smyrna and Constantinople they are planted with cypresses that grow as tall as our poplars in Europe. These forests of perpetual verdure, which indicate the site of a modern Necropolis, produce

around great cities, and often in the very centre of the suburbs, a remarkable effect. Mussulmen never shun them, and seem to pass through them without experiencing those terrors to which we are accustomed from our childhood, and of which our riper years are divested with great difficulty.

M. the patriarchal vicar received me with extraordinary kindness. In him I found a man of superior mind, who perfectly understood the religious question, and who spoke to me upon it at length, and with remarkable impartiality and great judiciousness. Among the difficulties in the way of bringing together an œcumenical council, M. Hillereau places that of making the Greeks come to it. They would not like to displease the Emperor of Russia, whose co-religionists they are. In case the œcumenical council were convened in any city of the East of Europe, he would convene one in his own dominions, and oppose the orthodox Greek church to the Catholic church, which would render the schism still more violent. He owned, however, that this difficulty ought not to stop the projected council: that several circumstances might arise and render the opposition of Russia less violent than is commonly supposed.

M. the vicar patriarchal has with him a

cousin, the Abbé Hillereau, a man of equal ability, who probably is his vicar-general and secretary. He has no episcopal council.

The following day, I found at the house of the Abbé Antonio Marinelli, the Abbé Georges Dunavit, chaplain of the Island of Princes. He is also a Greek of the Latin ritual. He is an intelligent man, and of superior views. He speaks French very well. I gave him a letter of introduction, that Colonel Touret of Athens had given me. He accompanied me with Abbé Antonio Marinelli to the house of M. Hassoun, archbishop and primate of the Catholic Armenians.

M. Hassoun is an Armenian from Constantinople. He is rich from family property and from the revenues of his office. His appearance is mild and noble. It is difficult for me to express with what great cordiality I was received by him. Our conversation lasted upwards of an hour; M. Hassoun kept it up in an easy and charming manner. He understands French, but as he does not speak it so easily as Italian, it was agreed that he should answer me in the the latter language. He had recently been at Rome, and I found him acquainted with all the important religious matters of Europe.

We discussed at length the great question of the œcumenical council. I saw that he fully

understood its importance. He told me that he attached immense importance to the council, and that it would be a great blessing to Christianity could this project be realized. I was struck with the sound sense of all that he said to me, and with the amiable ease with which he sustained the conversation.

He had been elected, about six or seven years ago, by the Armenian nation, as their spiritual and temporal chief, with the title of Patriarch. But the Propaganda of Rome did not authorize him to take the title officially, although it is always given to him. The Propaganda was perfectly right in this. We must not multiply in the East these titles, which will only create greater difficulties in the case of a union of the non-Catholic part of the Armenian nation.

It is some time since he resigned his office as temporal chief. The person elected in his place, who takes the title of civil patriarch, is a simple priest, with no hierarchical station. Commonly the Porte does not allow the temporal chiefs of different nations to be laymen.

In his desire to advance religion among the Armenian Catholics, M. Hassoun had appointed, from his most able priests, six bishops for the most important dioceses of the Catholic patriarchate, in which up to this time there had been only simple vicarial administrators. He had

consulted upon this point the Propaganda of Rome, who approved his project and greatly applauded his zeal; but Rome and the worthy prelate had not foreseen that these bishops would experience from the dioceses to which they were appointed, so insurmountable an opposition, that they have been forced to renounce the thought of establishing themselves there. The Catholic population of Armenia has contested M. Hassoun's right to impose bishops upon them without consulting them, and without the persons being submitted to their election according to canonical rules. From this it results that the step of the patriarchal vicar was a grave mistake; at Rome, where ideas of election receive little favour, the difficulty was not suspected. He is positive that it was not so great as to prevent him from trying to overcome the opposition of the nation and its clergy.

I went afterwards, with the Abbé Dunavit, to call upon the civil patriarch of the Armenian Catholics. His name is Salviani. He as well as M. Hassoun, honoured us with coffee. He conversed a very long while with me, with that excellent and noble oriental familiarity which does not lower a man's dignity.

He confirmed the greater part of the accounts that I had already received, and furnished me with others of great interest. He thinks there

will be no difficulties in the way of a reunion of the Armenian nation, but that obstacles would come from the Greeks. He is persuaded that only an œcumenical council can bring about the reunion. He cited, as a case in point, the failure of the steps taken by Pius IX at the commencement of his pontificate. His Holiness had sent to court, in the month of Nov. 1847, M. Ferrieri, archbishop of Sidon *in partibus*, in the quality of apostolical nuncio and visitor-general of the East. The nuncio was the bearer of an encyclical letter from the Holy Father, in which he most earnestly entreated the Christians of the East to return to the Roman church. This noble step of the pious pontiff was generally attributed to the influence of Father Ventura. The Armenian patriarch received the nuncio of the Pope in a friendly manner, and politely accepted the encyclical letter; but, at his first visit, he did not touch upon the great affair. A second visit was to be made, but the Armenian patriarch refused to see them. The Greek patriarch received the nuncio with coldness: he took the encyclical letter, and after his departure threw it into the fire, in the presence of his bishops and priests.

The patriarch Salviani wears a violet coloured silk calotte. He was dressed in an ample violet coloured robe, fastened by a girdle of soft stuff,

and over this a violet coloured pelisse, edged with a little fur. He has a long beard, like all the priests in the East, without exception, to whatever communion they belong. He is a man about fifty years old; he was for a long time a missionary in Armenia, and administrator of a diocese. On our entry, he rose from a divan on which he was sitting. He was reading the allocution of Pius IX, in the last consistory, on the affairs of Sardinia. He walked up to me, and gave me his hand. The kind, simple, and gentle manners of these men of the East, singularly contrast with French gravity, which makes us take stiffness for dignity, and cold reserve for grandeur. One feels at ease with such men.

Before going to the house of the Patriarch Salviani, I had called upon the excellent Lazarists of Galata. They welcomed me very warmly. One of their missionaries who had been in Palestine, and had passed through the whole country from Egypt to Jerusalem, predicted that I should leave my bones in the desert if I ventured there. He was stopped by the Bedouins, although his caravan consisted of nearly three hundred persons, and without his intervention with the Arabs, who respected his person as a priest, they would all have been murdered. This account, accompanied with

very pressing and kind entreaties not to expose myself to such dangers, gave me not the least anxiety. The Superior of the Lazarists was, at that time, in France ; but his temporary successor was full of kindness to me. His conversation greatly interested me. Like all the missionaries and monks that I had seen in the East, he gave me a very high character of the Turks. M. de Lamartine has been much found fault with for giving them such a character ; it related chiefly to their honesty and fidelity to their word. The promise of a Turk is sacred : he would not break it for all the world.

He gave a very different account of the Greeks. A Greek will give you his signature, a mortgage, everything that you ask for : yet he will find a way to shuffle and to cheat you if he can. Generally speaking, I have found everywhere, but chiefly at Jerusalem, this traditional hatred of the Greeks. The misfortunes which the historians of the Crusades have attributed to them, are well known. As an impartial judge in the matter, I must say that I have found these complaints against the Greeks very exaggerated. I have found them nearly always springing from religious rivalry, which hardly knows how to hold the balance.

I learnt from the Lazarist missionary, that when Mahomet Ali, after having taken posses-

sion of Syria, advanced towards Constantinople, he had a good chance of being well received there. The old party was in his favour. His zeal for the Mussulman faith was talked of; and from hatred of reform, men were ready to admit him into Constantinople. After the reform began, it met with an incredible opposition from religious ideas. The men who supported it have to fight against their own convictions, at least against all the prejudices of their education and blood. Will they have the courage ever to fight? Some young Turks who were coming from Europe, and with whom I conversed sometimes on board the "Stamboul," told me that the ulema (Turkish doctors) were very powerful at Constantinople, that there were nearly seven hundred in that city, and that their influence neutralized the countenance of men in power, and delayed the progress of the Turkish nation towards civilization. The Turks were dressed quite like Europeans; spoke very good French, and apart from that distinctive character of nonchalance and effeminacy which is seen in the modern Turk, it would have been difficult to recognize in them the sons of the old Osmanlis.

The revolt of Aleppo was then making a great noise. It was generally attributed to religious fanaticism. The conscription had been

the pretext for it, but the true motive was opposition to reform.

Will the Turkish nation ever rise from its profound decay?

A hundred times I put this question to myself during my travels. And I always solved it in this way: the Turkish Empire, as at present constituted, cannot be maintained. This long corpse, the emaciated limbs of which stretch from the Bosphorus to the sands of Arabia, is at its last gasp. Its agony may be prolonged; but it can never rise again with vigorous life. There are whole provinces belonging to this empire only in name. Such is Syria. The Arab race is dominant there; and whenever it is minded to establish its independence, it had only to give a signal. It will not require, like unhappy Greece, a violent and desperate struggle.

All the intelligent men that we met in our travels, Englishmen, Russians and others, carry from the East the same conviction. The Turkish people is now arrived at impotency.

As an upright and peaceful race they deserve our interest. We see that they try to do right. They are not wanting in good intentions, but in activity and energy. The look of the Turk is mild, and his lips soon fall into a smile. He is silent, like a man of no ambition, no care about

the future. He is a lover of justice, and an observer of hospitality, like all Mussulmans. His trustworthiness is remarkable. In the great cities of the East, as Smyrna and Constantinople, all the porters are Turks. The keys of warehouses into which they go and come at all hours, are intrusted to them; and they have never been known to betray this confidence.

A trait of Turkish simplicity was related in my presence. A Turkish courier, the bearer of bills to a considerable amount, was stopped by robbers. These they took, and left the Turk to continue his journey. After a little reflection, the good man went back, and in despair cried out: "Stop, here is all my own money, take it, but give me back that of which I was the bearer; it does not belong to me." The robbers laughed a good deal, and added to the money they had already taken, that also which was so kindly offered to them. When they were afterwards arrested, they themselves related the adventure.

The prejudices of childhood have always represented the Turks to us as ferocious beings. I was much surprised to find them everywhere the most peaceable of men. I have seen them the same at Constantinople, Beyrout, and Jerusalem. The Turkish soldier walks quietly in the streets, as uncomfortable in his uniform as one of our recruits dressed for duty; you never

hear from these men any cry or quarrelling : they never offer you an offensive word, or a malevolent look. I compared them in the streets of Jerusalem to good seminarists, observing the rules of clerical modesty. I only once saw a Turk overcome with wine. He went down the Via Dolorosa to his barrack, which was also the Pacha's house. He addressed some words in Italian to me which I did not listen to. This man who thus acted like a European, by breaking the laws of his religion, had probably been a sailor living in some sea-port. At Constantinople I went regularly every day, and spent a long time at St. Sophia ; I measured parts of the building, and drew their details. The passers-by, the soldiers, even some of the officers of guard at the old seraglio, frequently formed a group round me, addressed some word to me which I did not understand, but which I considered very complimentary ; they asked to see the different sketches that I had made. Then smiling like children, they struck me gently upon the shoulder as a mark of friendship, when I uttered the only word of their language that I understood,—I am a Frenchman.

During my examination of St. Sophia, notwithstanding the imprudence of this step, I several times entered the courts of the mosque,

and twice penetrated into the interior. I doubly wounded their religious customs, because I kept my shoes on my feet, and my dress plainly told that I was a Christian. They obliged me to withdraw, but with no violence, as I had expected. I did not understand the sign that the keeper of the mosque made to me. He showed me the palm of his hand, meaning by this sign : " Have you a firman from the Grand Signor ? " I could easily have slipped some piastres into his hand, and he would have let me longer admire that marvellous cupola, the remembrance alone of which is delightful.

The Turks are a people in their second childhood ; they want to grow up again, and again arrive at maturity. But they must sink under the burden of an empire too heavy for their feeble shoulders. The Turkish nation requires the peaceable possession of the countries in Asia Minor, where it is now dominant ; but Armenia, Syria, Arabia, the islands of the Archipelago, and Turkey in Europe, should be declared independent, either with a native government, or under the protectorate of the great powers of Europe. It is absurd in diplomatists obstinately to prolong the seat of the Turks at Constantinople. They thus sacrifice even the true interests of this honest people. Give them, as Lamartine has poetically said, brooks and flowers ; consign

them to a rustic life ; but release them from the political part that you make them play, by keeping them, against all their own instincts, in the great civilized family of Europe, which they cordially detest, because they attribute to us their degradation. Besides, they understand nothing of the movement which carries us forward, and in which they find themselves out of place. It is the honest cottager in the luxurious drawing-room of a great man : he makes but a sorry figure, and is very uncomfortable there.

CHAPTER XII.

The Armenians.—M. Tchamourdjan.—Council of Florence.—The Procession of the Son.—Catholic Doctrine.—The Armenian College.—Scutari.—The Bosphorus.—The Caiques.—The Greek Patriarch.—Intriguing Spirit.—Theological Studies.—Catholic Priests.—Religious Dissensions.—Visit to St. Sophia.—The great Porch.—Porphyry Columns.—Ancient Mosaics.

November 28.—The Abbé Dunavit pointed out to me among the Armenians whom he knew at Constantinople, one of the most remarkable men of the East,—M. Jean de Brousse Tchamourdjan. He is the most able layman in the Armenian nation. He lives at Scutari, near the Armenian college. He is not a Catholic.

We were received in a large room, the only furniture of which was a divan somewhat raised from the floor, whereon the learned Armenian was sitting, having in front of him a small low writing table. He was surrounded with books and newspapers. I found in him a man equal in knowledge to the most distinguished men of

Europe. He shared nearly all my thoughts on the reunion of Christian communions. With the modesty of men who know much, and think they know little, he began, at my request, to give me the information that I expected from one so distinguished, and occupying so high a place in the esteem of his nation. I noted down from his dictation, for upwards of an hour, the valuable information that he was good enough to furnish me with. Coffee and Turkish preserves had been served on our arrival by his son, a fine young man, eighteen years of age, who in accordance with ancient manners, stood respectfully near his father, and from time to time, on receiving an order from him, went to the library to fetch the books required for the notes given to me.

M. Tchamourdjan is quite convinced that reunion with the Catholics will not meet with the least difficulty from the entire Armenian nation. But he does not think it can take place without the *éclat* of an œcumenical council. In the East many are kept away from Catholicism by thinking that Rome wishes to acquire for itself all the power of the Church, without respecting the councils for which Christians of all communions profess a veneration equal to that for the Holy Gospels. The mission entrusted to the nuncio of His Holiness to the

patriarchate of the East, would have been more successful had it been stated that the pious pontiff proposed to offer to the church of the East a Catholic representative assembly, to which the bishops of the entire world were to discuss with it the great affair of reconciliation. The Orientals, especially the clergy of the higher orders, always see in the Pope the patriarch of the West. They seem to have to treat as equals with equals. The rivalry of the sees is too much before their mind ; they have the misfortune to consider that a personal humiliation, a cession of their rights, and a renunciation of the glorious privileges of the patriarchate which they belong to is suffered by an acceptance of the supremacy of the Pope. In an œcumenical council, in the midst of their brother bishops, assembled from all parts of Christendom, where the papacy, represented by delegates, would no longer appear as itself the church, but as it is by its Divine institution, the head of the body of which the episcopate forms the members, the bishops of the East would find no clashing in the religious discussions in which they might take part. They would be then with the hierarchial rank given to them by the canons. The happy effect produced upon the Orientals by the honours shown at Ferrara to the patriarch of Constantinople, is yet re-

membered. Pope Eugenius treated him with great distinction. The Greek patriarch was extremely sensible of the respectful behaviour of the Latins ; and the impression he received of it contributed not a little to dispose his mind to the reunion which was proclaimed in the council of Florence.

On the other hand, the points in discussion between the two churches would be treated with more care, ripeness, and interest, in the long conferences of an assembly, than in a dry written exposition. A book can be answered, good or bad, with some texts ; and by a little scholastic subtilty, we can get out of it. At the great and serious struggles of a council, tricks of the pen are of little use. There men must speak plainly, and state precisely the teaching of the fathers, and the traditions of the church. After some time, the powerful current of Catholic feeling would be established between these men, and cause on all sides great admissions, which are almost irresistible, when men of sound judgment throw a flood of light upon truths which, up to that time, were imperfectly explained.

Of this we have a most striking example in the contests of this council of Florence.

The chief question between the Eastern and Latin churches was the addition of " filioque " to the Nicene Creed ; the denial of the Eastern

church that the Spirit proceeds from the Son. The discussion was long, and occupied a considerable number of sittings; but it was carried on with a force, clearness, and method which would, perhaps, be difficult to find in a council in our day. The Latin theologians held,—and on this point they had numberless testimonies from Holy Scripture and the fathers of the two churches,—that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Son as well as from the Father.

The Eastern doctors held that there were not two causes,—two principles,—of the Holy Spirit; (a doctrine which they believed was taught by the Latins); but one and the same spiration.

The Latins feared that the Son was not made a cause and principle as well as the Father; the Greeks feared that two principles were given to the Holy Spirit, and this would have destroyed the unity in the Divine Trinity.

Now the question was admirably cleared up in the council; and it was admitted by the Latins that the Holy Spirit, which proceeds from the Son as well as from the Father, is one Spirit.

So that it would be heresy to say that the Son has a distinct spirit from the spirit of the Father, a proposition which was abhorrent to the Greeks, and which they formally rejected; and so that it would be another heresy to say that the Son has not the spirit of the Father,—

a point, which the Latins reproached the Greeks with believing, when they rejected the “*filioque procedit*” of the Creed.

The Catholic doctrine brought out by this discussion was this: the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son; this is the opinion of the Latins;—but it is the Spirit of the Father which proceeds through the Son; this is what the Greeks meant.

M. Tchamourdjan may, perhaps, be regarded as the true representative of the Armenian nation not in unity. He has studied its spirit. He is the principal editor of the Armenian journal published at Constantinople; and we know the action of the periodical press upon a people in the condition of the Armenians. I ought to mention those conditions, as I understand them, notwithstanding M. Tchamourdjan’s extreme prudence on this point.

Before the charter of emancipation given to the non-Mussulman subjects of the Turkish empire, the Armenians had, like all other Christians, a precarious position at Constantinople. It was only by skill, and patience, and even deceit, that the nation somewhat supported itself. It is true it had in hand a powerful lever, which was turned to account in weighty circumstances, but it was always at a great sacrifice. This lever is gold; and we know what this will do in

the East. The charter of emancipation has remarkably raised the Armenian nation, and has prepared for it a marked preponderance in the future. The larger fortunes of the empire are in their hands: the Armenians are the financiers, the capitalists, the richest and most able merchants of Constantinople.

But separation from Rome deprives the nation of powerful support. The Armenians are, like the Jews, a nation by themselves; a large family, which is perpetuated, and continues to increase, by a tenacious spirit of nationality and indomitable perseverance; but there are only a million and a half in the empire. The schism keeps them weak, and restricted to their own resources. Men of intelligence among them (and of them there are a considerable number) do not dissemble what influence they would obtain in a little time if their union with the West took place. The religious movement would favour the commercial; their political influence would be increased by the impulse the nation would receive from participating in the great work now carried on in the heart of the West. Open, so to say, to France, as a friend, it would acquire, by intercourse with us, that spirit of enterprise in which they are now deficient; it would begin, perhaps, very soon a system of political emancipation, in which its nationality

would be acknowledged, and its limits upon the map of native peoples be marked out, were the Turkish empire to come all at once to complete destruction. The support, the protection, the sympathies of France, would reach them as naturally as the Libaneots, whose independence, in the heart of their mountains, we have maintained by a skilful and honourable system.

The Armenians understand all this; they come likewise naturally to us: they have colleges in Europe, where their young men acquire our manners, ideas, and civilization. The Mekitarists, who are at the head of them, form a religious society, having the twofold happiness of being strongly attached to the political and religious nationality of their country, and of understanding, even temporally, all the advantage of union with the church of the West. They are well-informed men, and know that religious differences are not a great obstacle, now that they will be opposed by great interests; and that even self-love will be in favour of a reconciliation.

It will be seen, then, that as often as I have had to confer with Armenians, whether the superior clergy or influential laymen, I have only met with favour.

It would be sad not to know how to obtain some good from such providential circumstances.

The Catholic Armenians are already very numerous. At Constantinople they amount to twenty thousand, and about seventy thousand are spread throughout the empire, particularly in Asia Minor.

I particularly remarked the kind and warm welcome that the Armenians not in union give to Catholics. Not to speak of myself, I saw some religious Mekitarists received, with every kind of respect, at the college of Scutari, when I visited it with M. Tchamourdjan. He himself proposed to me to visit this fine establishment, of which he was Professor. It appeared that the elders of the nation feared his influence, and suspected his liberal opinions. He no longer fills any chair there. The young Armenians are in a large hall, clean and airy, where they have a desk which holds their books, and is used also as a closet, upon which they work. Their beds are on one side. I was struck with the type of their countenance; they are all alike; one would say they were brothers. A round face, common-place but mild features, large and open eyes, a mouth indicating good nature; these are the characteristics of this race in youth; but it seemed to me to lack energy and enterprize. The people of the East are like the palm-tree; they want the hand of Providence to take thither the men of the West, and give them the fertility

of intelligence. The two Armenian Mekitarist priests that I saw at the college of Scutari were from Vienna, where they have a convent. They wear the dress of Armenian priests, excepting the black cap covered with a veil; they have adopted the broad-brimmed hat, turned up a little at the sides. They were to leave on the third day after, at the same time as ourselves, for Smyrna. Their manners were easy; and their whole appearance was very imposing. The priest, more than any one else, needs to travel.

Before leaving us, M. Tchamourdjan and I promised mutually a strong and lasting friendship. He kindly offered to correspond with me upon the great question of the reunion of the Armenian nation. He has kept his word; and the favourable disposition which he showed me when I had the pleasure of seeing him has not changed.

If the œcumenical council were convoked for a rather distant period,—for instance, in ten to fifteen years' time,—M. Tchamourdjan would labour strenuously to prepare the preliminaries of the reconciliation. He has all the breadth of mind necessary for such a task, and the particular tact which such an important mediation needs. Providence selects its men.

Scutari is a city which does not strike the eye by any remarkable feature. We visited the

great mosque, which is not an ancient edifice. St. Sophia is the type of all Mussulman churches; they owe all their majesty to this noble and judicious imitation. Intercourse with Europeans has made the Turks of Constantinople more tolerant than those of the other cities of the empire. The Abbé Dunavit, who accompanied me, wore his ecclesiastical dress; I was dressed as a European: yet we were allowed to cross the inclosure of the mosque, and we remained at the principal entrance long enough to inspect the interior. I did not observe the smallest sign of dissatisfaction on the part of the Mussulmen who happened to be there.

I crossed the Bosphorus in the same caïque in which I had come there. The sea was rough; the current frightfully rapid. Every moment the furious waves covered us with spray, and threatened to engulf us. We were sometimes obliged to give way to the current, which carried us towards the old seraglio. Nothing is more curious than these little barks, the prow of which is as sharp as the edge of an axe, and which, being slender and light, cut the waves with inexpressible swiftness. The two rowers, with regular strokes, struck the water with their light oars. They had on only a pair of linen drawers with large folds, a white shirt made of transparent gauze, the falling sleeves of which,

like the bas-reliefs of the twelfth century, were ornamented with festoons. The red fez covered their head. They did not wear the long eastern beard, but simple moustaches; their faces were reeking with perspiration. These caiques, with sharp and lofty prows, on whose inner sides are sculptured little garlands of leaves and flowers; these sailors, in such a charming costume, seemed to me like pictures of a past time, that we love to realise as fancy evermore surrounded with poetry, and which then, by their actual examples, corresponded with the picture I had formed of it. These boats are exquisitely clean. The Turks, who always wear double shoes, take off those which have touched the mud, and lay them at the farther end of the boat: they then enter, and seat themselves on a carpet at the bottom of the boat. Unhappily these charming craft, which are so light that two strong men might carry them upon their shoulders, require some precautions on going on board. They easily upset; and when the current of the Bosphorus is very rapid, they run the risk of foundering. I had myself some experience of this, and I was obliged to command the rowers,—who are ever imprudent because familiar with the danger,—to slacken their speed, and to get out of the current by degrees, to reach the part of the Bosphorus which is sheltered by the hill of

Galata. I was told, however, that accidents were rare; people always consult the state of the sea before taking the caïques.

I continued at Constantinople my inquiries upon the religious question.

The Christian population of Constantinople is considerable. The Greeks, not in union, are about 100,000; the Armenians, not in union, about 80,000; the Latins, 12,000. As there is no regular official census of the population of the Ottoman Empire, the numbers obtained are not always very precise. Thus, I was told by some persons, that there were a million and a half Armenians in the empire, whilst others raised the number to three millions.

The Greek patriarch is named Anthimos; he was about seventy years of age. He is an able man; he takes the title of œcumenical patriarch of the great church of Constantinople. He is the head of the synod, which consists of twelve members. These members are archbishops *in partibus*, whose dioceses are governed by vicar-bishops, called archimandrites. Each diocese has the right of sending two pupils to the seminary in the Princes's Island at Constantinople—the ancient Calcis. This seminary is kept up at the expense of the bishops.

There is some property belonging to the Greek churches, of which the bishops have the

usufruct. Each parish also makes an annual collection for the bishops. Four or five laymen, forming a commission, go to every house with a register, and receive the offerings of the faithful. The collection in the churches on Good Friday is applied to the same purpose.

There are some bishops whose revenues are considerable. A bishop of Macedonia was mentioned to me, who has a million piastres (250,000 francs) : the archbishop of Smyrna has a million and a half of piastres.

Every bishop is obliged to pay an annual fine to the patriarch, and this sum is considerable, because the bishops are absolutely dependent upon him. He can remove them at pleasure. To do this, he issues a decree, which is sanctioned by the synod, and the Turkish authority executes the sentence. Every bishop or archbishop gives money to keep his office; and the patriarch thus obtains a considerable income.

The patriarch himself can be removed by the synod, with the consent of the government. This happened a few years ago, to the patriarch Anthemos. The Greek nation accused him of having wasted six million piastres in the space of three or four years. It was a scandal to the Greek church. There are some national funds under the management of the patriarch and a commission of lay deputies; it was pretended

that Anthimos had gained over the commission, and used the money when he saw fit ; but Anthimos came into favour with the nation again, probably on account of his ability, and he was again nominated patriarch. The Greek administration too often affords examples of intrigues. The blundering spirit of the Lower Empire still reigns at Constantinople.

The higher Greek clergy, excepting the patriarch Anthimos, are not distinguished by ability and intelligence. I was able to judge of this from the answer sent to the encyclical letter of His Holiness Pius IX.* This answer, in the form of a refutation, has been printed at Con-

* We shall publish, however, this document at the end of the volume. If it have no great value as a controversial treatise, it will serve to show in what manner the Greeks not in union understand their orthodoxy. The translator from whom we borrow this piece, published at Paris in 1850, (F. Klincksieck, Rue de Lille, 11), admits that it treats the principal point of the controversy. This is an important admission. Once the question of the supremacy of the Pope is decided in an œcumenical council between the Eastern church and us, all would be decided.

The answer of the orthodox Eastern church to the encyclical letter of Pope Pius IX. appeared in Greek about the middle of the year 1848. From the imprint, it appears to come from the Patriarchal press of Constantinople ; and the French translator, whom I have already mentioned, says that it may be regarded as approved by the Patriarch, having been printed under his auspices.

On all these accounts the piece is important.

stantinople : it is extremely weak. It shines neither in theology nor in argument. The Greek clergy, who drew up and approved of this document, committed, in this matter, an act of incredible levity. We do not thus bind an important church with an historical past, by a pamphlet with no theological importance, in which the least prejudiced men against the Greeks cannot but remark subtleties, sophisms, and all the shifts of argument, where reason and good faith are wanting.

We may hope that there are, in the Greek nation, men of sufficient enlightenment not to accept this publication as the definitive profession of the church's faith. We cannot persuade ourselves that it has any official value. There are moments in which the wisest minds are under evil influences. This ever happens when they enlist in the service of prejudiced and traditional rancour.

Theological studies are common at the seminary in Princes's Island ; they are said to be somewhat imperfect. The only professor of theology in the institution, studied in Germany. His name is Tipaldo. He holds no place in the hierarchy, but is a simple layman.

The Armenians have a patriarch, who is so both spiritually and civilly. The patriarch of the Armenians, like the Greek patriarch, can be

removed by his nation. He of Constantinople has not the title of patriarch, but is vicar of the patriarch, who resides in Armenia.

The Armenians have three independent patriarchs, one of Etmiazin, one of Cis, one of Aktamar, in Great Armenia. The patriarch Etmiazin, in Russian Armenia, takes the title of *Catholico*, which means universal head of the Armenians. The actual prelate is an intelligent prelate. The convent of Etmiazin is one of the most important in all Armenia. There are found the best informed ecclesiastics. A priest of this convent studied at the school of Moscow.

The bishops are nominated by the patriarchs, and are dependent upon them. Generally the bishoprics are sold to the highest bidder. Sometimes the diocese ask the patriarch for a person whom they like. They obtain him ; but always have to pay for the appointment. This is also done in the Greek church.*

The revenues of the Armenian churches consist of the offerings of the faithful, lands, and other real property, the administration of which is intrusted to the synod. But at the bottom, the bishops manage them.

* A great religious dignitary in Constantinople told me, that the difference between the Greeks and Armenians is this, that the former practise simony 'più manifesta e più imperiosa.'

To be an Armenian priest, it is sufficient to know how to read. Thus, the ignorance of the priests is so great, that many do not know the catechism. They marry before ordination. Their morals are generally blameless. They are unfortunate artisans, or ruined men, who receive the protection of some bishop, and receive ordination from him. The faithful support them. Their children are generally husbandmen. Amongst these priests some are unmarried men; they are called *vartabet*, a word signifying doctors. They enjoy greater esteem than the rest, and out of them the bishops are chosen. These, in the Armenian, as well as the Greek church, cannot marry. Sometimes bishops are taken out of the monks, but with a dispensation from the patriarch, because the canons say that a monk cannot be a bishop. M. Tchamourdjan, to raise the Armenian church, proposed to the patriarchal council to give the most important places to the ecclesiastics who had passed through a course of study. His advice was rejected, and the old routine is kept to.

The Armenians, like the Greeks, go to church and say prayers early in the morning, and devote the rest of the day to work. Their liturgies go back to the time of St. Chrysostom.

They have two synods, one spiritual, the

other temporal. The patriarchal vicar is named Jacobo.

The priests of the Latin ritual at Constantinople amount to forty regular, and eight secular. The former comprise the French Lazarists, and the different orders of Franciscans; the others are the Græco-Latin priests of the island employed in the parishes. There are, further, two houses of the Brothers of Christian Schools, and two houses of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Among the Latins there are a good many Armenians from Aleppo. The Armenian Catholic patriarch was anxious to draw them into his nation, but they resolved to remain Latins. They preferred the general tolerance of the Latin church to the strictness of Christian discipline, still rigorously preserved among the Armenians. The Latin nation had, about twelve years ago, a temporal chief, who was a priest. At present he is a layman. His name is M. G. Varthaliti. He is paid by the nation whom he represents, and for whom he acts. Each nation has its council, which is also called a deputation. The members of the council are elected every three or four years by the general assembly.

The Greek Catholic ritual united with Rome, has at Constantinople only a little chapel served

by one priest and his deacon. The community consists of about fifty faithful, almost all Syrians.

The Catholic Armenians are much more numerous at this time: intestine dissensions disturb their union. These dissensions were so great that the patriarch was sent to Rome. The question on which the Armenians are divided is this: one party, brought up by the Propaganda of Rome, are bent upon abolishing the Armenian ritual, and upon Latinizing the nation by introducing the customs, ceremonies, and liturgy of Rome. The others wish to preserve their ritual and ancient liturgy. The learned and pious Mekatarists of Venice and Paris belong to the latter party. They are convinced that the way to delay and to, perhaps, prevent the union of the Armenians still separated from Rome, is to manifest a tendency of robbing the nation of its national liturgy. They know that attachment to this liturgy has been a powerful means of preservation for the faith, and they fear the religious indifference which might follow the introduction of a ritual to which the Armenians are completely strangers, however worthy of respect as the ritual of the mother church.

A pamphlet, written in Italian, and privately printed at Constantinople, under the title of "Il Mecharista," full of offensive things against

the venerable Mekatarists, has raised the indignation of the Armenian catholics attached to their national liturgy. They have complained, not without reason, of this malevolent attack. M. the Vicar-Patriarchal of the Latins has made an inquiry, the publication of which has revealed all the scheming of the enemies of the worthy Mekatarists. There is no doubt that Rome does not understand the importance of preserving the rituals of the different nations who return to Catholicism, and does not blame the short-sighted zeal of men who believe they do her service by imposing upon other nations liturgies and customs foreign to their education and religious habits. The venerable M. Hillereau took the side of the Mekatarists, and his presence at Rome will contribute not a little to throw light upon the question, and to obtain its decision in accordance with the real interests of Catholicism in the East. The triumph of the Latin partizans would exercise a deplorable influence upon the future. It would be difficult, hereafter, to speak of the union of the churches, after men had excited legitimate fears for the preservation of those liturgies to which the Orientals have been always strongly attached.

An amiable Frenchman for whom I had a letter of introduction, M. Louis Gardey, professor of mathematics in the engineering school

at Constantinople, was to introduce me to M. Fossati, the Sultan's architect, who had just finished the restoration of St. Sophia. I was very desirous to see this majestic edifice in all its details, and I could not do so with greater interest and benefit than under the auspices of the intelligent architect who has restored to this remarkable building some of its former splendour.

A preliminary call was however necessary, and I had only a few days before me. My impatience, which little brooked the delay that this step would occasion, had its way, and without waiting any longer, I began by myself earnestly to examine St. Sophia. In the plan of our journey, after having visited Palestine, we were to undertake a long excursion across Asia Minor, from the southern coast opposite Cyprus to Trebizond, whence we were to return to Constantinople. M. Saulcy had definitely decided upon this plan. I, therefore, left my luggage and my herbarium from Greece at the hotel where we lodged, in order to take no more than was indispensable until my return. We proposed, then, to ask for a firman to visit St. Sophia. It will be seen, hereafter, what weighty reasons led M. de Saulcy to change our route. We did not return to Constantinople. I congratulate myself, therefore,

that I listened to the impatience I felt to penetrate, at all costs, into this building. I should now have otherwise had the bitter regret of not knowing it. No one must speak of art in the East who has not seen St. Sophia.

I devoted my first examination to obtaining an exact acquaintance with the plan of the building ; the disposition of the numberless bays which throw such a brilliant light into it ; I made drawings of their form, whether curved or in plat-band. To do this I had to penetrate into the courts surrounding the mosque. I passed two entire days in the examination of the exterior, with my pencil continually in my hand for notes and sketches. The Turks seemed to me little to mind the presence of a stranger in a European dress, and wearing on his head the hat which offends their feelings as much as the turban displeases our eyes ; they let me go and come incessantly, without troubling themselves at my presence.

I grew bolder from this first expedition. Once I had obtained, by the help of my drawings, a tolerably clear idea of Justinian's edifice, which it is difficult, at the first approach, to separate from the massive constructions of a later date with which it has been shored up. I ventured to penetrate into the interior. It is well known that a man hazards his life who

enters this mosque without a firman from the Sultan, and being accompanied by government officials. As though I had had a presentiment that I should not return to Constantinople, and to obtain a precise idea of the building of the sixth century, which has been a type for all Islam mosques, I did not give any heed to my fears, and twice entered St. Sophia. I chose the periods in which the vestibules and the narthex, a large gallery on which open the nine doors which give admission to the building, were completely deserted, and in which I supposed few Mussulmans would be within. Success crowned my temerity. After having crossed the great and beautiful court of Chadirvan, in which is the great fountain for ablutions, I boldly advanced towards the vestibule by which the narthex is entered. The door is of bronze, and comes out of a temple of the best Greek period. We hope M. Fossati will give a fine drawing of this gate, which itself is a monument. We there see inlaid in silver the monograms of Michel and of Theodora.

On the arch of the gate facing this, and leading to the narthex, M. Fossati discovered under the colouring the portraits of Constantine and Justinian. I was going to penetrate into the narthex when one of the guardians appeared all at once to me, and murmured some words,

which seemed far from pleasant. I withdrew prudently, yet without precipitation. As soon as I departed from the vestibule, the good-natured Turk took no more notice of me. I then went out of the chadirvan, and taking the outer street, went towards the vestibule opposite to that which I had already wanted to enter. There I met nobody; advancing softly, not without a kind of heart-beating, I found myself in the narthex or porch, an immense corridor, sixty yards long and ten yards broad. In front are beautiful vestibules, the large doors of which are in plat-band, and adorned with mouldings, the outline of which is solemn, though a little overdone. The cornices of the doors were copied by the architects of St. Sophia from those of the temple of Baalbec; at least I believe that I found this resemblance in them.

This porch had suffered greatly. In the restoration of M. Fossati, it has recovered some beauty. Unhappily the considerable portions which have lost their marbles are painted in imitation of marble, which offends the eye in a building where the finest marbles of the East are lavishly displayed. The eye is offended with these coarse imitations of marble, in crude colours and in tints which remind one of a badly decorated theatre. The architect has here been

wanting in taste : it is so difficult to be moderate in a restoration. I could enjoy the magnificence of the porch. Nine large doors in plat-band, surmounted also with cornices with numerous mouldings, give admission from the narthex into the interior of the church. Five doors open on to the façade of the structure. This façade furnishes an example of the ancient atrium or vestibulum of the Greeks. On the buttresses of the façade, we still see the place formerly occupied by the famous bronze horses of Corinth, which are now at St. Mark's, Venice ; and of which we have a copy on the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel, in Paris.

I entered St. Sophia by the second door, which opens into the narthex. I was not then in the axis of the building ; but by the most singular coincidence, it was the most favourable point for catching the most magical effect of light in the building. I shall never forget the surprise I felt in the presence of this marvellous creation of Christian art. I had visited many churches, and admired many fine cathedrals ; art, under all its forms, in all its secrets of proportion, of harmony, and of distribution of light I had discovered in my researches ; and I could not believe anything was greater than our Gothic cathedrals, for the overwhelming im-

pression produced upon the religious soul. The Parthenon had already overcome me ; St. Sophia showed me what cathedrals have not, and the Parthenon could not have. St. Sophia is incomparable. It is a work of incredible simplicity ; in that respect it corresponds with the works of antiquity, perhaps, and surpasses them. Exactly the reverse of those cathedrals which open to one's view with their pointed arches supported by a forest of piers, and show you these mysterious sanctuaries only as you traverse the immense space round which they radiate, the Byzantine building appears at once in its full extent. You embrace the view in a glance: it strikes by its unity. The plan alone indicates this admirable arrangement. It is almost a regular square, which, however, by the prolongation of the large apse, is somewhat oblong. The width of the square is about seventy yards, and its length ninety-one yards. Four enormous piers support four large semicircular arches, on which rests the cupola. Whatever part of the building you look at, this wonderful cupola, all glittering with mosaics of gold lighted, by forty windows suspended from large arches fifty-five yards above the floor develop themselves with incredible magnificence. The cupola is ninety-three Paris feet wide.

A central cupola terminated by an apse the

middle aisle. The two spaces on the outside form two side aisles, if it is not better to consider their central part as the two arms of a cross ; and four arches at the angles of the square complete the edifice. What noble simplicity ! Then two side aisles, the arches of which are not very high, form above an immense gallery, reserved for the women in general : the roof of this is supported by 107 columns, eight of which are of Egyptian porphyry, from the temple of Ephesus, and the others of verd-antique. Nothing is equal to the beauty of this gallery, from the top of which the building has a marvellous appearance. From the place where I was, I saw on the left, the northern side aisle. The two columns of porphyry, placed on the two sides of the door in the north corner, were taken from the temple of Ephesus : the urn of Proconessus marble, seen on the right, was carried away from Pergamos, where it formerly served for ablutions.*

* In working on this portion of the edifice, the architect who restored St. Sophia discovered, under the colouring, the first mosaic, which made him determine to lay open all the remaining arches. This first gallery being restored, but still covered by a screen, M. Fossati, knowing that the Sultan was impatiently waiting for the day on which he might examine the works, sent word to him one morning, that if he would come, he might easily judge, from the portion already done, what the whole would be when the restoration was completely finished. An hour after this message,

The immense aisle was open before me, surmounted by its brilliant dome. There is no building in the world with such vast and majestic proportions. The volume of air contained in the edifice was coloured at this instant by the sun's rays, which fell in undulations from the numerous windows of the cupola and of the lower aisle on the south, across the beautiful

the Grand Signor arrived at the mosque. At a signal, the veil fell, and the padishah, overwhelmed at the sight of the roof covered with gold, as brilliant as on the first day, cried out, looking anxiously at the artist: "Wretched man! you have ruined me. M. Fossati then explained to him that this gold was there from the beginning, and that he had only to take off a coating of colour, to find it in all its brilliancy. This explanation put him in good humour, and he strongly animadverted upon his predecessors for having thus concealed these beautiful gildings and decorations. Then turning maliciously towards those of his suite whom he knew to be most fanatical, and showing them the large figures in mosaic of the old emperors: "Is it not impossible," said he to them, "in this age of progress, to conceal these precious paintings? Foreigners would look upon us as barbarous, were we to destroy these ancient works." All bowed, and pretended to applaud this speech. But the artist, like a skilful diplomatist, represented to his highness the impossibility of leaving these Christian paintings exposed to the sight of the people. In proof of this, he shewed him a head, the eyes of which had just been picked out; yet only the workmen had entered into this part of the mosque. It was important, then, to cover them, even for the sake of their preservation. The Sultan needed no second entreaty; and he retired, doubly satisfied with the man and his work."—"Restoration of St. Sophia," by M. A. de Beaumont, "Oriental Review," 1852.

columns plundered from Baalbec. No words can express the magnificence of this spectacle. What gothic art has placed between the sun and the spectator by the help of painted glass windows, Byzantine art has placed on the face of arches and of cupola by means of mosaics on a gold ground. To the windows their natural functions have been left. They flood the building with light, but the brightness they produce does not fatigue the sight, so well is it tempered by the pictures in mosaic with which the whole edifice is covered. It is more religious, more solemn, than the glass windows which darken to no purpose our cathedrals. Christianity cannot be contradicted by art; it is come to bring light; the art which it inspires ought to throw light like itself. Wall paintings and mosaics are the natural decorations of Christian churches; they produce an admirable religious effect; but they become an impossibility and a contradiction with stained glass, which changes their tints and destroys their harmony. They need, like the understanding of the believer, the purest light of day.

CHAPTER XIII.

Byzantine Art.—Language of Signs.—Mahomedan Taste.—
The Lazarist Fathers.—Eastern Families.—Rhodes.—
The Knights of St. John.—The Holy Land.—Beyrout.—
Curious Mosaic.—Our Companions.—Distant view of
Lebanon.—Khan of El Kalda.—Sarcophagi.—Itinerary
of Jerusalem.—River Damour.—Sidon.—The Latin
Monks.

I CAN understand why Islamism, with its monotheism, has adopted for its temples the type of the Agia Sophia: it proclaims, evermore, the ideas of the greatness, power, and majesty of God. The cupola corresponds to these ideas, and is their material manifestation; produced by concentric lines without end, the cupola seems to have the character of immensity. Science in our day sets great value upon our edifices of the middle ages, which received the cupola from the East, and have preserved it in its primitive simplicity. It would be a curious study to examine why Byzantine art, which is so majestic by its cupolas, and of which the West

offers some interesting types,—St. Mark's, Venice; St. Front, Perigord; St. Peter, Angoulême,—has not developed itself more fully, and formed our national architecture. It had on its side nobility, solidity, cheapness,—all precious things. The ogival art, that we shall soon see arising out of Arabian civilization, overcame it. The calm, contemplative, and solemn idea that had produced the cupola was not transmitted to the adventurous races who loved a brilliant, dramatic, and fantastic art. Notwithstanding numberless attempts, the cupola has always miscarried with us. The very remembrance of St. Sepulchre's cannot overcome our *penchant* towards an art which better satisfied our enthusiastic nature, and fully rendered our ardent aspirations.

After comparing my remembrances of art, and placing side by side all the religious buildings that I have seen, St. Sophia is in my opinion the eminently Christian church.

The basilica of Constantine, as I have studied it at Bethlehem and Baalbec, has more simplicity and nobleness: it perfectly renders primitive Christianity; it corresponds to the great sacerdotal figures of early ages; it comes up to the statues of Cyril of Jerusalem, of Jerome, and of Ambrose; it is pure and limpid, in point of art, like their eloquence. I am convinced

that the architecture of the basilica, which, however, admits mosaic work on the face of the walls, will, in more advanced ages, be the type of Christian art, which humanity, then Christian, will emulate.

The Byzantine church, more poetical and majestic, made for periods in which the senses required strong religious impressions, lends itself wonderfully well to the wants and instincts of our ages of transition. I am surprised, that in place of giving us gothic, the reproduction of which is an anachronism, men of some architectural genius are not inspired with the eminently Christian type of St. Sophia. Islamism, which, after Christianity, is the most spiritual religion, has found nothing better for its mosques; and certainly, no one will say that in richness and magnificence our most sumptuous cathedrals can vie with St. Sophia. An art which should take this model as its type would at once satisfy men of severe taste, who do not like gothic gewgaws, and of dreamy imaginations, who require gold, marble, and brilliant pictures to excite religious feelings, and suggest a spirit of prayer.

I remarked at St. Sophia, as well as at the great mosque of Beyrout, which I also penetrated, that the Mahometans place their mihrab, or sacred recess, which corresponds to our altar

and chancel, in the direction of Mecca, so that at St. Sophia the mihrab is on the south-east side of the building, and at Beyrout on the south. The Christians, on the contrary, build their churches due east and west, and do not place their axis in the line of direction with Jerusalem. I think that the same thing is done in other mosques, in all the regions where Islamism is dominant. The mosques of Africa, in the latitude of Mecca, would have their mihrab due east. Nothing is so strange as to see in St. Sophia all the faces turned on one side, instead of looking, with the axis of the church, to the east, in conformity with the Christian ritual. It is not less offensive at Beyrout. This mosque was formerly a Latin church, in the Romanesque style, with three apses. The mihrab is joined to the wall of the side aisle on the south.

I greatly wished to prolong my curious examination of the interior of St. Sophia ; but it was the time of prayer, and one of the guardians perceived the presence of a Christian in the mosque. I had very respectfully taken off my hat ; but this is not the sign of religious respect in the East. I ought to have taken off my shoes. It was on my part the same impropriety as in our eyes entering church with the head covered. The guardian directed his steps to-

wards me, addressing certain words to me that I did not understand ; he then made a sign which I did not know any better how to interpret. He extended one of his hands, and touched it with one of the fingers of the other hand. This sign meant : "Have you a firman to penetrate into the mosque?" (The signature of the Grand Signor resembles a hand.) I thought he was threatening to strike me ; and I went back and left the church by the vestibule at the north of the narthex. A little frolicksome child, who had followed me several times while I was sauntering round the building, came and offered me some cubes of the mosaics of St. Sophia. I bought them. These cubes are of glass, one surface of which is polished and gilt. They were hardly eight millimetres broad.*

* I must have the pleasure of enlarging upon the details of this curious building. I discovered the cross sculptured in bas-relief on three panels of white marble, which are at the bottom of most of the windows. Each of these panels is an oblong square, adorned with a framing. A circle, which takes up all the height of the panel, encloses the cross. It is singular that this cross is the Latin, and not Greek ; that is to say, that its foot is longer than its upper branch and the two lateral branches. These two branches do not join the circle which frames the cross. Neither of these crosses has been mutilated. I made drawings of several capitals, with capricious and elegant forms. One of them is formed of a wide corbel, on the top of which is the Latin cross, the summit of which is framed in a serrated circle. Doves under the tailloir fill the place of volutes.

St. Sophia had received all my admiration. I went, however, to inspect the mosque of Soliman, one of the finest of Islamism. The remarkable thing in these buildings is, that being of a much later construction than the ogive art, these windows are semicircular, while the broken arch prevails in the doors and in the galleries. One would say of some old Byzantine churches, that the Turks, after the taking

The architect of St. Sophia surrounded the columns with marble and porphyry, taken from ancient temples, with bronze rings generally placed, one in the middle of the shaft, the two others under the capital and at the base. One of these beautiful columns, decorated in this way, was lying down in the vestibule which opens to the east on the place of St. Sophia. I was able to examine at my leisure. I counted in the building 130 windows, the greater part with two or three mullions, which throw an immense light into it.

M. Fossati has just published, at London, a folio album, with views of St. Sophia, which are tolerably accurate. The drawings in chromo-lithography are very poorly done. Our Paris lithographers do them much better. The tints of the interiors are far too crude. They are not so aerial and blended as in nature. M. Fossati promises us a more solid atlas, by which we shall be able to study this wonderful building, which is still little known, although much talked of. The fortunate restorer of St. Sophia will publish his drawings quite complete. We shall there find those mosaics which, on account of Mussulman prejudices, he has had to hide under a slight coat of gold, which a sponge is sufficient to remove. He owes this compensation to science. We are not much indebted to him for a sort of bird's-eye view of Constantinople from the top of St. Sophia. We are tired of the picturesque; the labours of a severe archæology suit us better, but are still deficient.

of Constantinople, had changed them into mosques by surrounding them with galleries and porticos in the Arabian style. I at first thought so; but this idea will not bear examination. What has made the architect preserve the semicircular arch, is that the ogive bay is a contradiction to the cupola. These beautiful mosques, standing by themselves in the centre of spacious courts, surrounded with graceful galleries, supported by light columns in imitation of the ancient temples, and presenting at their angles the marvellous minarets, from the top of which man calls man to prayer, attest the taste of the Mahometans.

November 30.—To-day we are to leave Constantinople. I shake hands with the tender friends whose regards and kind attention of every sort have made my stay in this great city full of pleasure. I found them there, as though placed by Providence to give me most valuable particulars on the religious state of the East. Another horizon is opening before me. I am leaving Europe, and I shall be a better judge of it at a distance, than when I was myself mixed up in its activity, and carried along by the movement that seems to be its mission to communicate to the world. The religious question—the object of my researches—is no longer

confined, in my eyes, to the narrow circle within which, till now, it has been circumscribed. Many things which seemed to me impossible of realization, now appear under new conditions. I have, besides, fewer prejudices; I am less of one nation or of one hemisphere. I am become more a man. This change in idea, I am not the only one who has experienced: not to speak of those men of rare genius, to whom such travels through nations are like a revelation of great thoughts, few men have escaped from the influence of this commerce with other races. I was not a little surprised at Constantinople and Damascus, to find, in certain religious congregations, in whose bosom thought is always restricted, intelligent men who had broken the common stamp, and were, solely by the logic of what they had seen and understood, carried along in the progressive movement which is slowly marking the ineffaceable furrow of the future. The good Lazarists of Constantinople showed me, with veneration, in their chapel, the tomb of Louis Florent Leleu, their Superior, who died in 1846. The civilization of the East owes much to the liberal ideas of this man, who joined the breadth of vision of modern thinkers to the humble virtue of the children of St. Vincent de Paul.

The deck of the ship which is to carry us

across to Smyrna is overcrowded with passengers. Entire families are there huddled together under the sails, with their goods and chattels. The man of the East carries all with him,—wife, children, mats, kitchen utensils, and victuals. My fellow-travellers were able, at full length, to satisfy their curiosity as artists concerning these interesting groups of young women, who, there seated as on their divan, at last lift those jealous veils which strictly cover them in the street; the old men—heads of families—keep near these groups by way of protection, carelessly squatting down. The time of meals is that when these novel customs have been best studied. Pitchers of soft water have been placed with great care amongst the provisions. There is a great consumption of water, oranges, and dried fruits. Children play upon their mothers' knees. Amongst all nations, this picture offers the same charm. When night comes on, the party arranges themselves as they can for sleep. Cushions and mattresses are made ready. Families crowd upon one another; there is no noise in this human ant-hill; men, women, and children, take their rest under coverings. The strictest laws of decency were observed; nothing offended the sight. The ample garments of the Easterns easily accommodate themselves to the instinct of modesty. And these people are so

severe upon this point, that the slightest impropriety in looks, attitude, or language, would be a crime: a lesson for the people of the West. A similar crowd of French families, on the deck of a steamboat, would have given occasion to ten intrigues, and some scandal.

December 2.—We reach Smyrna. We spend the day there, and set out for Beyrout at four P.M. To-morrow we shall be in the roadstead off Rhodes. Night is come; the sea is rough; we must stay on board. To-morrow for the city of the knights.

December 4.—The sea is so rough on our rising, that we hesitate to land in the little barques which come for us from the harbour. We see it breaking upon the shore in foaming waves. It is a fine sight, for the man who looks at it peaceably from the shore. Nevertheless, we expose ourselves to the danger, and, after several attempts, the barques come alongside the ship; and we begin our course, rowing hard towards the harbour. We pass between the two moles which formerly supported the feet of the celebrated bronze colossus. Rhodes is one of the finest creations of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. The Turks who leave everything to chance destroy nothing.

The immense citadel is now nearly the same as when the brave knights abandoned it. They might return hither, and find their houses the same as they were three centuries ago. The Street of the Knights, silent and sad, seems to expect them, or at least some one to take their place. Over every door, a great slab of marble inlaid in the wall, bears in relief the arms of the knight to whom it belonged. You are transplanted, as by a stroke of a fairy's wand, into a city of the fifteenth century; and the illusion is such that it seems, in the midst of this solitude, as if knights in brilliant armour were about to issue forth from these pleasant mansions. This large and broad street—one of the most curious that can be seen—ends at the grand master's palace, the greater part of which is in ruins. We went to visit the church of St. John, which is now a mosque. It is paved with broad flag-stones, on which are engraved in outline the knights of the order buried there. The Mahometans have respected these tombs. We took copies of several inscriptions in this church.

At noon, we weigh anchor, and regain the open sea. Our steamer, The "Austria," is crowded with pilgrims of all races of the East,—men, women, and children,—who are going, like us, to Jerusalem, for the Christmas holidays.

The night is still bad ; and these poor creature have much to suffer upon the deck, where they are soaked in water. This sight excited my pity.

December 6.—We are now at Cyprus,—the little kingdom of the Lusignans. We have coasted during the night along the dangerous shores of this island. For fear of accident, the anchor has been cast for some time ; and at four o'clock in the morning, our voyage was continued to the harbour of the little town of Larnaca. We have a magnificent sun. We are put on shore.

M. de Saulcy bought some ancient statues, rather often found in this island. They are statues of Venus carrying Adonis, nearly of the same coarse execution as our small Madonnas of the middle ages. The resemblance is so perfect that one might be easily deceived, so much do hieratic ages go on the same principles.

We drank some excellent wine of the Commander's. It is red, tastes exquisitely, and is warm and cordial.

Spring is begun in Cyprus : everywhere we see leaves and flowers. We had a delightful walk. What a misfortune that these two fascinating islands, Rhodes and Cyprus, with their vines and palm-trees, are in the hands of these poor

Turks, who seem made to let everything perish. At night we leave Larnaca. I took a copy of the inscription of a beautiful funeral slab found this very year in the island of Cyprus. It is the lid of the tomb of Brochard of Charpignie; this slab is of grey marble, and is two yards long by eighty-two centimetres wide. The knight is represented in outline; his hands joined, the helmet on his head, over the coat of mail which covers him altogether; he is arrayed in a cuirass; he has the sword and the crown, and the arms of this crown are three *burelles*; his feet, covered with a small, sharp-pointed spur, rest upon two dolphins. The inscription is in floriated characters of the thirteenth century:

BROCARDVS DE CHARPIGNIE : MILES : R : PETRI
P...Phen : EPISCOPI : CVIUS : ANIM... QVIESCAT : IN PACE : AMEN

Was this Brochard de Charpignie father or brother of the bishop? The word that would point this out is in part effaced. Is mention here made of the bisop of Phœno, a small city of Palestine, between Petra and Zoar? or rather, are the letters PHEN of the inscription only the end of a word? This is a point which I will not attempt to decide. However, this slab is very beautiful. It is to be wished that it were brought to France; it would fill a fine place in a museum.

December 7.—The “Austria” has cast anchor in the roads off Beyrout. We are at the end of our voyage. Some claps of thunder,—according to the ancients a happy omen,—came down from Lebanon, the long chain of which was before us, half enveloped in mist. We also had thunder as a salute on our arrival at Sparta.

At length we touch the Holy Land of the East. We are in the ancient Phœnicia. A few more days, and we shall see Sidon, Tyre, Ptolemais, Jaffa, and Jerusalem: the ancient cities of these celebrated countries are only a few days’ journey from the place of our landing,—Antioch, Baalbec, Damascus, even Palmyra, if we but had the courage to go there.

For my own part, everything palls before the great image of Jerusalem, and the cities of the Holy Land. The few days of rest that we are to take at Beyrout appear to me an age, notwithstanding the interesting researches to which I devoted myself with my learned friend on the ruins of the ancient Berytus. He took a plan of a basilica, the thick walls of which are, in every storm, covered by the waves. Visits to the inhabitants of Beyrout, to whom we had introductions; delightful botanizing in the environs of the city, where spring is already begun, and preparations for a journey which is to last several months, fill up our long hours. At

length we set out. We intend to be at Bethlehem on the 25th of December. My beloved fellow-travellers desire to be present at the solemnities of Christmas. I am to celebrate for them the awful sacrifice, in the very place where the Saviour of the world was born; and to preach near the grotto where St. Jerome meditated upon the humiliation of the Word made flesh.

December 13.—I will not now describe the delightful Beyrout. We shall often return thither, and I shall speak of it with delight when I relate my journeys to Mount Lebanon, Mount Carmel, and on the coast of Palestine, from St. Jean d'Acre to Jaffa. I will only quote the words of M. de Saulcy, which express the first impression experienced on looking at Beyrout from the sea :—"A l'aspect sérieux des terres orientales déjà vues à Rhodes et en Chypre, se joint ici la physiognomie des bords fleuris d'un lac de Lombardie. Tout est verdoyant : les maisons, dès qu'on s'éloigne du centre de la ville, paraissent de charmants pavillons, semés avec art au milieu de bouquets d'arbres."* Such is, in reality, Beyrout, one of the most charming cities of the East.

* "Voyage autour de la Mer Morte et dans les Terres Bibliques," par F. de Saulcy, tome i, p. 7.

It may be easily supposed that we turned to profit the time that we spent there before our departure to Jerusalem. Near the ancient basilica, I discovered a remarkable fragment of a curious mosaic, which my learned friend has thus described, not forgetting my adventure with the Pacha, on the occasion of this archæological godsend :—

“ Cette mosaïque est très grossière : les cubes blancs et rouges qui la constituent sont inégaux et irréguliers ; ils ne desinent aucune rangée bien alignée, mais bien des tâches sans contour arrêté. Ces cubes sont d’assez fortes dimensions, et ils composaient une espèce de pavage dont nous avons retrouvé plus tard les analogues dans les ruines d’édifices bien antérieurs aux Grecs et aux Romains. Cette mosaïque, à peine couverte d’une légère couche de terre, forme encore aujourd’hui le sol du chemin. Ce fut l’abbé qui la reconnut, et dans son enthousiasme, il se hâta d’en découvrir une plaque assez large, qu’il résolut d’enlever. Le lendemain de grand matin, malgré les clabauderies de quelques passants, il en vint à ses fins, mais non pas sans éveiller les soupçons de l’autorité Turque, qui ne peut pas supposer que des Frandjis cherchent en terre autre chose que de l’or. Le bruit se répandit incontinent dans la ville que le pauvre abbé avait déterré je ne sais quel trésor. Le pacha

s'en émut ; il envoya un détachement de soldats et quelques officiers pour s'assurer du fait, et pour fouiller la place signalée comme recélant des richesses."* There was some obviously to be had for the trouble. I had carried off the real treasure,—two enormous fragments of a mosaic of a distant period, which I put upon the back of two strong men, and which we kept at our hotel to send into France.

The weather had been rainy for several days. On the 12th we at length decided upon fixing our departure for the next day. We set out in reality, but very late ; the troubles of a caravan of twelve or fourteen persons, a score of horses and mules for the baggage, took up a deal of time. M. de Saulcy has described, with his usual animation, the *personnel* of our expedition:—"Our Greek cook, Constantine, the perfect type of the Greek rogue—the most perfect of all rogues ; the under-cook, Nicolas, a Macedonian ; the most illustrious of all, André Reboul, a great Levantine, that we took at Athens, and who accompanied us with the title of dragoman : he was dressed like a Turk, and his costume, which was quite red, made him the most singular personage that it is possible to imagine. He knows Turkish, but unhappily

* " Voyage autour de la Mer Morte," tome i. p. 18.

is ignorant of Arabic, which is the language of the country."

The way out of Beyrout is delightful. In the foreground some large pine-trees spread out their heads like a parasol. It is said that the Emir Fakhr Eddin planted these pine-trees to arrest the sands of the sea, which, driven by the southerly winds, accumulated in high banks year after year, encircled Beyrout, and by continuing to advance, threaten sooner or later to overwhelm it. Not far off is a forest of younger pines. Beyond them tower the lower spurs or elevations of Mount Lebanon, and on the horizon, its most elevated peak, the Samin, covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. Add to this natural scenery, to which our eyes are accustomed, the sandy road, where the horse's feet sink down, bordered with cactuses, putting forth their flowers, dotted with prickles which sparkle like little stars; in turns, sycamores, carob-trees, bead-trees, a beautiful *cariophylla*, which opened on every slope of the road its diapered corolla, under a genial opening sun, on the 13th of December, and you have a faint idea of the sight which we felt so impressive.

I had begun my Eastern herbarium from the very first, and I continued it throughout the

journey, and found it an interesting employment. I gathered in these sands the beautiful cariophylla, with large petals, of which I have just spoken, a small *arabis*, crocuses, titymales, blue anemones, violets, and roses. The anemone is the flower lavished by nature in the East. It takes all forms, is decked with all colours, grows everywhere, and carpets all the roads. At one time it is small and humble like our violets, hidden under a bunch of leaves; at another, it rises broad, majestic, and slightly bending upon its stem. From dazzling white and tender rose colour to deep purple, it exhibits the richest palette of colours. Sometimes it grows alone, or in separate groups, vying in beauty and freshness with the half-opened rose-bud; at other times it stretches out in endless sheets, forming quite a carpet of flowers.

We were going to pass by the khan called El Kalda, when M. de Sauley perceived that the side of the hill, on our left, was a vast necropolis, consisting of a considerable number of tombs. He resolved to visit it; and it seemed remarkably curious. We decided putting off till to-morrow the rest of our route to Saïda. Our people installed themselves in the khan, and each of us began his favourite studies. M. de Sauley has described with great accuracy the necropolis of El Kalda. It is so far im-

portant, as shewing the difference between Greek and Oriental art in sepulchres. Here there is nothing which recalls the style of the Phœnicians, which we shall soon study. El Kalda, a Greek colony, buries its dead in sarcophagi. They detached from the rock enormous blocks, in which deep troughs are hollowed out, and covered with sculpture; lids are placed on the top, some of which fit into the side by help of grooves: these lids are ornamented in various ways. M. de Saulcy discovered only one inscription on these tombs, that of one Juliana. It was in Greek letters. He has given in his plates drawings of several of these sarcophagi. Some of them are not separated from the rock. They have been all searched without exception, at what epoch is unknown. Human curiosity has manifested itself there as everywhere. The Greeks now sell for a few drachmæ the right of searching the tombs of their fathers, which time and invasion have respected. The Turks, their conquerors, never profaned one of these tombs. They respect the sacredness of tombs. I could never consent to search one during the time of my archæological excursions. My curiosity as an antiquary was always overcome by shame as a man and a Christian.

We must do justice to the genius of the

ancients. In this city of the dead there is no contrast with the solemnity of the tomb. The type adopted never alters. The tombs are more or less great, more or less massive, but they are all alike ; and the holy equality of the dead is not incessantly violated, as in the cemeteries of our modern cities, where luxury displays a funereal architecture of a wretched style, and often lavishly displays the most inappropriate epitaphs.

M. de Saulcy determined, with a great deal of justice, that the khan El Kalda was the site of the ancient Heldua, laid down in the "Itinerary of Jerusalem. As we were taking our repast, numerous pilgrims came to the khan on their way to Jerusalem, for the solemnities of Christmas. They found no shelter. We occupied the two chambers of this narrow dwelling, and did not find ourselves very conveniently lodged. The poor pilgrims, men, women, and children, passed the night in the open air, lying down on cushions and mats that they carry with them, and wrapped up in coverings. The following morning their caravans set out before us. I rose early to go down to the shore and look for shells and marine plants.

December 14.—We were this day to sleep at Saïda, the ancient Sidon. Our itinerary brought

us on the following day to Tyre, and thence to St. Jean d'Acre, whence we were to leave Phœnicia and enter Palestine.

In his first volume M. de Saulcy has given the ancient geography of this interesting part of Syria with such care, that I cannot but refer to his excellent work. My two volumes would become too bulky, were I here to reproduce his observations, or give the result of my own researches. The reader should refer to the first volume of his travels for the very important geography of one of the most celebrated countries in history. I completed the work of my learned friend for the rest of the coast from St. Jean d'Acre to Jaffa. I followed the same method as he had, and hope that I have thrown, as he has done on Phœnicia, some light upon the ancient geography of the coast of Palestine.

I shall mention, however, the great cities that we passed through, and the places whose name is connected with some biblical remembrance.

After having crossed the Damour, the Tamyras of the ancients, a charming river, whose banks are shaded with verdure, that we were able to wade through, notwithstanding the rains on the previous days, we reached a delightful spot called Naby Younes. There, according to the tradition of Jews, Christians,

and Mussulmans, the prophet Jonas was thrown upon the shore.

I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the description given by M. de Saulcy, of this charming place, where, afterwards, our fellow-travellers, MM. Belly and Loysel, installed themselves to draw the scenery. The style is worthy of the natural science described by him. I made a fine botanizing at Naby Younes. It was the early spring of the coast of Syria.

“It was night when we entered Saïda. The character of the modern city, built upon exactly the same site as the ancient Sidon, is quite Oriental. High walls, here and there pierced with little windows, compose the houses. You advance along narrow streets as between the walls of two citadels. France possesses in the middle of the city a magnificent khan. It is almost an Oriental palace. A beautiful gate in the broken-arch style gives admission into a spacious square court, in the middle of which is a great basin of water supplied by a fountain. Some beautiful trees, amongst which are several banians with broad leaves, overshadow this basin.

“The khan of Saïda deserves description. We saw few in the East with so much magnificence and elegance. That at St. Jean d’Acre has perhaps, more display, but less beauty. What

gives to the khan at Saïda its beautiful character, is an immense cloister to the first floor on the *rez de chaussée*, which serves as its foundation. This cloister, in ogive arches, runs round the inside of the khan. One would say that it was one of the fine monasteries of the middle ages, but somewhat lighter and less austere. On entering the court at night, after having silently traversed the narrow lanes of Saïda behind our guide, this vast court was illuminated by a beautiful moon, at that time a little above the horizon ; the upper gallery with its thousand ogives, stood out admirably in outline. We seemed to be entering into one of those enchanted dwellings, so wonderfully described by poets and romancers. Nothing can render the effect of shade of these plantain trees, spreading out their verdure over the basin in which the reflected moon seemed softly to rest, and invite the soul to meditation, adoration, and prayer.

“After having dismounted at the entrance of the court, we went up into the gallery, whither our people had preceded us. We were led to a good Christian woman named Angiolina, the old hostess of this khan, who, forewarned of our arrival, had put on her trinkets and finery in our honour.”

On the following day, while our baggage was getting ready, I went to hear mass at the Latin

church, which forms part of this building. Some Franciscan monks performed the service. This chapel has nothing remarkable, excepting some wretched paintings, done twelve or fifteen years ago, by a brother, who was as immodest a monk as he was indifferent as a painter. He has inscribed upon the reredos above the altar, his name and the year in which he did this miserable work. I have had to forget his name.

The balustrade is of iron. It goes back to the early part of the eighteenth century. It has in the middle the monogram of Christ ; on the right the arms of France, and on the left the escutcheon of the order of St. Francis. I was pleased to find in the last these three old fleurs-de-lys, which recall so much past glory. When a symbol is dead, and no longer represents any real thing in human progress, there attaches to it a sentiment rendering it as sacred as the mortal remains of man. They were, too, magnificent arms, those of St. Francis ; two hands crossing one another, one white, the hand of a European, of a civilized and free man, the other of a Moor, of a man whom we wish to raise out of ignorance and barbarism ; over all is the cross, the imperishable symbol of all grandeur and freedom. All these are anti-

quated images of a past, which has had its glory, but which, in their powerful instinct of youth and life, time refuses to reproduce.

Hence arise the commotions of modern times. The past and the future struggle for the mastery. One of the two must plainly give way, and the youngest, on account of his vigour and courage, will have the victory. But what endless strife, what a gloomy spectacle ! How much suffering for humanity !

The Latin catholics of Saïda were present at high mass, which was celebrated by one of the monks. They were few in number. Only two men came in. They wore the Syrian dress, the turban, and the shoes of red morocco leather. I saw them approach the balustrade, in the upper part of the church, where the men are generally placed. They made exactly the same prostrations as the Mahometans in their mosques. They began by putting off their shoes, a great mark of respect, and bending their knees ; they brought back their wide drawers over their feet, to cover them, they then squatted down in the Eastern fashion, and in this posture made a profound inclination, and began to pray. For more than a half-hour before the mass, and throughout the mass, they did not alter this grave and respectful attitude. They never

moved, nor looked to the right or left. There I saw, in all its majesty, the religious gravity of the man of the East.

The women were more numerous. They occupied the lower part of the church, and squatted down like the men, making, after the Eastern manner, a great number of inclinations, even to prostrating themselves with their faces to the ground. They were unveiled, and a few appeared to me remarkably beautiful. They were not so grave as the men. I heard behind me, during the mass, some whisperings, occasioned, no doubt, by the presence of some young children, who never leave their mothers.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ain El Qantarah.—Sarepta.—Neeropolis of Adloun.—Extent of Cemeteries.—Antique Tower.—The Ancient Leontes.—Arrival of Pilgrims.—Ain el Barouk.—Ruins of Tyre.—Cathedral of Tyre.—Coast Scenery.—Solomon's Pool.—Serious Accident.—Omm-el-'Amia.—Beautiful Ruins.—Phœnician Houses.—El Bassa.

December 15.—We leave Saïda by a brilliant sun. After having passed the gate by which we entered the night before, we passed by the houses whose regular line forms a rampart on this side. The neighbouring country is full of palm and plantain trees of great beauty. I shall speak hereafter of the gardens of Saïda. At a little distance from the city, M. de Sauley copied the inscription of two fine military columns in granite, erected upon the ancient road from Tyre. They are of the period of Septimius Severus.

It is difficult to form an idea of the number of birds of passage who come to enjoy the sun

on all this coast of Syria, where such a general spring prevails. Lapwings, larks, and a great number of other birds, whose names I am ignorant of, flew up every moment, at the noise of our horses' feet. One would say that man inspired them with little fear. Indeed, the people themselves never fire at these birds. My witty friend explains this saving of powder and shot by supposing that they keep them for better opportunities, and for quite a different game. I failed later to experience this upon the coast of Palestine, after having come down from Carmel.

At noon, we had déjeuner on the sea-shore, at an abundant fountain, called Ain el Qantarrah. Nothing is so charming as this situation, which consists of a little creek, with sand rocks. I gathered some marine plants and shells on the rocks. I was able to botanize a good while in a rather pretty enclosure adjoining the khan El Qantarrah. It is bounded on the sea side by a row of large tamarisks, as large and lofty as our finest trees. Some goldfinches, with sweet, melodious note, chant the spring on one of the tamarisks, to console themselves for their migration, and await the time for their return to our climates. I saw frequently our swallows, which had flown from the winter, and were receiving hospitality on this smiling

shore. Somewhat later, in the heat of a devouring summer, no bird will remain upon this shore. Man himself, faithful to the wise law of migration, will seek upon the high hills for air, breezes, and shade.

We were then near the ruins of the Sarepta mentioned in the bible. Phocas, in his description of the holy places, calls it Saraphta, and tells us that the church, built upon the site of the house where the widow gave hospitality to Elijah, was in the middle of the city. Its modern name is Karbert Sarfent (Ruins of Sarfent). The Arab village which forms the modern Sarfent, is on the coast, at a little distance from the ruins of the ancient city, now washed by the sea.

We are now on the confines of Tyre and Sidon. Our divine Master, passing through Upper Galilee, was come near the borders of Sidon, which was contiguous to the tribe of Asher. A poor Canaanitish woman who dwelt in Sidon came out of the crowd, and implored the compassion of the Saviour for her daughter, who had an unclean spirit. Jesus refused to work a miracle on behalf of this stranger, but a mother takes no refusal ; and falling at his feet she exclaimed: "Lord ! help me." He answered her: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." She replied, with the

answer of such profound humility : " Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' tables." The Saviour, moved by these words, answered her : " O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt : and her daughter was made whole from that very hour." (Matt. xv. 22—28). The Christians had built a church at Sidon on the site of the house of this woman of Canaan. It is now changed into a mosque. At Sidon, then, our recollections of the life of Jesus began. A little church, the roof of which is fallen in, is still seen upon the mountain, three miles from the city, in the place where tradition relates that Jesus rested, when he was come to the borders of Tyre and Sidon.

After the ruins of Sarepta we met with those of an ancient city, mentioned by M. de Saulcy under the name of Kaysarieh, of which ancient geography makes no mention.

At a little distance we found an immense necropolis hewn out of the side of the mountain. It is named Adloun. It had been pointed out to M. de Saulcy as possessing an Egyptian stela, establishing the passing of Sesostris. He in vain wandered over the steep sides of the necropolis to discover the pretended monument : the Egyptian stela was not there. In compensation, we visited the most curious sepulchral

chambers. I made plans of a few, and M. de Saulcy published others of them in his Atlas. These labours upon Phœnician necropoli are of great importance. Their examination may afford some valuable hints upon eastern art, in the prosperous periods of the people who have dwelt in Syria and Palestine. M. de Saulcy, one of the first travellers who has thrown light upon these necropoli, devoted himself to a very interesting examination of the tombs of the kings, of the prophets and judges, and upon the immense necropolis that surrounds Jerusalem, like a funeral enceinte. I have had the happiness of helping the learned academician in his minute and wearisome inquiries. However little value I may attach to my own remarks, they will still have the merit of fully confirming, by impartial testimony, the greater part of his curious and interesting observations. M. de Saulcy has proved the existence on the coast of Phœnicia of a large number of necropoli, which evidently belonged to ancient cities. He saw at once that the immense cities of the dead, all very remote from large cities like Beyrout, Sidon, and Tyre, could not belong to these cities, but to others of less importance, all situated upon the rich Phœnician shore. Afterwards, and throughout our travels, Djennin, Nablous, Jerusalem, Saphet, and Baalbec have shown us

similar necropoli ; so that M. de Saulcy has been able to establish the following as an invariable fact. Every necropolis corresponds in the closest proximity with the site of an ancient city. By taking this observation for a resting-point, travels in the East will offer the most vivid interest. At every moment, you wrest from their obscurity cities which have been forgotten for centuries ; you fix important points of ancient geography ; you reconstruct the past. M. de Saulcy will have the honour of having thus determined a great number of Biblical cities, of which criticism to this hour had only given a doubtful position, or the situation of which was completely unknown.

This fine necropolis of Adloun, where we now are, is obviously the *Mutatio ad Nonum* of the Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem. M. de Saulcy clearly traces the modern name Adloun to the corruption of the words "*ad Nonum*."

I had an opportunity, in a second journey that I made by myself on the coast of Phœnicia, to verify the points already ascertained. Opposite to this necropolis I found considerable remains of the ancient city stretching down to the sea. M. de Saulcy thinks that Adloun is the *Ornithon* of the ancients. I found, on the sea-shore, a square tower with ancient basements in great preservation. Probably it defended the city on

this side ; from this point the south rampart set out, and went towards the mountain where we found the tombs.

The only addition that I can make to the work of my learned friend on the Phœnician cities, thanks to two succeeding expeditions I made afterwards, is the mention of another ancient city, of which I discovered the ruins on the most advanced part of the plain, three kilometres to the south of Adloun. I have found this valuable notice in my travelling-notes, and I forgot at the time to furnish it to M. de Saulcy before he had finished, in his first volume, his fine geographical work upon the Phœnician cities.

During the exploration of the necropolis of Adloun, our friend, in his eagerness to find the famous Egyptian stela, had wandered a great way from us. We felt some little anxiety when we did not hear him answer our shouts. At last he appeared. Night was come : we had yet some distance to go to reach the khan El Qasmieh, where we were to pass the night.

This khan is situated about two hundred yards from the broadest and deepest river that we had yet met with in Syria. The khan bears the name of the river. Nahr el Qasmieh is the Leontes of the ancients : it receives the waters of the basin which lies between the two ranges

of Lebanon. The modern bridge by which it is now crossed has still some ancient portions.

The pilgrims that we had seen at our first halting-place from Beyrout had arrived an hour before us at the khan. The only room in which they were able to find shelter, and into which the greater part of them were crammed, was given up by order of André, our dragoman, who had gone before us with the baggage. This wild fellow, in a red dress, and speaking Turkish, terrified these poor Christians. They left the place empty for us, and bivouacked in the spacious court of the khan, where they passed the night in the open air. I met them afterwards at Jerusalem, at Calvary, and the Holy Sepulchre, where I saw them give signs of the most ardent piety.

Both of us spent there a somewhat dismal night ; and the next day, after having had three of our horses stolen—(a robbery with which we accused, without any fear of calumniating him, our wretched khandgi, whom we forced at last to make restitution), we resumed, although rather late, the road to Tyre.

Both the banks of the Leontes are covered with considerable ruins, from the khan where we stayed, to the sea. So important a position ought to be occupied by a flourishing city. In reality, M. de Saulcy places here the Leonto-

polis of the ancients ; and notwithstanding the authority of Strabo, who places that city upon the Tamyras, the modern Damour, it is impossible not to accept the learned restoration. The Arabs now call the Leontes, Nahr Lanteh, which differs from the ancient name only in pronunciation, as the name Damour or Tamour is in Tamyras.

December 16.—The vast plain of Tyre is before us. It appears to me very fertile, though in parts a desert. Our horses sunk down every instant in the black and deep soil of this plain, which is filled with water by the heavy rains which preceded our departure from Beyrout. Soon Sour, the modern Tyre, appears in sight, on a low headland jutting out into the sea ; it was formerly an island, before the labour of man and of nature, which every day here heaps up sand-banks, had united it to the continent.

Before arriving at Sour, we made a delightful halt near a large fountain, called Ain el Barouk. It is a tolerably abundant hot spring. It is peopled with small shellfish, of which we took in an ample stock. The Tyrians had made of it a Solomon's pool, that is to say, by the aid of a thick casing of cement and stones, they had raised the level of the fountain. A conduit that is still to be seen, and which I afterwards

traced, made a long circuit to bring the water of this fountain into the city. The conduit passed over a canal-bridge, of which I visited the ruins between the fountain and the city. In this place I made a magnificent botanization. All the coast from Beyrout presented a kind of parterre of flowers. In passing over the ruins of Sarepta, the feet of my horse trod down anemones ; and the rock covered with wild flowers, whence issued forth Ain el Barouk, was still strewn with a small liliaceous plant with a white sessile flower, of which I collected numerous specimens.

We had some hours to devote to Tyre. A common feeling carried us towards the ruins (which are still imposing) of the immense cathedral. I made the plan of it with the greatest care possible. I am not aware whether any traveller has yet published it. It deserves, however, some notice. The building is two hundred and twenty-one feet long ; and, to the transept, one hundred and eight feet wide. There is some resemblance between this cathedral and that of Beyrout, and certainly they are of the same period. There is the same arrangement of the inner piers, formed by a pilaster and a half column. The same contreforts on the outside. But the plan differs in this, that the cathedral of Beyrout has no transepts, and its aisles are

the same width down to the apses. The outer buttresses at Beyrout are rather projecting. They show greater antiquity than those of Tyre.

The cornice has already the numerous mouldings of a later period. The walls are four feet thick, the dressing is in height forty centimetres. We saw, not far off, on the site of the entrance to the north transept, where a door and a vestibule might have been, magnificent columns coupled together, of granite, and of colossal dimensions, taken, without doubt, from the temple of ancient Tyre, and used in the Christian church. They are half-buried in the ground. M. de Sauley speaks of them with admiration.

The date of this building ought, without doubt, to be fixed in the twelfth century, at the period when the celebrated William of Tyre, the best known historian of the Crusades, was its bishop.

The walls of the Cathedral of Tyre are still standing, and of a great height. They serve as a rampart to this portion of the modern city ; but there are numerous breaches. It is one of the Christian ruins of the East, which recalls the greatest recollections. The ancient Tyre, cursed by the prophets, is at your feet covered with sand ; and the fine ruin is still to be seen as though to attest the Lord's triumph and the

accomplishment of the word that he set upon the lips of his prophet when he declared that Tyre should one day be no more than a deserted coast, where the fisher should come and dry his nets.

We shall, hereafter, describe this ancient Tyre.

December 17.—We left Tyre on a delicious spring day. We had not, generally, any other track than the sand of the sea-shore. It is the everlasting road that nature herself has marked out. The waves come every instant, and leave, as they die away, a light deposit of small grains of sand suspended in them; then they gently draw back, and the water which penetrates the lower beds hardens them, and prevents the foot of man, horse or camel, from sinking down. How often, on the beautiful coast of Syria I have enjoyed the curious sight furnished by the sea in triturating the sands. Some pebbles of a silicious nature, disengaged from the abrupt sides of the headland which juts out into the sea, are thrown into large bays which divide these promontories. This is the work of violent tempests. The sea, by influx and reflux, keeps these pebbles in a state of perpetual movement; they go backwards and forwards with the wave which holds them; thus they rub one against

the other, and the infinitely small particles which are detached by this rubbing, rise up in the water, which they whiten as though with chalk; and, carried away by it, they spread themselves on the margin in brilliant sheets of small thickness. After the wave has deposited the sand it holds, the small pebbles which it had dragged along with it, fall back by their own gravity into the sea to undergo another trituration, until the whole is disintegrated. The tempests still bring more materials, on which the process is continued.

It is thus that on the coast of Syria these masses of sand are heaped up, which little by little fill up the little gulfs at the expense of the projecting rocks which skirt the sea. We loved in our long journeys to play with the wave by keeping our good little Arab horses on the nearest edge of the sea, and where the waves, furious and threatening afar off, fell softly and expired at their feet, whitening them with foam.

We passed within some hundred paces of the famous Pool of Solomon, of which I afterwards examined the remarkable construction. This locality is called Ras-el-Ain. I shall describe it when I speak of my other expeditions on the shores of Syria.

As we were climbing the Cape Blanc—a wide

promontory whose chalky rocks rise in a peak from the sea—the fever which had left my friend Félicien at Athens, showed itself by a violent attack. We were alone behind the caravan ; I had dismounted to botanize ; and the road was besides so rough and steep, that I preferred walking. I advised him to dismount also, so dangerous did I find it ; he replied that he could not take even four steps, and that he had great difficulty in even keeping himself on horseback. He had just spoken, when all at once I saw him lose his balance and fall heavily on the rock which joins the road. I thought he was dead. I uttered cries of distress, which were heard by our party. We succeeded in leading the poor man, who was much bruised by his fall, to the summit of the cape. A bad khan, hardly covered with boughs, served us for shelter. We obtained a little rest for our sick friend, and a good night gave him strength to remount his horse. M. de Saulcy, horribly disturbed about the future journey, if the fever still continued, prudently resolved to send back his son to France. However, it was settled that he should go on to Jerusalem, where, after a few days' rest, he will be able to return to Beyrout and embark. It would be too cruel for him not to have seen the Holy City when we

were not more than a few days' journey distant from it.

I made an excellent botanizing on Cape Blanc, and I disengaged from the chalky rock some echinuses and some fossil shell-fish.

M. de Saulcy found at the foot of Cape Blanc the ruins of an ancient city, called by the Arabs Iskenderaun, and which he did not hesitate to recognize as the Alexandroschene of the Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem.

But a more interesting discovery was to signalize this day's journey. An upright column, that we perceived on the height on our left, after half an hour's journey, attracted the attention of the indefatigable inquirer whom I had the honour to accompany. The Arabs told him the name of the place was Omm-el-'Amid, the mother of columns. This name alone stimulated the curiosity of M. de Saulcy, and notwithstanding the assertion of the guides, that there was nothing to see there, and that travellers never climbed this hill, he turned his horse out of the beaten track, and we followed him towards the height, on the top of which we saw three upright columns instead of one. We first passed over, on the north side of the hill, a vast necropolis, the sign of an important city. Soon we came to a magnificent plain, filled with

numerous ruins, in which each of us began to busy himself.

The temple of Omm-el-'Amid, of which there still remain three columns, was of the Ionic order, which I will call Asiatic, adopted by the people of western Asia at the periods in which architecture received amongst them that grace and lightness which the Greeks so well knew how to imitate. Palm-leaves adorned the top of the shaft of these columns. M. de Saulcy has given a drawing of one of these graceful capitals. On taking up a little mould we discovered a large mosaic, which formed the pavement of this temple. The design of the portion we succeeded in laying bare, presented to us meanders and elegant entrelaces. We could not ascertain whether these were representations of figures, or a different ornamentation in the field of the pavement, of which we had, without doubt, examined only the border. I did not leave this beautiful mosaic without regret. I carefully covered, with the same mould that I had taken off, the portion that we had just admired. One whole day's exploration past at Omm-el-'Amid would be enough to discover the whole mosaic. The vicinity of the sea would allow of its being acquired for some one of our European museums. The cubes of the piece are black, white, and red.

I next visited the portion of the ancient city nearest to the temple. A strong vegetation is come up everywhere; it forms a forest of brush-wood, known only to the flocks and herds, which the Arabs of a neighbouring village bring hither every day. A great many ancient houses are still standing. They form simple squares, with one door; the style of this door is noble and severe; it is the ancient plat-band without any moulding. I was fortunate in finding this example of the houses of a Phœnician city which was abandoned at an unknown epoch. I have not been able to find again elsewhere, either in Greece or in the East, private houses preserved in this manner. I made a careful drawing of the door of one of these houses. It is probable that in ancient times, as at present, these houses formed only a simple *rez de chaussée*, banked up with earth, to make a terrace. In descending the hill we observed some wall of considerable thickness, in appearance cyclopean. M. de Saulcy declared that he could not to this city assign an historical name, and that he had made vain efforts to discover traces of it in the geographers and historians of antiquity.

A small creek that I examined afterwards, and on which I thought that I discovered some ancient constructions, was the harbour of this Phœnician city, the most perfect which has

been preserved in the East. Under this point of view it deserves to be visited by intelligent travellers.

Félicien de Saulcy, with the baggage, had continued the journey during our explorations. He had taken a lodging in a village situated on the left of the road. We joined him at this village, called El-Bassa.*

The jackals, in the early part of the night, surrounded the village, and replied to the barking of the dogs with their shrill and plaintive cries. They served us for an escort until our arrival at the house of the Greek curé, who gave us hospitality. El Bassa, like all the Phœnician places, is built upon the site of an ancient city, the fragments of which are found in all the walls of the modern houses.

December 18.—We enter the road again near the village of Ez Zeb, situated near the sea, on a charming little eminence, and adorned with an abundant vegetation. M. de Saulcy recognized in Ez Zeb the Achzeb of the book of Joshua (xix. 29), and the Ecdippa of Josephus. This town of Canaan, allotted to the tribe of Asher,

* Might not El Bassa be the Chelba or Helba mentioned in Judges i. 31, with the other cities of the Phœnicians contiguous to the tribe of Asher?

could never be taken by the Israelites, and the Canaanites maintained its possession.

We had *déjeuner* about 10 o'clock, on the bank of a small river, the Nahr el Meyrâah, which is crossed by a bridge and a road in good repair; this is unusual, and a good omen. A town ought not to be far distant. The Turks do not exhaust their finances in making bridges. We seated ourselves in the shade of beautiful orange-trees, in a garden open on all sides and almost waste; the flat is of wonderful fertility. I gathered some delightful flowers for my herbarium.

We reached Akka in good time. We went by the side and under an arch of Arabian style, and a very fine aqueduct of modern construction, which brings water into the town. St. Jean d'Acre is fortified in the modern manner. We entered by a gate of fine appearance, constructed in the European fashion of the last century; it is adorned with a frieze; and I think I remember, in the metopes, some fleur-de-lys, a souvenir of France that one loves to meet with in all parts.

It is the first time that we have received the hospitality of the good Franciscan fathers. They occupy a portion of the fine khan of St. Jean d'Acre. The spacious building is guarded by

the Turks, who keep at the gate four or five soldiers. The side inhabited by the fathers is spacious and very clean. We breathed at our ease in these asylums that religion has prepared for the pilgrim on his journey. We found Europe again ; and nothing is so refreshing as that which restores, even for a few hours, the habits of one's country. The good monks did us the honours of their refectory ; they set before us excellent wine from Bethlehem, which vies with that of Cyprus, though the latter is perhaps superior.

St. Jean d'Acre is a military town, the gates of which are shut every night at sunset ; the greater part of its public buildings are in a state of complete dilapidation. It was riddled, in 1840, by the bullets and shells of the English. The careless Turks have not set a stone nor cast a handful of mortar over the wounds made in the buildings by the cannonade. I saw opposite the convent, on the sea-shore, a pretty minaret, struck at the time of the siege with a shell. The end of a beam projected over the upper gallery, displaced, no doubt, by the force of the projectiles. There it is, threatening the head of any one who passes under the minaret, but it does not enter the mind of a Turk to remove the ruin.

From the top of the convent terrace we

admired the magnificent view of the Gulf of Akka. M. de Sauley has given a masterly description of it in these few lines: "Nous avons la ville pour premier plan, avec le Mont Carmel, qui en est séparé par une belle nappe bleue, et une mer étincelante de lumière pour horizon. A gauche, s'étend une plaine verdoyante, que couronnent à environ deux lieues de distance des montagnes vertes, sur lesquelles paraissent de beaux villages.*

To-morrow, on leaving Akka, we shall cross the boundaries of the Phœnician cities; we shall enter into the lands of the Israelites; Nazareth will be our first stage, and we shall be in the Holy Land.

Since leaving my humble hermitage I had visited the forsaken domains of nations who have played the most brilliant part in the history of the world. The stranger who goes through the desert climes where such powerful nations lived, where the genius of man erected in the heart of cities grand monuments, whose ruins still surprise us, cannot refrain from impressions which call forth all that is great in the soul. When the recollections of their past come crowding upon his memory, and he is present at their wonderful works,—when he

* "Voyage autour de la Mer Morte," tome i. p. 51.

follows the development of their civilization, the untiring ardour of their conquests, he seems to hear a voice within, uttering these forcible words—"Siste, Viator!" "Traveller, stay! you tread the land of heroes."

Nevertheless, when you cast a serious glance upon such magnificence and glory, and wish to get a clear view of those conquests which have supplied history with its finest pages, and those buildings destined to perpetuate so many vain triumphs; if you recall the blood and the tears which this glory has cost; if the sad sight of nations debased by slavery, and cities ravaged by fire and sword, presents itself to your mind, the name of these nations becomes frightful to you; you curse history for having thrown grandeur over such crimes; your eyes are averted from these eulogies, because they recall to you only generations of slaves whose strength they have exhausted. Whatever may have been said of these nations, they were not great, for they have done harm to humanity. The soil which they have covered with magnificent roads and costly edifices, is not sacred to the traveller, his foot does not rest on it with veneration and with love.

But, there is a land which has not, like Greece, had buildings of admirable beauty; the people of which have not, like Rome, dragged

the chiefs of conquered nations in chains behind their triumphal chariots ; and yet, the first time that you set foot upon this land, a still, small voice is heard, which startles you like Moses on the Mount of Horeb, with these solemn words : “ Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

This region, specially holy, is before me. To-morrow, after a journey of a few hours, I shall tread its dust; I shall see its hills; I shall survey its majestic horizon. How often have my thoughts been directed to this mysterious country; how often, with all believing hearts, have I mused upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as the summit of the earthly joys that can be asked for from God; and to-morrow I shall begin the pious pilgrimage; to-morrow my foot will tread upon the remains of the ancient way on which the foot of my Saviour trod when he passed through the villages of Upper Galilee. I shall pass by Sepphoris, a country to which Jesus belonged, through Joachim and Anna, his ancestors according to the flesh. At Nazareth I shall prostrate myself in the solitary grotto where the angel announced to Mary the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation, and I shall bring to life upon the altar, in celebrating the awful sacrifice, him who, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, descended into

the chaste womb of a Virgin. Here the Word became flesh.

To-morrow, then, will be a high day in my life, as a priest and a Christian. I have the anticipation of the joys which await me. Happier than those who, in vain, asked of the Lord to cross the Jordan, and to stand upon the sacred land, and who obtained as a special favour to cast a glance upon it from the summit of Pisgah, I shall not only have seen the verdant Carmel, whose high top now bounds the horizon before me, the last slopes of the mountains of Galilee, which hide Nazareth from my sight; to-morrow I shall take possession of the promised land, to fill my soul with rapture, during long days of travels and researches, with biblical memorials, with impressions of faith, aspirations towards God on the very spots that God has touched,—a life after which one asks no more from Providence than the happiness of contemplating him in the eternal country at the end of this pilgrimage here below.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I PROMISED to insert at the end of this volume the reply of the Eastern Church to the Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pius IX. This document is very important for settling the opinion of Catholics on the respective position of the two churches. It may, therefore, be advantageously studied as a summary of the theology of those Orientals who are still separated from Rome.

It must, however, be remembered, that the Armenian church, which is very influential in the East, does not make such exclusive pretensions as the Greek. This point I shall show more fully in my second volume. The members of this communion that I have seen do not treat Catholicism with the same stiffness as the Greeks have shown in their answer. I shall give as much information as possible upon this weighty question.

*Reply of the Orthodox Eastern Church to the
Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius IX., addressed
by His Holiness in January 1848, to the
Orthodox Greek Christians.*

THE Orthodox Eastern Church, in spite of all the storms which have disturbed her for many centuries, and even do to the present time,—in spite of all the sufferings she has had to undergo, and her struggles against various temptations, still survives. She has undergone vicissitudes, and endured aggressions; but by the visible protection of her invisible Protector, she is kept firmly upon the immovable rock of the faith.

THESIS I.

The blessed Pope Pius IX, after having spoken at some length in his encyclical letter to those who have constantly continued in the communion and faith of his see, addresses to all the orthodox Eastern Christians some words of peace and love (as he says), and of anxiety for those of us who, although we worship Jesus Christ, are yet alienated from the see of St. Peter. He adds that, after the example of Christ, he wishes to bring back the lost sheep into the Lord's fold. Addressing those who discharge the high ecclesiastical functions (not, however, mentioning the name of Patriarch), he reminds them of the ancient state of our churches, when they were closely connected with the other

churches in the world, and asks them what benefit they have found in the dissensions which have arisen up in consequence of this separation, and have brought it to pass that the pastors of the East differ on the subject of doctrine and sacred authority, not only from the churches of the West, but also from one another ?

REPLY.

The Eastern Church, its pastors, and all orthodox Christians, return their thanks to Pius IX, for his anxiety to bring back the lost sheep into the fold. It is, indeed, a sacred duty incumbent upon his Eminence to recall the thousands who have separated from Rome, and have broken off their union with her. But in the case of the orthodox Eastern Christians, his zeal is entirely misplaced. For he himself is well acquainted with the ancient union in which the two sisters were, for eight consecutive centuries, connected by the same spirit and by the same profession of faith. Nor is he either ignorant of the grounds—not frivolous but weighty ones (because a Divine truth was then at stake), in consequence of which the Western Church, by persisting in her innovations, broke the sacred bond which united her to the Eastern, while the latter made no alteration in her primitive institutions, neither before nor after the change of her political position—a providential arrangement. She preserves, unaltered, her ancient character ; the clergy discharge the duties incumbent upon their respective

orders ; the holy sacraments are everywhere administered ; and in one word, the Eastern Church has firmly kept, and still keeps, unchanged, and in their primitive purity, all the doctrines she has received from the apostles themselves and the holy fathers, who were divinely inspired ; she has made no innovation upon these doctrines ; she will maintain them for ever, without contention, curtailment, or division, in points of doctrine and pastoral union ; although she is undeservedly slandered, and reproached with doing the contrary.

THESIS II.

Farther on, in his encyclical letter, Pius IX bids the Eastern Christians remember the Creed and the one holy Catholic (universal) and apostolic Church, which they refuse to acknowledge, when they deny that the Roman Church is such.

REPLY.

The members of the Catholic and orthodox Eastern Church receive and revere the sacred summary of those truths which are contained in sound and pure doctrine. St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in his 18th homily to the catechumens, treating upon the sacred creed, says : "The church is called Catholic, because it extends throughout the universe ; and because Catholic doctrine, in all its points, and with no omissions, is taught within its bosom. The church, therefore, which contains all truths, with no omissions, and without the least alteration, is one

and holy, by reason of the unity and holiness of its only head—our Lord Jesus Christ. The pastors of the primitive apostolical church under the government of this head, together with the churches which were lawfully subordinate to them, and with others which remained independent, lived in peaceable union and unanimity. So also, by the purity of faith, and by observance of the canons of the apostles and councils, do all the orthodox Eastern Christians form a well organized body,—a holy Catholic and apostolic church.

THESIS III.

In the next place, to establish the sovereignty of the bishops of Rome, the usual arguments are advanced in this letter, such as, 1st, The gift of the keys to the Apostle Peter ; 2nd, The indefectibility of his faith ; 3rd, The command to strengthen his brethren ; and, 4th, To feed the sheep of Jesus Christ.

REPLY.

The words addressed by our Lord Jesus Christ to St. Peter : “Thou art Peter, &c.,” were equally so to the other apostles. “Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven,” (Matt. xviii. 18). The words, “On this rock will I build my church,” were equally said of all the apostles, and even of the prophets. “Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets” (Ephes. ii. 20). “And the wall of the city had twelve foundations,

and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb" (Rev. xxi. 14). Now the words just quoted lead us to the conclusion that Jesus Christ alone is the chief stone in the foundation of the apostles, and of the whole church. "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone," (Ephes. ii. 20). It is true that it was to St. Peter that the Lord said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church" (Matt. xvi. 18); but it was only because St. Peter anticipated the other apostles in this confession: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." As to the sense of the words, "And upon this rock I will build my church," St. Augustine (besides the Eastern fathers) explains them as follows: "Thou art Peter," says Christ, "and upon this rock that thou hast confessed, upon this rock that thou hast acknowledged, by saying: Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God, I will build my church: it is not upon thine own self, but indeed upon me that thou mayest build the church, which is my body." But those who wished to lay their foundation upon men, said: 'As for me, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas' (1 Cor. i. 12). Now the exposition of the blessed Western father shows us, in the first place, that the rock upon which the church was founded is not the apostle Peter, but the apostle's confession of faith—Jesus Christ himself. "That rock was Christ" (1 Cor. x. 4); in the second place, that those who persist in saying: "I am of Cephas (of Peter): it is Peter that I respect exclu-

sively, and acknowledge as the head of all the holy fathers and of the church herself,"—those men, in the words of St. Paul and of St. Augustine, divide Christ, and build upon a human foundation.

As to the special prayer of Christ for Peter that his faith might no more fail: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 32), the fathers give very clear explanations upon this point; as Basil, Chrysostom, Augustine, Ambrose, Epiphanius, Macarius, Ægyptus, Titus of Bostra, Theophylact, and Cyril of Alexandria. Jesus Christ, in his wonderful prayer to his heavenly Father, which we read in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, prayed generally for all the apostles, and for those that should believe on him through their word. If then he prayed for Peter especially, it was because he foresaw that even he who uttered these presumptuous words: "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended" (Matt. xxvi. 33), would deny his master, and thus deeply fall. But after this, having too much confidence in his own strength, and after having broken the promise he had made, fear took hold of him, and he was guilty of denying his master. Christ prayed, not that the faith of Peter might not waver (for this had already come to pass as a punishment for his presumptuous words), but that it might not entirely fail and die, so far as to reduce him to despair in consequence of his denial; and that Peter, having washed away

his sin by repentance, and been converted to his former faith, might become a salutary example of restoration for all other brethren whose faith might waver.

Immediately after the above words were uttered by the Lord, not to show the supremacy of St. Peter, but to preserve him from the despair to which the enormous sin he had committed might reduce him (a truth which is well set forth by the fathers and is self-evident), the encyclical letter, to justify the power that the Bishops of Rome have arrogated to themselves, advanced the ordinary arguments, in a well-known order, which the Eastern church has centuries ago triumphantly refuted in writing.

THESIS IV.

Jesus Christ expressly charged St. Peter to feed his lambs and sheep ; he therefore entrusted to his care the whole church, which consists of true lambs and sheep of Jesus Christ, and this care now devolves upon the sovereign pontiffs of Rome, &c.

REPLY.

To explain this point we think it will be enough to say as follows: The threefold question, addressed by our Lord to St. Peter, is a command rather than anything else ; for this reason no allusion is made to any power, but to a sacred duty, strictly laid upon all the Lord's ministers. "Feed the flock of God which is among you" (1 Peter v. 2).

Let those who pretend that in this command given to St. Peter there is a reference to some mysterious prerogative, consult the works of the holy fathers, Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Epiphanius, and Cyril of Alexandria; they will then see what meaning the fathers put on these words.

For the sake of brevity we will cite here only the words of the first-mentioned of these fathers. St. Augustine says, by the thrice-repeated confession of St. Peter: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," the sin of the threefold denial is blotted out, and the apostolate of St. Peter is restored; this was done to remove the idea that might be entertained that the apostolate would be weakened by the denial into which Peter fell from frailty of human nature. With this explanation before our eyes, we must read the sacred words of the gospel in the sense of the old fathers of the church. Jesus says to Simon Peter: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" that is, Do you who formerly boasted, and said: "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended,"—do you, I say, love me more than the other apostles? Peter, properly taught by painful experience, no longer dares tell Jesus that he loves him more than the other apostles, but he says in reply only: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus Christ having received this humble answer, does not keep on requiring more love from Peter than from the rest—a thing which Peter had formerly boasted of—but simply asks him of love.

“Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?” To this Peter humbly gave the same answer; but having been questioned the third time, Peter remembered his threefold denial, and was not without reason grieved. “Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me” (John xxi. 17). It follows, consequently, that St. Peter saw in this triple interrogation, not any prerogative but rather a humiliation, remorse for his denial being in his mind.

In like manner the threefold command of our Lord to St. Peter: “Feed my lambs and my sheep,” is not a summary charge to rule the church, nor any other extraordinary commission, as the supporters of Rome take it to be, by explaining this saying in a very arbitrary manner. To bring out the truth more clearly, we will quote the testimony of the Western fathers, and, in the first place, that of St. Ambrose. The Apostle Peter, he says, after his fall, which proceeded from the weakness of human nature, was thrice questioned because of his threefold denial. The first question, “Lovest thou me?” is an allusion to his love before the cross; the second, to his love for the flock; and the third is the expression of the pardon of his sin. (De Sac. lib. ii. c. 7.) In the second place, we shall cite the following passage of St. Augustine: “Thrice fear denied, thrice love confessed.” Would you know the meaning of the Lord’s command, “Feed my sheep”? know then, that to feed is to teach and nourish with spiritual food (Homil. V. in Evang.

Joh.) Such, then, is the explanation of the fathers, such the interpretation of this passage which is given by the primitive Catholic and orthodox church.

A passage of St. Irenæus (*Contra. Hær. lib. iii. c. 4.*) is afterwards quoted in the encyclical letter, and arbitrarily mutilated as follows :

THESIS V.

St. Irenæus, in appealing to the doctrine of the Apostles against the heretics of his age, considers that it is useless to enumerate the traditions of all the churches which have an apostolic origin, but asserts that it is enough to cite against them the doctrine of the Roman church, and says the whole church, that is, all the faithful in the whole world, must rally round the Church of Rome on account of the pre-eminence of this church, in which the tradition received from the Apostles has been preserved on all matters believed by the faithful.

REPLY.

The words of St. Irenæus against the Gnostic heretics, in their original and unaltered text, are as follows : "As it would be too long [but not 'useless' as the Pope has it] to enumerate the traditions of all the churches, we shall silence any one who

* The work of Irenæus has reached us chiefly in a Latin translation, the text of which is very corrupt. See Neander, vol. i. p. 273 ; Gieseler, vol. i. p. 159 English translation in "For. Theological Library," Edinburgh.—*Tr.*

carries his speculations beyond due bounds, no otherwise than by considering the tradition of the Apostles and the faith preached to men ; and come down to our days, as it has been preserved in the great, ancient, and well-known Church, established at Rome by the two illustrious Apostles Peter and Paul [not by Peter only]. With this church, on account of its very firm foundation, the whole church must agree, that is to say, the faithful in all the world, for there has ever been preserved, down to my time, the traditions of the Apostles."

In what a pitiful manner have the words of the holy father been mutilated ! The words "the whole church must agree" (the mutilators leaving out the context), have been transformed into the following: "The faithful must rally round the Church of Rome on account of its pre-eminence." This pre-eminence was not then invented, and the blessed Irenæus knew nothing about it. Having to argue with the Gnostics, he addressed the churches of the West, subordinated to Rome, and combatting these heretics with the ancient tradition, that is to say, with the tradition given to all the churches by the Apostles. St. Irenæus passes by in silence other churches on account of their great number, and refers only to the Church of Rome, in the patriarchate of which he was a bishop. There was then no other sovereign city. The church of ancient Rome had the primacy of honour over the Western churches subordinated to her, and on this account is mentioned by Irenæus. Further, the holy father

cites in the same chapter not only the Church of Rome, but also those of Ephesus and Smyrna. Had he acknowledged the supreme authority of the Bishop of Rome only, he would, in his controversy with the Gnostics, have cited only this church, without mentioning any other. But he acknowledged the other churches as equals of Rome, and as of the same authority ; for this reason, he, together with the neighbouring bishops, induced Pope Victor not to excommunicate the Christians of Asia, and, at the same time rebuked him for having done so on account of a difference in the period of the celebration of Easter, and not to make a schism in the churches on such an unimportant difference.

At the time when the two churches of the East and the West were united together, as much by purity of doctrine as by Christian love and union ; at this time, we say, the bishops of the Eastern church, more than once, when unjust attacks were made upon them, solicited help from the pious Bishops of Rome, whom they looked upon as primates, in respect of their see and precedence. However, after the schism of the two churches, the Bishops of Rome with undue presumption, and no longer content with the *primacy* of their position, presumed to arrogate *supremacy* over the whole church. On this account, in page 9 of the encyclical letter, directly after the passage of St. Irenæus just cited, it is set forth, as a very important argument for the supremacy of the bishops of Rome, that the Eastern bishops have solicited help

at their hands ; and, first of all, Athanasius the Great, of whom it is said :

THESIS VI.

Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, when he was unjustly condemned and driven from his see, came to Rome. Now Julius, Bishop of Rome, took cognizance of each man's case (for other bishops unjustly driven by the Arians from their sees, likewise came to Rome), and having found them all faithful to the Nicene creed, because they thought the same as he did, he admitted them to communion. And as by reason of the pre-eminence of the Holy See, the care of all is incumbent upon him, he restored them to their churches, &c.

REPLY.

Athanasius the Great, who suffered so much for religion, after he had been calumniated and condemned by the Arian bishops, headed by his sworn enemy, Eusebius of Nicomedia, repaired to Rome to Constantine, Emperor of the West, and to Pope Julius, for he knew that the Roman church was opposed to the Arians, and preserved in its integrity the creed of Nicæa. And did Julius, when he pleaded the cause of Athanasius, who was unjustly condemned, express himself to the orthodox and Arians as their head in terms like these:—"This is the will of the Church of Rome, by reason of the keys of St. Peter," or in other terms equally presumptuous? on the contrary, he wrote to them

modestly, and showed himself mindful of the union between the churches. To prove the unlawful consecration of Gregory as the successor of Athanasius, he does not say that the sanction of the Pope ought, first of all, to have been asked, and only after that ought Athanasius to be deprived and Gregory to be ordained, but he simply says that the Eastern church would have done well to have conferred with the Western on this matter, that all might have together decided what was required by justice, seeing that those who were unjustly dealt with were bishops of churches which had been founded by the apostles in person. Pope Julius, moreover, says in respect of this letter to the Eastern church, that he wrote it in pursuance of a decision of a council held at Rome. "For," he says, "although I alone have signed the letter, the opinion is not mine alone, but that also of the other bishops of Italy, and the neighbouring countries." And as in this letter, Julius considers not himself but the council as the judge, no conclusion in favour of ecclesiastical supremacy can be deduced therefrom, nor as to the right of supreme jurisdiction. (Athanas. Apol. 2, Socrates, and others.) In one word, it was not the Bishop of Rome who restored Athanasius to his see, and permitted him to return to Alexandria, but Constantine, through the entreaties and even threats on the part of Constans. (Socrates, lib. 2.)

After this, the encyclical letter says as follows of St. Chrysostom :

THESIS VII.

John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople, who was wrongfully condemned by the council of Chalcedon, had recourse to the Apostolic See by letters and envoys, and was acquitted, our predecessor Innocent I. having proved his innocence.

REPLY.

St. John Chrysostom, that man of God, having been deprived of his see by the council which was convoked by wicked men, at a villa near Chalcedon, called The Oak, wrote concerning these unjust attacks against him (but he never sent legates), not only to Pope Innocent, but also to other bishops, such as Flavian of Antioch, John of Jerusalem, Eulogius of Antioch, Theodosius of Scythopolis, to the bishops of Macedonia, and last of all to Aurelius, Bishop of Carthage in Africa. (Sózomen, lib. 8, c. 24. Chrysostom's Letters, 37, 91, 95.) Innocent, who was solicited by Chrysostom to convene an œcumenical council to inquire into the calumnies of which he was the victim, and to pronounce judgment after inquiry, did all he could to convoke an œcumenical council; but all his efforts notwithstanding the concurrence of Honorius, Emperor of the West, had no result. The envoys whom the Pope sent to Byzantium, became embroiled with some members of the court of Arcadius and Eudoxia, and were sent back in disgrace as though they had come only to trouble a foreign

government. St. Chrysostom they succeeded in banishing to a greater distance, viz., to Pityus, in Colchis. (Letter 2 of Chrys. to Innocent. Sozom., lib. 6, last chapter.) This is the true account, founded upon and attested by good evidence ; it will be seen that it differs greatly from the Romish version of the matter, which has been taken from false histories, and altered facts. This account shows us then that the holy father wrote about what had happened to him not only to the Bishop of Rome, but also to other bishops, and that both Chrysostom and Innocent (and nothing can be clearer than this) acknowledged the supreme authority of the œcumenical council which they endeavoured to convoke.

In order to establish more fully the absolute supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, from their primacy in question, the encyclical letter, by way of supplement to what has been before said in it, puts forth the following :

THESIS VIII.

Another example of the respect of your fathers for the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome, is met with in the council of Chalcedon (451). The bishops assembled there, about six hundred in number, who, with some few exceptions, belonged to the East ; after the letters (read the letter) from Leo the Great, Sovereign Pontiff of Rome, had been read, cried out in the second act of the council :

“It is St. Peter has thus spoken by the mouth of Leo,” &c.

REPLY.

The letter of Pope Leo to the fourth œcumenical council which was convened at Chalcedon, though quite orthodox, had notwithstanding to undergo a mature examination, whether it were or were not in conformity with the creed of the first and second œcumenical councils, and also with the profession of faith made by St. Cyril at the third œcumenical council, as is shown by the acts of the above-mentioned fourth council. After the deliberations upon the letter were finished, Anatolius of Constantinople having been asked whether it were orthodox and in agreement with the decrees of the œcumenical councils, replied that it fully agreed both with the creeds of the 318 and 150 fathers, and with that decreed upon by St. Cyril at the council of Ephesus. So you see that it was not from Leo's letter, which the father had examined, that judgment was pronounced upon the heresy of Eutyches, and an end put to the troubles which it had called forth, but from the decrees of the councils of Nicæa, Constantinople, and Ephesus. Now which is superior, he who is examined and judged, or he who examines and judges? Leo, although an orthodox and holy man, said nothing in his letter to the council concerning his headship, but only set forth in his profession of faith what the fathers had already said in the preceding councils. It is therefore utterly

impossible to deduce from it any conclusion in favour of the absolute supremacy, as the Romans imagine can be done, when they fall back upon the letter of St. Leo to the fourth council. If this letter has been called the pillar of orthodoxy, the letters of the eastern bishops to their patriarch, Tarasius, were equally called by the fathers at the seventh œcumenical council, "the pillar of piety," as the letter of Tarasius to the eastern bishops was called "the rule of orthodoxy." Now the pillar of orthodoxy, the pillar of piety, and the rule of orthodoxy, are one and the same thing.

When the fathers at the fourth council requested that the letter from St. Cyril of Alexandria might be read, and the letter had been read, the council exclaimed: "So does St. Cyril believe, so do we believe; may the memory of St. Cyril live for ever!" Then, when St. Leo's letter had also been read, the fathers exclaimed again: "This is the faith of the fathers of the church; it is that of the Apostles. So Peter hath spoken by the mouth of Leo." Thereupon they added: "Thus did the Apostles teach." All this proves plainly, that the fathers acknowledged Leo as orthodox, on account of the perfect agreement between his creed and the doctrine of Cyril. Now Cyril's letter having given no supremacy to Cyril, neither did Leo's letter give any to Leo.

THESIS IX.

The Bishops of Rome obtained the first rank in the councils, and especially in the œcumenical councils, and their authority was appealed to, both before and after the institution of councils. We might, independently of councils, cite several other acts and writings of the fathers and ancient eastern writers, which prove that the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome was firmly established in the East in the time of your ancestors, &c., (page 10).

REPLY.

In the first place, not one of the seven œcumenical councils was convened by the pretended power of the sovereign pontiffs of Rome, to which (as Catholics say) recourse would have been had either before or after the convocation of the councils ; but, as is shown both by the acts and history of the councils, these sacred assemblies were convened expressly and particularly by the supreme authority and absolute power of the orthodox emperors of the East, who summoned the bishops both of the East and West to take part in the councils, either in person, or by their representatives. To prove that the consent of the Pope was never required before convening the œcumenical councils, and that the legates of the Bishops of Rome did not attend the council as invested with supreme power, but did so with submission, we think the following facts will suffice. The legates whom

Pope Agatho sent to the sixth œcumenical council said to the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus: "Sire, in pursuance of the order issued by your Majesty to our very holy pope, we are sent to you, under the care and protection of God, as the bearers of a communication from His Holiness." This communication was in these terms:—"In consequence of a pious order of your clemency, under the protection of God, out of obedience to which we are bound, and not from boldness, we send you our fellow-labourers; and kneeling in spirit before you, we humbly entreat your clemency to honour them with a gracious welcome." (First Act of the 6th Council.) Pope Adrian, when he sent his legates to the seventh œcumenical council, wrote as follows to the Emperor Constantine and to Irene:—"Most pious and benignant sovereigns, it is with very cordial love that I entreat your kindness, and as though I did so in person, kneeling before you, and falling at your feet, I beseech, exhort, and conjure you, in the presence of God, to restore the holy images, and to let them be worshipped according to the ancient rule, in the capital and in both parts of Greece. (Act 2 of the 7th Council.)

As to the supremacy which has caused so much noise and discussion, to which the Bishop of Rome makes such great pretensions, which he so far elevates and exalts as to threaten those who dispute it, we may truly say that it cannot be proved from the works of the Eastern fathers, and that the Eastern church has never acknowledged it, not-

withstanding what the Bishops of Rome say on the point. According to the conclusive canons of the seven œcumenical councils, held before the schism of the churches, the Eastern church, its chief bishop, and its four orthodox patriarchs, awarded nothing to the Bishops of Rome, excepting the primacy of honour, but connected therewith no idea of primacy or sovereignty over the whole Christian church.

The sixth canon of the first œcumenical council says as follows :—"Let the ancient customs received in Egypt, Lybia, and at Pantapolis, be maintained, according to which the Bishop of Alexandria has authority over all the bishops of these countries. The Bishop of Rome has a similar prerogative. The prerogatives conferred upon churches of Antioch, as well as of other places, are likewise to be maintained."

The canon we have just cited shows us very plainly the authority of the Bishop of Rome was, in all respects, equal to that of the Bishops of Alexandria, Antioch, and other sees. From this it is clear that the first œcumenical council was far from acknowledging, in the Bishop of Rome, the power of absolute supremacy over the universal church, or, what comes to the same thing, the dignity of the head of the church.

The third canon of the second œcumenical council prescribes—"Let the Bishop of Constantinople have the primacy of honour, after the Bishop of Rome, because Constantinople is New Rome. Ad-

mitting that, it might be asked whether the Bishop of Rome has simply the primacy of honour, and no supreme and universal authority. We must, then, be very attentive to the meaning of the canon of the council according to which the Bishop of Constantinople follows immediately after the Bishop of Rome. The cause is, that Constantinople is New Rome. Why, then, does the Bishop of Rome take precedence over the Bishop of Constantinople. Because he is Bishop of ancient Rome. From this it may, therefore, be concluded, that the second council awarded to the Bishop of Rome the prerogative of antiquity, and not an exclusive power.

After having established the ancient rights and independence of the Bishops of Cyprus and of other bishops, which had been violated, and limited the power of each to their respective episcopates, giving them no right to extend it beyond those limits, the third œcumenical council, to prevent similar abuses in future, decreed as follows:—"Let not the order of the fathers be infringed upon; let not the arrogance of temporal power creep in by stealth, under pretence of sacred acts, so far as to deprive us, little by little, without our perceiving it, of the liberty that the liberator of all men, our Lord Jesus Christ, has mercifully given us, at the cost of his blood. (Can. viii.)

This sacred council, therefore, instead of approving or admitting the absolute authority of bishops (such as the Roman church attributes to the Pope,) on the contrary, expressly rejected it. Nor did

the council fail to take great care that a like arrogance of authority should not, in time, show itself among the pastors of the church.

The twenty-eighth canon of the fourth œcumenical council says: "Observing in all things the decrees of the holy fathers, and acknowledging the canon of the 550 pious bishops which has just been read (the third in the second council), we appoint and accord the same privileges to the most holy church of Constantinople, the New Rome. For the fathers, with reason, accorded to the see of ancient Rome the privileges that she enjoys, because it was the seat of government. For the same reason the 550 bishops of the second general council determined that New Rome, which has the honour of being the seat of empire and the senate, should have the same advantages in the order of the church, and be the second to it. (Labbé, tom. iv. p. 769).

According to the decree of this council, we must equally pay attention, in the first place, to the fact that the sacred council, although awarding certain prerogatives to the Bishop of Rome, solely on account of the importance of this city, does not acknowledge in him, however, the extraordinary power of which this bishop presumptuously boasts in our times; in the second place, that the second as well as the third œcumenical council accorded to the see of New Rome the same prerogatives as to the ancient see. Hence it follows, that if the Bishop of Rome obtained precedence and the pri-

macy of honour over the Bishop of Constantinople, it was only because it would be impossible for these two bishops each to be first at the same time, not because the Bishop of Rome had any prerogative of authority, or of particular and exclusive power, in respect to the universal church. The Bishop of Constantinople, therefore, exercised the same power in New Rome as the Bishop of Rome in the ancient city. The same thing must be said of the three other patriarchs of the Eastern church, who, when they were together at councils, and in some other cases, always gave to the bishops of Rome and of Constantinople, the primacy of position and of precedence, but of nothing else.

Having republished what had been already ordered and decreed by the foregoing councils, concerning the sees of the patriarchs, the sixth œcumenical council adds, in its thirty-sixth canon: "In republishing what was ordained by the 550 fathers assembled in this seat of government, which has been preserved by God, as well as by the 630 fathers assembled at Chalcedon, we decree that the see of Constantinople has the same prerogative as the see of ancient Rome; and that as it is the second see it takes the lead, like the former, in ecclesiastical matters; and that after it, in the following order, come, the see of the great city of Alexandria, that of Antioch, and lastly that of Jerusalem.

In compliance with this decree of the council, the bishop of Constantinople, as is the Eastern

custom, is called Patriarch; and the Bishop of Rome, according to the custom of the Western church, is called Pope; as the Bishop of Alexandria, according to ancient custom, is also called Pope.

Let any man, who wishes to be impartial, fall back upon the decisive arguments we have just set forth, which have been taken from the œcumenical councils, at which were present, or took part, either by word of mouth or by consent, the blessed popes of that time, and himself judge how far it is from the truth that the pretended supremacy would have had any force in the East with our holy fathers, or, which comes to the same thing, in these œcumenical councils. But Rome has formed a habit, which is a favourite and common one with her, of understanding things in an unusual way, and according to her own will, of interpreting things falsely and altering their sense.

A like primacy,—either as a head of the church, as an absolute authority, or as a centre of true faith,—was, therefore, never known or acknowledged in the person of a bishop by the Christian church, considering that the bishops of the primitive church are known to have had always in mind the words of the Lord : “ Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” (Matt. xx. 26, 27.) And as every bishop, in obedience to this divine commandment, acknowledged himself as the servant of his brethren, no

one, during the lifetime of the apostles and the apostolic fathers, ever dreamt of primacy or supremacy over the others. Moreover, the churches of the most illustrious cities of that time, in which were a greater number of believers, and especially the bishops of the churches whose succession was traced back to the apostles, acquired over other neighbouring but less famous churches such prerogatives as made them a kind of refuge for them. Of this kind were the churches of Antioch, the bishops of which were ordained by the Apostles Peter and Paul; of Alexandria, founded by the Evangelist Mark; and of Rome, founded by the Apostles Peter and Paul together. Then the order of the œcumenical councils required one of the three bishops of the illustrious churches we have just mentioned to have the primacy of honour, and that precedence should be granted to him. On this account, in accordance with the canon of the council, the fathers did not err in granting the primacy to the see of ancient Rome as the seat of government. We, holding steadfastly to the words of the canon of the fourth œcumenical council just quoted: "The fathers have given the primacy," do not hesitate to add, as an indisputable conclusion, that these prerogatives were given to the bishops of Rome neither by the Apostles, nor by the Lord himself. And since the body of Roman bishops can nowise be acknowledged as the church of Christ, that church cannot either accept them as its head; for, from the words of Holy Writ, and

according to the expression of St. Paul, no one, besides Jesus Christ, can be chief and head of the church.—(Ephes. iv. 8—15.)

And as the Romans, to prove the supremacy of the popes, bring forward the epistle of St. Clement to the Corinthians—we must say that this proves nothing. For in ancient times, as we have already said, the churches with the fewest believers applied in matters of faith and controversy, and in dissensions, to the bishops of the most illustrious cities. Now of this kind was the church of Rome, not, however, by virtue of the right which its bishops arrogate, to pronounce a final decision upon the affairs of the whole Christian Church—a right, which, being only of recent invention, was not known in the church of the second century.

St. Clement of Rome addressed to Corinth an admonition, which tended to put an end to the evil, and to lead the Corinthians to live in peace and unanimity. Dionysius, the famous bishop of Corinth, under Antoninus Verus, a holy man, a disciple of the apostolical fathers, distinguished for his erudition and untiring activity,—he also, not to mention several other bishops, wrote to several churches, and thus made himself most useful to foreign churches. His instructions and epistles were resplendent with great erudition; and excited in many churches a desire to ask him for other epistles, as he supplied not milk but strong meat. In the primitive times of the Christian church, therefore, divinely inspired men did not address epistles of

this kind to the churches from ambition, but in obedience to the words of the divine apostle, for the edification and perfection of the Lord's flock scattered abroad. (Ephes. iv. 12.)

THESIS X.

We, children of the Eastern Church, thank His Holiness for his earnest invitations to us, to be converted without delay, and unite ourselves to his see, which he believes to be the true foundation of the real Christian church.

REPLY.

In the first place, we assert that the Christian church, from its institution, has never acknowledged, nor does acknowledge at present (as we have sufficiently shown above), St. Peter, nor any man, as the foundation. It acknowledges Jesus Christ as the first stone of the foundation. "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. iii. 11.

In the second place, the encyclical letter says that the Easterns voluntarily separated themselves from the firm rock on which the Church of Rome has been built: that is to say, that the church of the East has separated herself from that of the West.

But for this to be said with justice and truth, proofs ought to have been given, that the Church of Rome, after the schism of the churches, has remained as pure as at its origin, and that the

Eastern church has infringed upon some important and unchangeable law of the one holy catholic church. But as nothing has been said upon this point we pass on. In considering both churches at the time of their union, or rather, in considering the catholic (universal) church, in the first eight centuries, we find that to preserve its unity and integrity precisely and surely, she referred to a sacred law the following rule:—In general, orthodoxy in faith and in the canonical institution of the catholic (universal) church is attested by the word of God, by means of the general consent of the church and the fathers; as to particular churches, they can themselves arrange their special matters, regarding only ecclesiastical discipline elsewhere; but they must not be bold, otherwise the basis of Christianity would be shaken. Upon this sacred law were the œcumenical councils immovably based, which would not even have been convened had such a law had no existence.

Let us now, then, go through all the eight centuries of the one holy catholic church, till the schism of the two churches took place, and let us look whether the sacred law of the catholic (universal) church, of which we have just spoken, is still preserved; if so, in which of the two churches which are no longer united together this law possesses all its force.

On attentively looking at the Church of Rome we see there in the foreground a new creed put forth by the council which was convened at Trent,

in Germany, in 1545, under Pope Paul III. ; a creed which not only departs from the faith it professes, but which is opposed, in almost every point, to the profession of the ancient catholic (universal) church, and to the sacred creed of the two first œcumenical councils of Nicæa and Constantinople. After the unjustifiable addition ("filioque") to an ancient divine doctrine which the Tridentine creed has made, in spite of the positive words of the Gospel which were uttered by Jesus Christ who is God, there follow in this creed much new, and unjustifiable doctrine ;—such strange ordinances as cannot even be traced in the ancient creed which deserves all our respect, but which are the work of a rash passion for innovation. The following are the innovations : 1. I acknowledge the true sacrament by which Jesus Christ is wholly received in one kind. 2. I believe in the power of indulgences to remit sin, a power bestowed upon the church by Jesus Christ, and I acknowledge that they have a wholesome use for mankind. 3. I promise absolute submission to the Pontiff of Rome, successor of St. Peter, and vicar of Jesus Christ ; and this I swear, so help me God !

Such are the innovations—such are the new articles of faith,—which, though opposed to the ancient creed, the Westerns have arbitrarily established, but which they, however, pretend were framed by an œcumenical council, as they falsely call that of Trent ; for they forgot, that from the time when Christians were divided into two distinct

parties, there is no such thing as an œcumenical council ; and no council can be called so which is not called together with the unanimous consent of the whole church ; it follows, *à fortiori*, that Trent was not such a council even of the Western Church, because it was then troubled and shaken by a violent storm—Luther having upset and rent it. The Eastern Church having seen the Western adopt such innovations, and, if we may be allowed to say so, depart from the ancient and sacred creed of the orthodox faith, and from the doctrines set forth in the Word of God—doctrines that the Western Church had herself, together with the Eastern, revered and professed without the least alteration for upwards of eight centuries—the Eastern Church, we repeat, with its bishops, and all the orthodox, were in suspense in the presence of such facts ; she was surprised that the blessed pope, at a period of general disorder, should have determined to enter upon a matter of this kind—to bring back to communion with his see the Eastern Church, which from its origin to the present time, believes and celebrates the holy sacraments with unchangeable agreement and unanimity, which keeps the pure and sacred doctrines of divine faith, as she has received them, unchanged, untouched, unvarying, ever the same, and with no innovation. How could the Holy Father propose to a nation which was the first Pagan people to embrace Christianity—to abandon the traditions of the fathers,—which was first named after the name of Christ ; which

suffered so much for her holy religion before the taking of Constantinople (as history, ever impartial, tells us), and which has had, afterwards, so much to undergo from Rome and her missionaries, who were sent, as was said, to propagate religion. These missionaries used all their efforts to unsettle the faith of this nation—its sacred heritage from the holy fathers; fallacies, false teaching, insinuating conversations, pamphlets, and even calumnies as at the present time, wrongs and expedients of every kind;—everything has been tried, and nothing has succeeded. The Westerns have tried in vain; the nation of which we speak, in spite of all its vicissitudes, has remained firm in its belief: it has not overstepped the limits prescribed by the holy fathers: it has not submitted to any senseless addition to its holy doctrine; on the contrary, it has preserved, firmly and unchangeably, the doctrine and tradition of the Apostles, conformably to the canons and decrees made and issued under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by the fathers of the East and West, at the seven œcumenical councils.

The Eastern church, by her bishops and all the orthodox, has already sufficiently explained herself, when she was invited to abandon the holy creed, separate herself from the sacred doctrine, and adopt the doctrines of Rome, the innovations of Trent, which are opposed to the sacred creed, and which have separated the Western church not only

from the Eastern, but also from the orthodox church of ancient Rome. In fine, an enormous chasm has been put between the two churches—between the Eastern church and her sister in times past, the Western church ; and it will remain as long as the innovations of the Church of Rome are unhealed, and especially on this addition (“filioque”), which is the worst of all :—as long, in fact, as that church, by persisting in her innovations, remains irreconcilable to the orthodox church.

At the end of his reply, the Eastern church implores our God and Lord Jesus Christ—her chief and the rock of her faith—to heal the wounds inflicted on the Church of Rome by the evil spirit of dominion, to strengthen the enfeebled members of his body, the church, and to reanimate those who are on the point of falling away on account of cruel sufferings. Relying upon the Divine power of Jesus Christ, the orthodox church is deeply convinced, that out of his infinite mercy to the frailty of man, our Lord will work a miracle before all the world, by effecting a sound cure of the wounds with which the Church of Rome is afflicted, by giving life to her instead of death, union instead of dissension, one-sided discussions, reproaches, and slanders ; and finally, a perfect acquaintance with, and adoption of, the idea that the Holy Spirit had a personal existence from all eternity, from the Father.

We cannot pass by in silence the circumstance

that the Romans, when they bring arguments from the holy fathers, often confound the idea of the eternal procession of the Holy Spirit with the idea of His temporal mission, that is, with the supernatural gifts of the Holy Spirit, which emanated from the Father, and were distributed through the Son. Two different ideas are expressed by the two Greek words οὐσία and ὑπόστασις, which the ancient Latin fathers expressed by a single word—*substantia*. By this means the divines of the middle ages and of modern times confound two different ideas, and understand the substance (ὑπόστασις) where the essence is referred to (οὐσία) and understood essence (οὐσία), where the substance (ὑπόστασις) is in question. The Eastern church believes and confesses that the Holy Spirit has the same essence (οὐσία) with the Father and the Son ; but says that, personally and hypostatically, (ὑποστατικῶς) does not proceed from the Father and the Son, and rejects this innovation as an unfounded and blasphemous doctrine. Thus, the Westerns, by not clearly distinguishing between substance and essence (ὑπόστασις καὶ οὐσία), depart from theological truth. Here is their whole difference ; this produces their schism and disagreement with the Eastern church.

May our God and Father—the eternal source of the peace of the world and of unanimity among men—reconcile the two churches (provided that the Romans, after mature deliberation, will reject what they imprudently adopted in spite of the universal

church) ; and may these churches, which of old were sisters, but are now divided by dissensions, be reunited together by the Holy Spirit, proceeding, in accordance with its external existence, from the Father only ! Amen. Amen.

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